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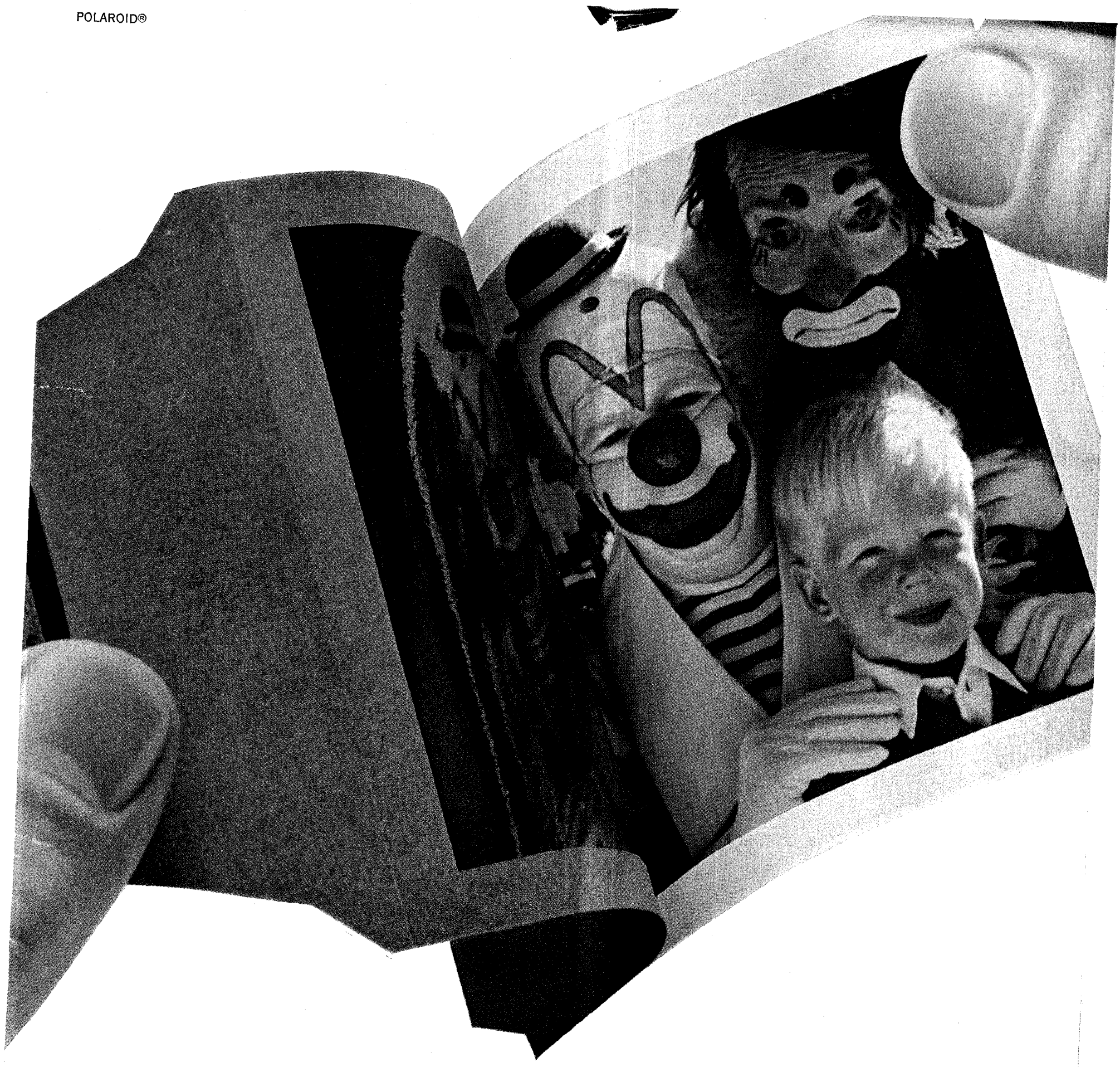

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The normal fee for travelers checks is a penny per dollar. That is, $1 for every $100, $2 for $200, $20 for $2000, and so forth. If you bought $5000 worth, it would cost you $50.

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First National City Bank has been in the travelers check business for 63 years. Our checks are known and accepted in more than a *million* places throughout the world—airlines, car rental agencies, steamship lines, hotels, motels, restaurants, stores, etc.

You can spend them as easily in San Marino as you can in Saratoga. And they're just as convenient on a weekend trip as on a world tour.

Fast refund in case of loss

The greatest advantage of First National City Travelers Checks is that you get your money back promptly if they're lost or stolen. We've built a security network of 25,000 banking offices around the world where you can get lost checks refunded fast. On the spot.

How do you find the nearest refund offices? In the Continental U. S., call Western Union Operator 25. Abroad, we've supplied every principal hotel with a list of the nearest offices.

No wonder we're called The Maximum Security travelers check.

Buy now, travel later

Even if you're not planning a trip right away, you can buy your travelers checks now—at a saving—and use them later. Many people, in fact, keep some travelers checks on hand as "mad money" or as insurance against the day when they may need cash in an emergency.

Hurry... offer good only in U. S. and Puerto Rico until May 31st, 1967.

Never before has such complete protection for your cash been so inexpensive. So act fast. Get your supply of First National City Travelers Checks now while there's still time. You can buy them at most banks and savings institutions.

Note to all banks and savings institutions

During the month of May, we're making this unusual introductory offer to your customers at no cost to you. Your customer gets the saving, but you earn your normal commission.

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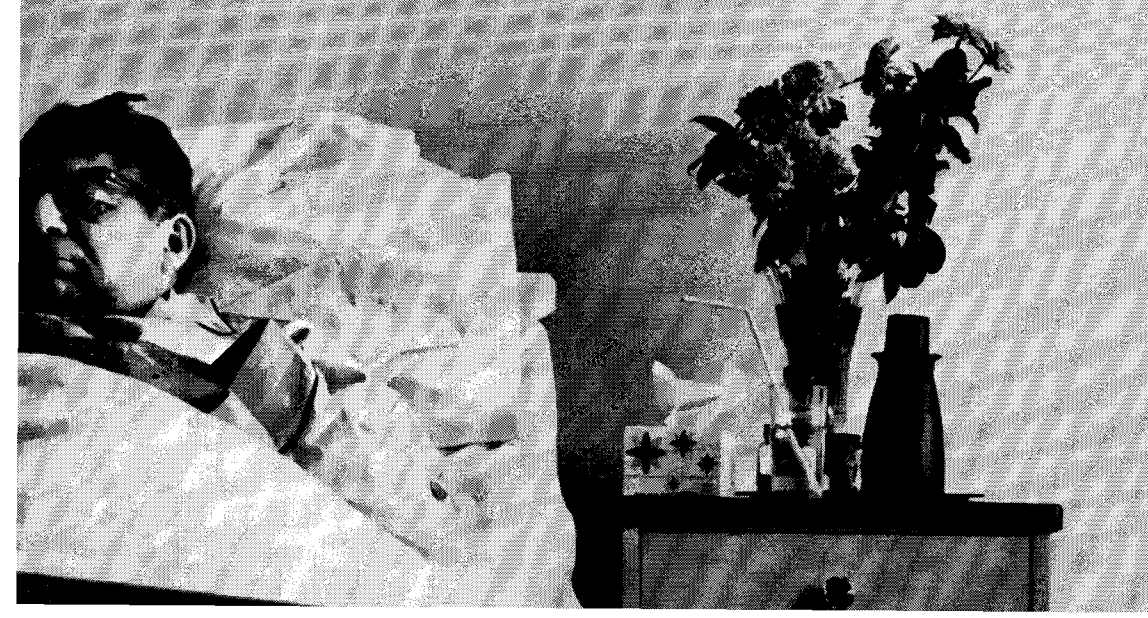
They'll all tell you how we can work like an aspirin.



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The Saturday Evening
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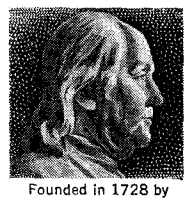

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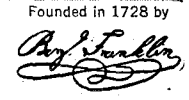

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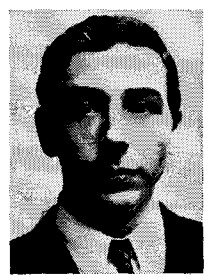

Jean-François Steiner

In his 36 years of medical writing, *Post* science editor STEVEN M. SPENCER has watched several nationwide health programs evolve—he covered the development of Blue Cross in the 1930's and the start of England's national health plan in 1949. For this 1967 report on the progress of Medicare, Spencer compiled information supplied by researchers across the country, talked to dozens of patients, doctors and administrators. . . . JEAN-FRANÇOIS STEINER spent six months in Israel studying the most complete records available for his book on the revolt at Treblinka, returned to Europe for months more of research and writing. A paratrooper during the Algerian war, Steiner has written about Algerian and German affairs for leading European newspapers and magazines and now lives outside of Paris, where he is working on his second book. . . . Last fall the *Post* published the account of another World War II concentration camp, Auschwitz (*The Worst That Ever Happened,* October 22, 1966); and that article has won for its author, SYBILLE BEDFORD, the 1967 Overseas Press Club Award for the best magazine reporting from abroad. / Cover photo by John Launois.

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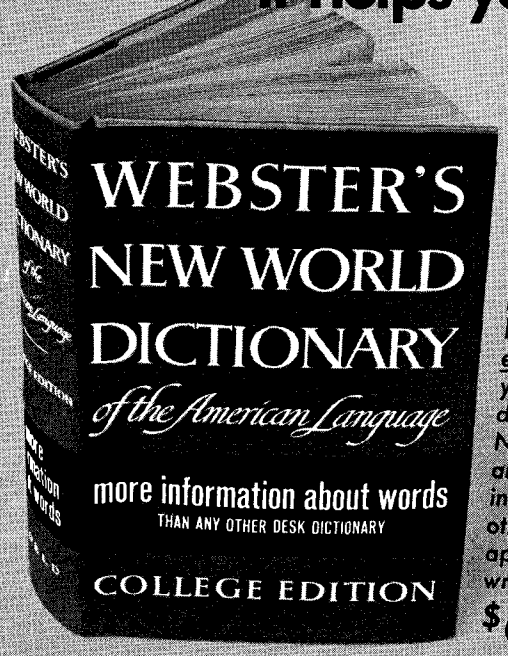

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Letters

Birch Society

Gentlemen:

James Phelan's article MUTINY IN THE BIRCH SOCIETY [April 8] makes it clear that Robert Welch is honest in believing what he says. But it was Samuel Johnson who used to say that "Hell is paved with good intentions."

FRED G. HUNTINGTON
Sun City, Calif.

Dear Editor:

After reading your article, I can only say that the Birch Society is not without its faults—but what other group in this country has done anything to combat Communism? Our Federal Government seems to operate on the theory that America's good is enough to prevail over Communist evil.

LOIS W. BURTON
Elmhurst, Ill.

Gentlemen:

While reading of how Robert Welch and his Birch Society have scored "many significant victories"—such as foiling a "world-wide Communist plot against the police" and exposing the "Communist hand behind the civil-rights riots, which were aimed at eventual civil war"—one is reminded of the rooster that fancied his crowing caused the sun to rise.

ROBERT W. MACKENZIE
Lakewood, Calif.

Gentlemen:

I really feel sorry for those who preach the peace-love-liberal line. Keep it up—they'll lose as much as we will. The only difference is that we at least tried to warn our fellow Americans about the Communist threat.

A. R. RICHARDS
San Bernardino, Calif.

Eisenhower memories

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for publishing a section of Dwight D. Eisenhower's new autobiography [BOYHOOD OF A PRESIDENT, April 8]—it was most enjoyable. Austin Briggs's illustrations were also very well done and handsome.

CLINTON J. BLACK
Cheyenne, Wyo.

Gentlemen:

Please let us have more of this kind of reading—it's inspiring.

WALTER L. HALES
Orange, Mass.

Sirs:

Well, what do you know? We have someone else to read about besides the Kennedys. Three cheers for Gen. Eisenhower!

HELEN P. BOOTH
Watertown, Conn.

That damned book

Dear Sir:

Bill Davidson did a splendid job of writing IT WAS THAT DAMNED BOOK in the April 8 issue. The article was good reading and made several worthwhile points.

Wayne Welch appeared to most people to be an average boy with no more than the usual problems of adolescence. I feel it would help to provide our public schools with more counselors and to train teachers to recognize symptoms of emotional problems, so they can refer a disturbed youth to someone qualified to help him.

GLEN F. JOHNSON
Tempe, Ariz.

Gentlemen:

Bill Davidson's article says that Wayne Welch "will be eligible for parole in six more years." The prospect of murderers being freed after only a few years in prison is not only frightening to the average citizen—it's downright encouraging to anyone with murder on his mind.

S. A. CHRISTIANSON
Westfield, Mass.

Return from Vietnam

Dear Sir:

I had read with great interest Harold H. Martin's article about his visit with his son in Vietnam [MY SON IN VIETNAM, July 16, 1966]. And today, when I scanned the table of contents and found the article MY SON COMES HOME FROM VIETNAM [April 8], I read it first.

Thank you so much—you see, I have a handsome, six-foot sergeant in Vietnam with 103 days left to serve, and Mr. Martin's article sort of reassured me that all will be well.

DORIS O. MCCREARY
New Paris, Pa.

Dear Sir:

John Martin is the eternal boy home from war. His $700 sports car reminded me of my $700 convertible, also purchased from "some Honest John's used-car lot" in 1953 when I returned from Korea.

I not only served with a great bunch of guys who did a superb job (without considering themselves professionals), but I can tell my grandchildren that we were the first to fight for the U.N.

But what can John Martin and his buddies say to their grandchildren? How will they explain *this* war?

DAVID J. SEIGLE
Au Sable, Mich.

Gentlemen:

What a pleasure and relief it was now to read of John Martin's homecoming! Our son's year will be up soon, and we are anxiously awaiting that moment when he too will step off the plane. No parent likes his son to have to do what they are doing in Vietnam. However, I feel a great deal of pride toward my son, who interrupted his college education to enlist because he felt it was his obligation under the circumstances. Bless our boys for their courage!

VIVIEN HULSEY
Oklahoma City, Okla.

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The reckless passenger.

Reckless passengers get away with murder. Because when you're in the driver's seat, you let them.

Time after time, you let them distract you into taking your eyes off the road, and every time you let them, the odds get better that *you're* going to pay for it.

Make no mistake.

When the reckless passenger finally gets you into an accident, *he* turns into the innocent victim. And *you're* left with blood-stained hands.

The law won't protect you. (There are no laws aimed specifically at the reckless passenger as there are against the reckless driver.) You have to protect yourself, to make your own laws in your own car.

When you're in the driver's seat, you have to lay the law down to your mother-in-law who wants to talk your ears off, to your buddies who want to pass the bottle around, to your kids who want to jump and shout, to your wife who wants help in reading the road map, to your business friends who want to argue.

In short, whether you like it or not, you have to be the captain of your car. Because, whether you like it or not, when the reckless passenger finally maneuvers you into an accident, the law will hold you responsible; so will the victims (if they're still alive) and so will your reckless passenger—when he sues you.

Of course, captain, rank has its privileges as well as its responsibilities. And one of them is to sail into the gasoline station of your choice. In case you haven't noticed, Mobil has over 26,500 of them located all across the country, where we'll sell you gasoline and oil and call you "sir."

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Letters

Ethics of Congress

Dear Sir:

Larry L. King's article CONGRESS IS HYPOCRITICAL [April 8] should have left many representatives with a troubled conscience. Mark Twain's evaluation of them wasn't nearly as gentle—Twain described Congress as a "distinctly native American criminal class."

LYNN MANCINI
Oakland, Calif.

Gentlemen:

Let us hope that there are honest representatives in Washington who will promote proper legislation, so that the delinquents can be eliminated from government.

PAUL S. MILLER
Riverside, Calif.

Dear Sir:

Until the people can find a means of looking into the hearts and minds of their electives, there will be more and more men representing their own interests instead of the people's.

JEAN GLADSTONE
Ottawa, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

Sorry, it is true. It seems little use to make a scapegoat out of one man, whether it's Adam Clayton Powell or Thomas Dodd, when others play the game also.

REV. A. L. TODD
Laredo, Tex.

Dear Sir:

How tragic that a group such as Mr. King describes should have jurisdiction over the lives of our fighting men in Vietnam!

E. JARVIS
Wichita Falls, Tex.

Sirs:

Paradoxically, while the high and the mighty are declaring war on crime in the streets, the man in the street is worried and disgusted with crime in official Washington. Unless crime is purged from the unhallowed halls of Congress, war on crime elsewhere in our society will indeed be hypocritical.

BEN R. DALY
Monterey Park, Calif.

Beach bawls

Dear Editor:

John Skow, the author of I MUST GO DOWN TO THE BEACH AGAIN, MUST I? [April 8], had me laughing so hard my sides ached. The description of the beach (shudder) was so realistic that I could almost taste the sand grains grinding between my teeth as I choked down an imaginary hot (from the sun), oily (from spilt suntan oil) peanut-butter sandwich.

SHARON DAWSON
Hamburg, N.Y.

Preminger in the South

Dear Sir:

Congratulations to Thomas Meehan for his superb article on Otto Preminger [OTTO THE TERRIBLE, April 8].

The only part of the article that disturbed me was the mention of the harassment suffered by the Negro members of the *Hurry Sundown* cast and the movie company. I would like to assure the author and the cast that such treatment was from the hands of a minority—the majority of people in Baton Rouge were proud to be hosts to the movie crew. There are decent, compassionate people living in the South along with those idiots with the white sheets.

FRED GREER III
Baton Rouge, La.

Welfare mess

Dear Sir:

Your editorial on THE WELFARE MESS [April 8] is one of the few honest editorials on this subject I have ever had the privilege of reading. Thank you very much for saying what needed to be said and for saying it so well.

ERNEST F. WITTE, DEAN
School of Social Work
San Diego State College
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Editor:

I refuse to be my brother's keeper without reservation. I'd go along with any plan to put welfare funds into government-sponsored job projects that would help to guarantee a man a job, but I feel all welfare funds paid directly to individuals for doing nothing should be stopped.

KONNI DEPAOLIS
Pacifica, Calif.

Dear Sir:

Years ago those who did not work were called bums. Today they are called poor, misunderstood, underprivileged people.

W. HOLLOWELL
Brentwood, N.Y.

Sir:

Your editorial makes sense—uncommon sense. It's indeed our myopic method of aiding the poor that is at fault. We are creating a class of drones and cheats by penalizing welfare recipients who are willing to earn an occasional dollar or two on their own. Let us start being realistic about this proliferating mess, and permit our poor to regain some of the pride of which they've been robbed by a bumbling Congress and an oversized army of bureaucrats.

BART FULTON
Cottondale, Ala.

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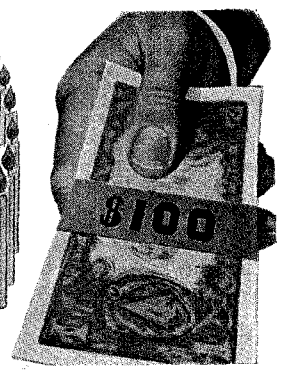

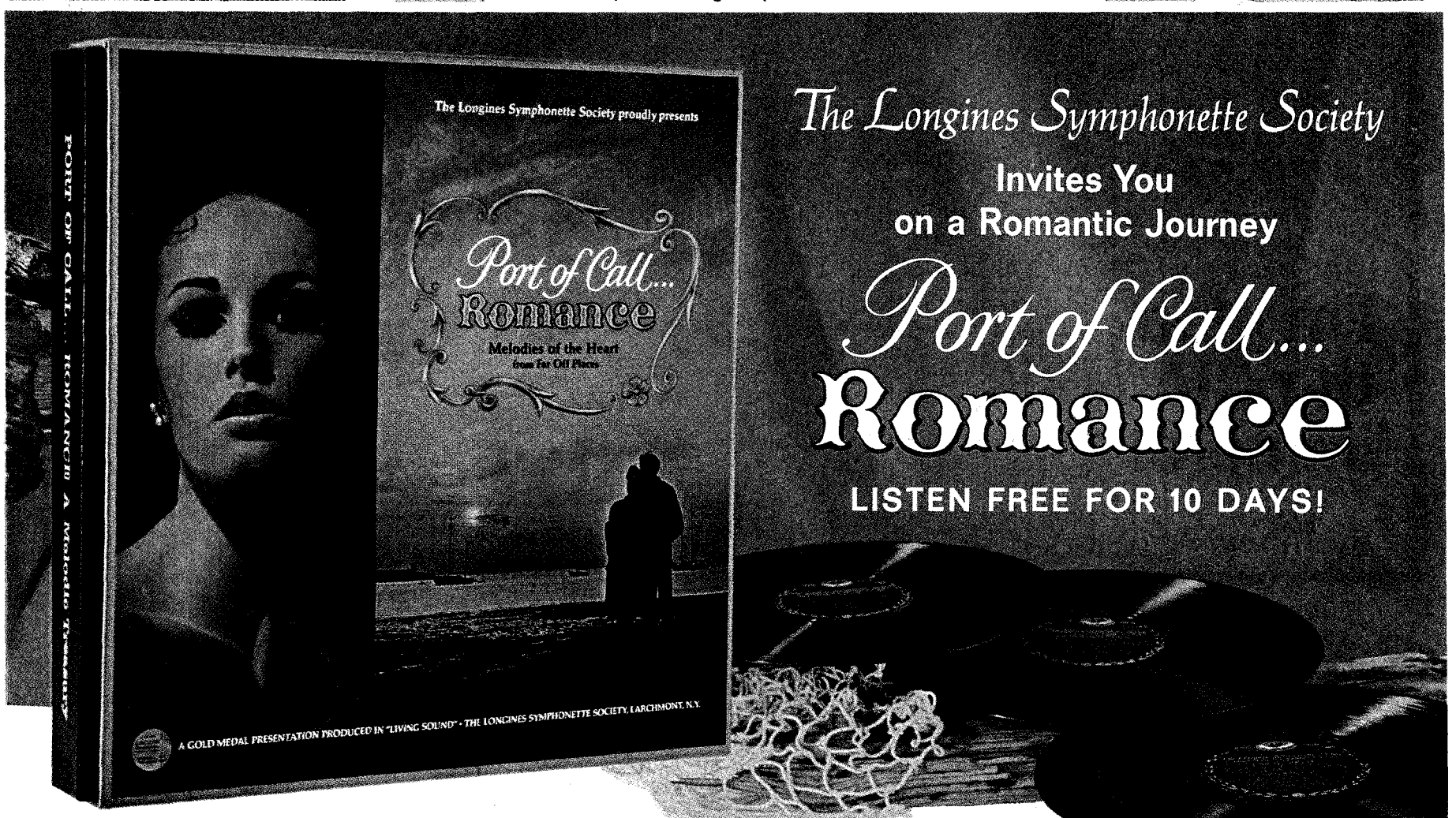
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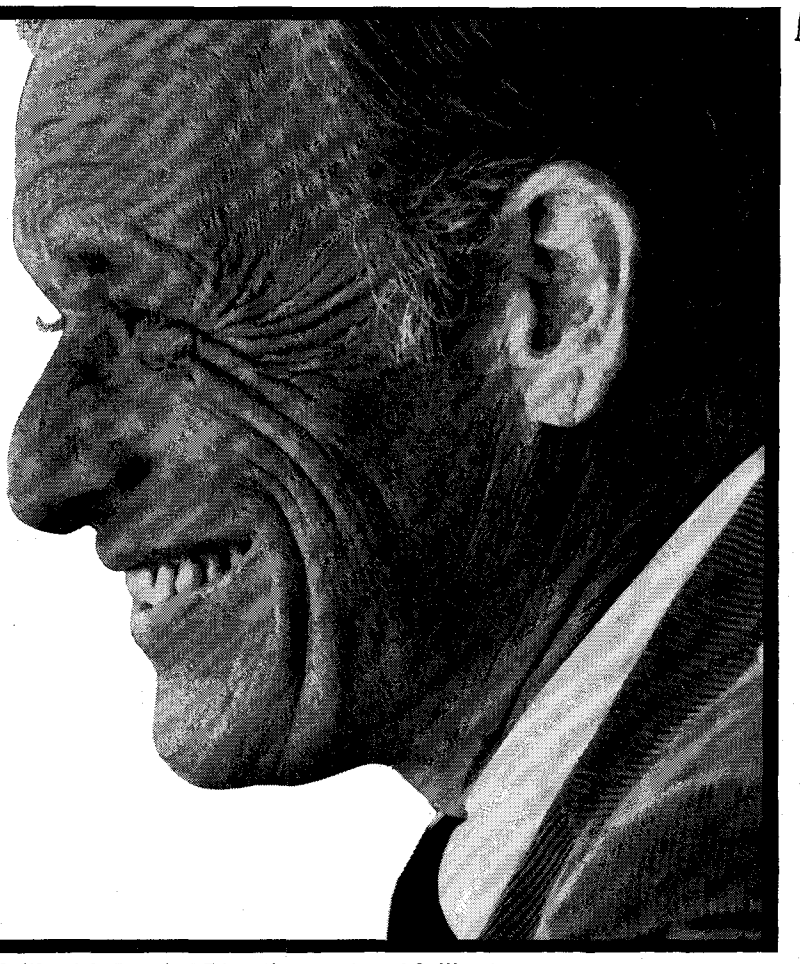
I'm glad the CIA is 'immoral'



By Thomas W. Braden

Former president of California's Board of Education, trustee of California State Colleges and candidate for lieutenant governor, the author is editor and publisher of the BLADE-TRIBUNE at Oceanside, Calif. During World War II, he served with both the British infantry and with the OSS as a parachutist.

On the desk in front of me as I write these lines is a creased and faded yellow paper. It bears the following inscription in pencil:

"Received from Warren G. Haskins, $15,000. (signed) Norris A. Grambo."

I went in search of this paper on the day the newspapers disclosed the "scandal" of the Central Intelligence Agency's connections with American students and labor leaders. It was a wistful search, and when it ended, I found myself feeling sad.

For I was Warren G. Haskins. Norris A. Grambo was Irving Brown, of the American Federation of Labor. The $15,000 was from the vaults of the CIA, and the piece of yellow paper is the last memento I possess of a vast and secret operation whose death has been brought about by small-minded and resentful men.

It was my idea to give the $15,000 to Irving Brown. He needed it to pay off his strong-arm squads in Mediterranean ports, so that American supplies could be unloaded against the opposition of Communist dock workers. It was also my idea to give cash, along with advice, to other labor leaders, to students, professors and others who could help the United States in its battle with Communist fronts.

It was my idea. For 17 years I had thought it was a good idea. Yet here it was in the newspapers, buried under excoriation. Walter Lippmann, Joseph Kraft. Editorials. Outrage. Shock.

"What's gone wrong?" I said to myself as I looked at the yellow paper. "Was there something wrong with me and the others back in 1950? Did we just think we were helping our country, when in fact we ought to have been hauled up before Walter Lippmann?

"And what's wrong with me now? For I still think it was and is a good idea, an imperative idea. Am I out of my mind? Or is it the editor of *The New York Times* who is talking nonsense?"

And so I sat sadly amidst the dust of old papers, and after a time I decided something. I decided that if ever I knew a truth in my life, I knew the truth of the cold war, and I knew what the Central Intelligence Agency did in the cold war, and never have I read such a concatenation of inane, misinformed twaddle as I have now been reading about the CIA.

Were the undercover payments by the CIA "immoral"? Surely it cannot be "immoral" to make certain that your country's supplies intended for delivery to friends are not burned, stolen or dumped into the sea.

Are CIA efforts to collect intelligence anywhere it can "disgraceful"? Surely it is not "disgraceful" to ask somebody whether he learned anything while he was abroad that might help his country.

People who make these charges must be naïve. Some of them must be worse. Some must be pretending to be naïve.

Take Victor Reuther, assistant to his brother Walter, president of the United Automobile Workers. According to Drew Pearson, Victor Reuther complained that the American Federation of Labor got money from the CIA and spent it with "undercover techniques." Victor Reuther ought to be ashamed of himself. At his request, I went to Detroit one morning and gave Walter $50,000 in $50 bills. Victor spent the money, mostly in West Germany, to bolster labor unions there. He tried "undercover techniques" to keep me from finding out how he spent it. But I had my own "undercover techniques." In my opinion and that of my peers in the CIA, he spent it with less than perfect wisdom, for the German unions he chose to help weren't seriously short of money and were already anti-Communist. The CIA money Victor spent would have done much more good where unions were tying up ports at the order of Communist leaders.

As for the theory advanced by the editorial writers that there ought to have been a Government foundation devoted to helping good causes agreed upon by Congress—this may seem sound, but it wouldn't work for a minute. Does anyone really think that congressmen would foster a foreign tour by an artist who has or has had left-wing connections? And imagine the scuffles that would break out as congressmen fought over money to subsidize the organizations in their home districts.

Back in the early 1950's, when the cold war was really hot, the idea that Congress would have approved many of our projects was about as likely as the John Birch Society's approving Medicare. I remember, for example, the time I tried to bring my old friend, Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium, to the U.S. to help out in one of the CIA operations.

Paul-Henri Spaak was and is a very wise man. He had served his country as foreign minister and premier. CIA Director Allen Dulles mentioned Spaak's projected journey to the then Senate Majority Leader William F. Knowland of California. I believe that Mr. Dulles thought the senator would like to meet Mr. Spaak. I am sure he was not prepared for Knowland's reaction:

"Why," the senator said, "the man's a socialist."

"Yes," Mr. Dulles replied, "and the head of his party. But you don't know Europe the way I do, Bill. In many European countries, a socialist is roughly equivalent to a Republican." Knowland replied, "I don't care. We aren't going to bring any socialists over here."

The fact, of course, is that in much of Europe in the 1950's, socialists, people who called themselves "left"—the very people whom many Americans thought no better than Communists—were the only people who gave a damn about fighting Communism.

But let us begin at the beginning.

When I went to Washington in 1950 as assistant to Allen W. Dulles, then deputy director to CIA chief Walter Bedell Smith, the agency was three years old. It had been organized. like the State Department, along geographical lines, with a Far Eastern Division, a Western European Division, etc. It seemed to me that this organization was not capable of defending the United States against a new and extraordinarily successful weapon. The weapon was the international Communist front. There were seven of these fronts, all immensely powerful:

1. The International Association of Democratic Lawyers had found "documented proof" that U.S. forces in Korea were dropping canisters of poisoned mosquitoes on North Korean cities and were following a "systematic procedure of torturing civilians, individually and en masse."

2. The World Peace Council had conducted a successful operation called the Stockholm Peace Appeal, a petition signed by more than two million Americans. Most of them, I hope, were in ignorance of the council's program: "The peace movement . . . has set itself the aim to frustrate the aggressive plans of American and English imperialists. . . . The heroic Soviet army is the powerful sentinel of peace."

3. The Women's International Democratic Federation was preparing a Vienna conference of delegates from 40 countries who resolved: "Our children cannot be safe until American warmongers are silenced." The meeting cost the Russians six million dollars.

4. The International Union of Students had the active participation of nearly every student organization in the world. At an estimated cost of $50 million a year, it stressed the hopeless future of the young under any form of society except that dedicated to peace and freedom, as in Russia.

5. The World Federation of Democratic Youth appealed to the non-intellectual young. In 1951, 25,000

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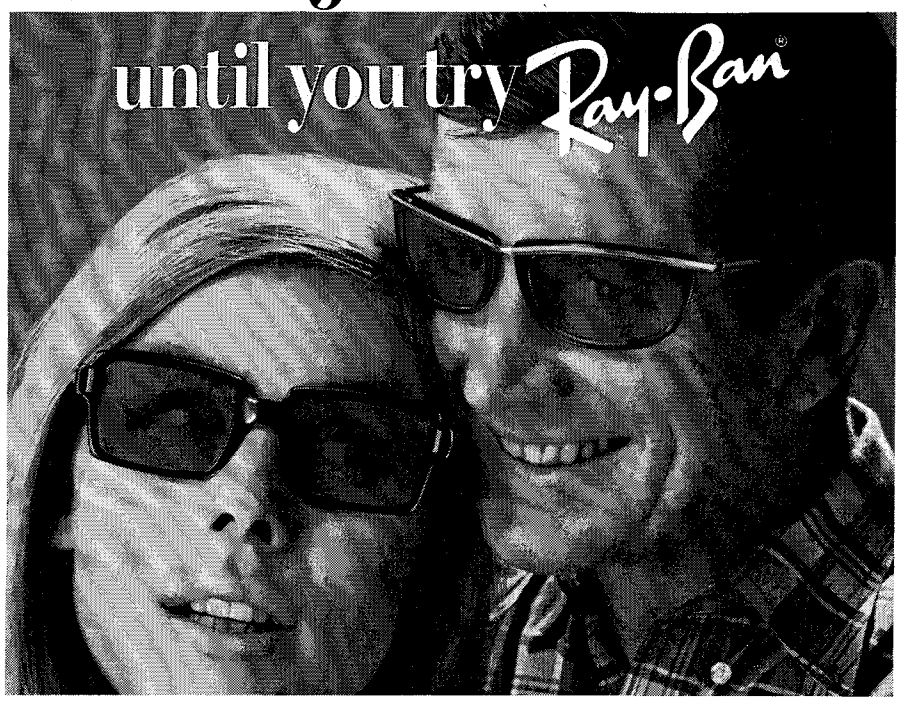

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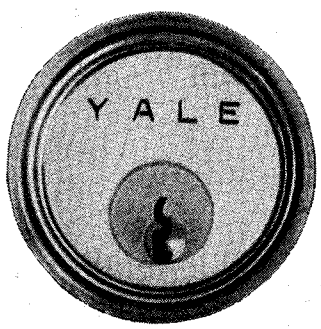

Armored guard

Don't ask for trouble. Ask for Yale.

young people were brought to Berlin from all over the world, to be harangued (mostly about American atrocities). The estimated cost: $50 million.

6. The International Organization of Journalists was founded in Copenhagen in 1946 by a non-Communist majority. A year later the Communists took it over. By 1950 it was an active supporter of every Communist cause.

7. The World Federation of Trade Unions controlled the two most powerful labor unions in France and Italy and took its orders directly from Soviet Intelligence. Yet it was able to mask its Communist allegiance so successfully that the C.I.O. belonged to it for a time.

All in all, the CIA estimated, the Soviet Union was annually spending $250 million on its various fronts. They were worth every penny of it. Consider what they had accomplished.

First, they had stolen the great words. Years after I left the CIA, the late United Nations Ambassador Adlai Stevenson told me how he had been outraged when delegates from underdeveloped countries, young men who had come to maturity during the cold war, assumed that anyone who was for "Peace" and "Freedom" and "Justice" must also be for Communism.

Second, by constant repetition of the twin promises of the Russian revolution—the promises of a classless society and of a transformed mankind—the fronts had thrown a peculiar spell over some of the world's intellectuals, artists, writers, scientists, many of whom behaved like disciplined party-liners.

Third, millions of people who would not consciously have supported the interests of the Soviet Union had joined organizations devoted ostensibly to good causes, but secretly owned and operated by and for the Kremlin.

How odd, I thought to myself as I watched these developments, that Communists, who are afraid to join anything but the Communist Party, should gain mass allies through organizational war while we Americans, who join everything, were sitting here tongue-tied.

And so it came about that I had a chat with Allen Dulles. It was late in the day and his secretary had gone. I told him I thought the CIA ought to take on the Russians by penetrating a battery of international fronts. I told him I thought it should be a worldwide operation with a single headquarters.

"You know," he said, leaning back in his chair and lighting his pipe, "I think you may have something there. There's no doubt in my mind that we're losing the cold war. Why don't you take it up down below?"

It was nearly three months later that I came to his office again—this time to resign. On the morning of that day there had been a meeting for which my assistants and I had prepared ourselves carefully. We had been studying Russian front movements, and working out a counteroffensive. We knew that the men who ran CIA's area divisions were jealous of their power. But we thought we had logic on our side. And surely logic would appeal to Frank Wisner.

Frank Wisner, in my view, was an authentic American hero. A war hero. A cold-war hero. He died by his own hand in 1965. But he had been crushed long before by the dangerous detail connected with cold-war operations. At this point in my story, however, he was still gay, almost boyishly charming, cool yet coiled, a low hurdler from Mississippi constrained by a vest.

He had one of those purposefully obscure CIA titles: Director of Policy Coordination. But everyone knew that he had run CIA since the death of the wartime OSS, run it through a succession of rabbit warrens hidden in the bureaucracy of the State Department, run it when nobody but Frank Wisner cared whether the country had an intelligence service. Now that it was clear that Bedell Smith and Allen Dulles were really going to take over, Frank Wisner still ran it while they tried to learn what it was they were supposed to run.

And so, as we prepared for the meeting, it was decided that I should pitch my argument to Wisner. He knew more than the others. He could overrule them.

The others sat in front of me in straight-backed chairs, wearing the troubled looks of responsibility. I began by assuring them that I proposed to do nothing in any area without the approval of the chief of that area. I thought, when I finished, that I had made a good case. Wisner gestured at the Chief, Western Europe. "Frank," came the response, "this is just another one of those goddamned proposals for getting into everybody's hair."

One by one the others agreed. Only Richard G. Stilwell, the Chief, Far East, a hard-driving soldier in civilian clothes who now commands U.S. forces in Thailand, said he had no objection. We all waited to hear what Wisner would say.

Incredibly, he put his hands out, palms down. "Well," he said, looking at me, "you heard the verdict."

Just as incredibly, he smiled.

Sadly I walked down the long hall, and sadly reported to my staff that the day was lost. Then I went to Mr. Dulles's office and resigned. "Oh," said Mr. Dulles, blandly, "Frank and I had talked about his decision. I overruled him." He looked up at me from over his papers. "He asked me to."

Thus was the International Organization Division of CIA born, and thus began the first centralized effort to combat Communist fronts.

Perhaps "combat" does not describe the relative strengths brought to battle. For we started with nothing but the truth. Yet within three years we had made solid accomplishments. Few of them would have been possible without undercover methods.

I remember the enormous joy I got when the Boston Symphony Orchestra won more acclaim for the U.S. in Paris than John Foster Dulles or Dwight D. Eisenhower could have bought with a hundred speeches. And then there was *Encounter*, the magazine published in England and dedicated to the proposition that cultural achievement and political freedom were interdependent. Money for both the orchestra's tour and the magazine's publication came from the CIA, and few outside the CIA knew about it. We had placed one agent in a Europe-based organization of intellectuals called the Congress for Cultural Freedom. Another agent became an editor of *Encounter*. The agents could not only propose anti-Communist programs to the official leaders of the organizations but they could also suggest ways and means to solve the inevitable budgetary problems. Why not see if the needed money could be obtained from "American foundations"?

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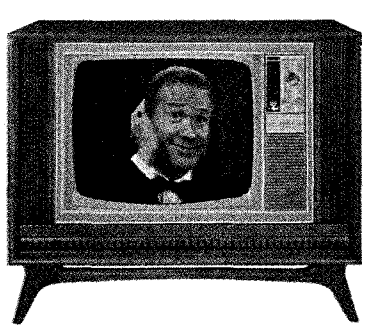

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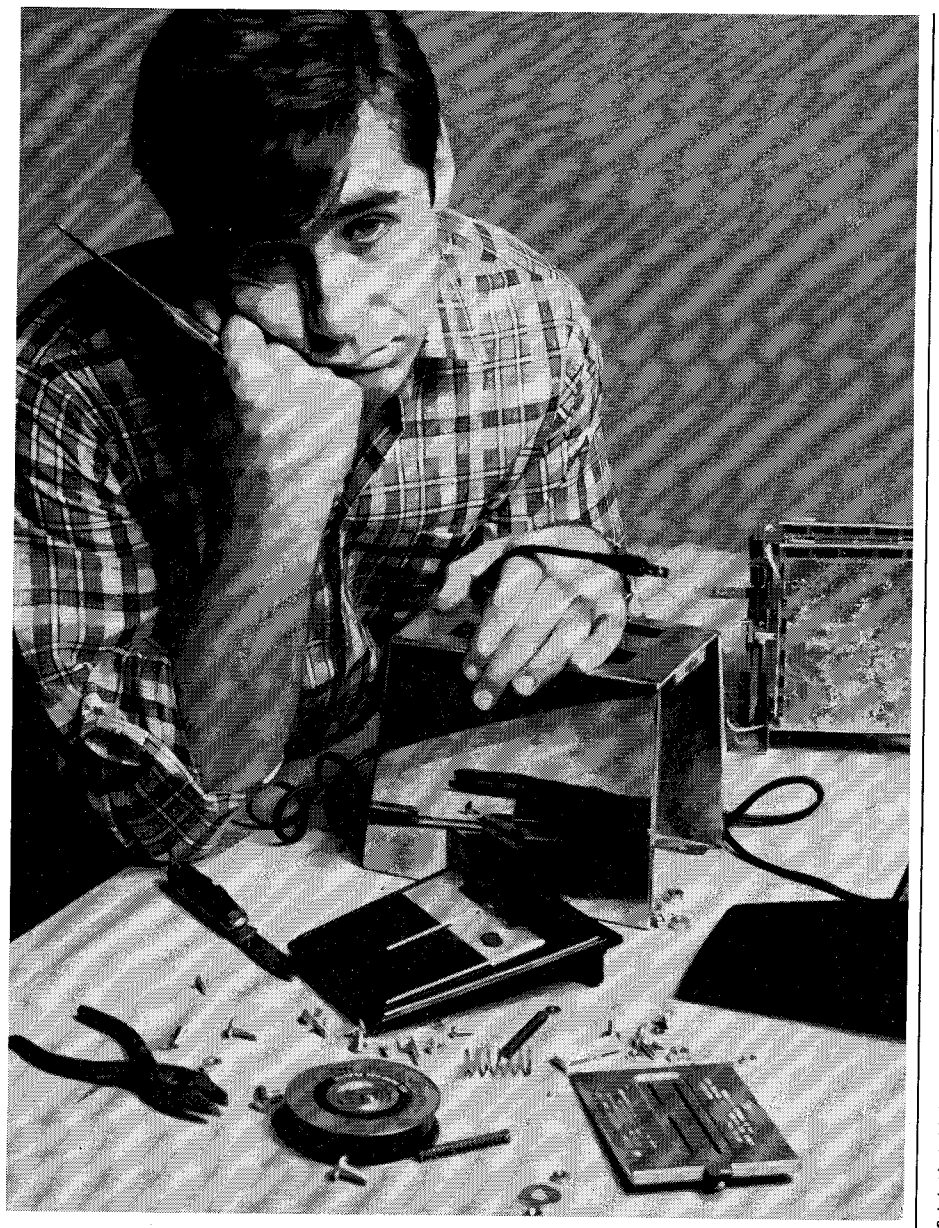

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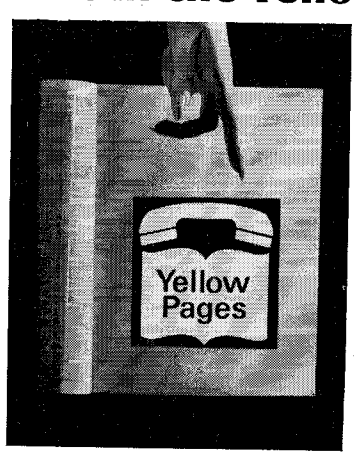

As the agents knew, the CIA-financed foundations were quite generous when it came to the national interest.

I remember with great pleasure the day an agent came in with the news that four national student organizations had broken away from the Communist International Union of Students and joined our student outfit instead. I remember how Eleanor Roosevelt, glad to help our new International Committee of Women, answered point for point the charges about germ warfare that the Communist women's organization had put forward. I remember the organization of seamen's unions in India and in the Baltic ports.

There were, of course, difficulties, sometimes unexpected. One was the World Assembly of Youth.

We were casting about for something to compete with the Soviet Union in its hold over young people when we discovered this organization based in Dakar. It was dwindling in membership, and apparently not doing much.

After a careful assessment, we decided to put an agent into the assembly. It took a minimum of six months and often a year just to get a man into an organization. Thereafter, except for what advice and help we could lend, he was on his own. But, in this case, we couldn't give any help whatsoever. The agent couldn't find anybody in the organization who wanted any.

The mystery was eventually solved by the man on the spot. WAY, as we had come to call it, was the creature of French intelligence—the *Deuxième Bureau*. Two French agents held key WAY posts. The French Communist Party seemed strong enough to win a general election. French intelligence was waiting to see what would happen.

We didn't wait. Within a year our man brought about the defeat of his two fellow officers in an election. After that, WAY took a pro-Western stand.

But our greatest difficulty was with labor. When I left the agency in 1954, we were still worrying about the problem. It was personified by Jay Lovestone, assistant to David Dubinsky in the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union.

Once chief of the Communist Party in the United States, Lovestone had an enormous grasp of foreign-intelligence operations. In 1947 the Communist *Confédération Générale du Travail* led a strike in Paris which came very near to paralyzing the French economy. A takeover of the government was feared.

Into this crisis stepped Lovestone and his assistant, Irving Brown. With funds from Dubinsky's union, they organized *Force Ouvrière*, a non-Communist union. When they ran out of money, they appealed to the CIA. Thus began the secret subsidy of free trade unions which soon spread to Italy. Without that subsidy, postwar history might have gone very differently.

But though Lovestone wanted our money, he didn't want to tell us precisely how he spent it. We knew that non-Communist unions in France and Italy were holding their own. We knew that he was paying them nearly two million dollars annually. In his view, what more did we need to know?

We countered that the unions were not growing as rapidly as we wished and that many members were not paying dues. We wanted to be consulted as to how to correct these weaknesses.

I appealed to a high and responsible labor leader. He kept repeating, "Lovestone and his bunch do a good job."

And so they did. After that meeting, so did we. We cut the subsidy down, and with the money saved we set up new networks in other international labor organizations. Within two years the free labor movement, still holding its own in France and Italy, was going even better elsewhere.

Looking back now, it seems to me that the argument was largely a waste of time. The only argument that mattered was the one with the Communists for the loyalty of millions of workers. That argument, with the help of Lovestone and Brown, was effectively made.

By 1953 we were operating or influencing international organizations in every field where Communist fronts had previously seized ground, and in some where they had not even begun to operate. The money we spent was very little by Soviet standards. But that was reflected in the first rule of our operational plan: "Limit the money to amounts private organizations can credibly spend." The other rules were equally obvious: "Use legitimate, existing organizations; disguise the extent of American interest; protect the integrity of the organization by not requiring it to support every aspect of official American policy."

Such was the status of the organizational weapon when I left the CIA. No doubt it grew stronger later on, as those who took charge gained experience. Was it a good thing to forge such a weapon? In my opinion then—and now—it was essential.

Was it "immoral," "wrong," "disgraceful"? Only in the sense that war itself is immoral, wrong and disgraceful.

For the cold war was and is a war, fought with ideas instead of bombs. And our country has had a clear-cut choice: Either we win the war or lose it. This war is still going on, and I do not mean to imply that we have won it. But we have not lost it either.

It is now 12 years since Winston Churchill accurately defined the world as "divided intellectually and to a large extent geographically between the creeds of Communist discipline and individual freedom." I have heard it said that this definition is no longer accurate. I share the hope that John Kennedy's appeal to the Russians "to help us make the world safe for diversity" reflects the spirit of a new age.

But I am not banking on it, and neither, in my opinion, was the late President. The choice between innocence and power involves the most difficult of decisions. But when an adversary attacks with his weapons disguised as good works, to choose innocence is to choose defeat. So long as the Soviet Union attacks deviously we shall need weapons to fight back, and a government locked in a power struggle cannot acknowledge all the programs it must carry out to cope with its enemies. The weapons we need now cannot, alas, be the same ones that we first used in the 1950's. But the new weapons should be capable of the same affirmative response as the ones we forged 17 years ago, when it seemed that the Communists, unchecked, would win the alliance of most of the world.

Tom Braden

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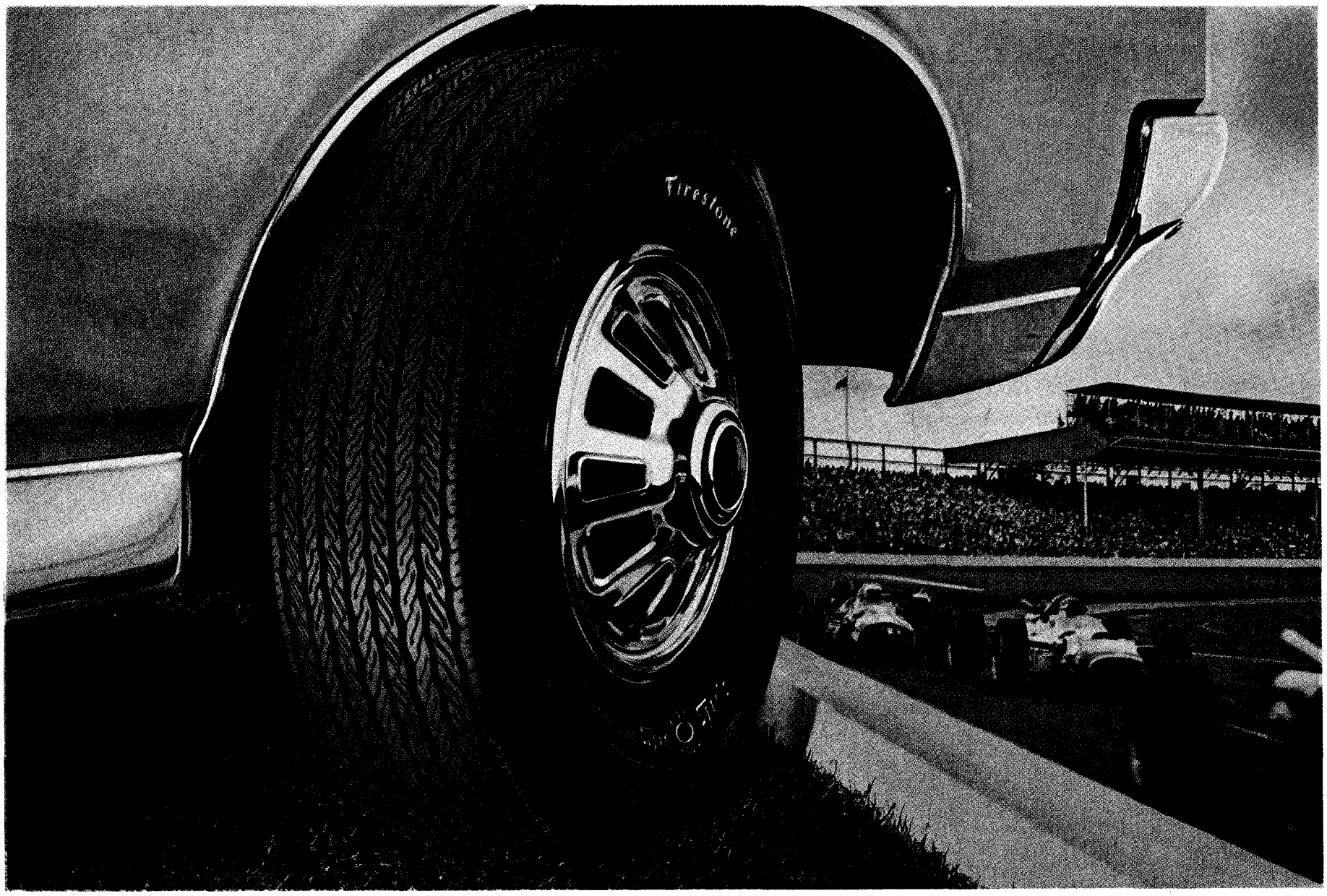

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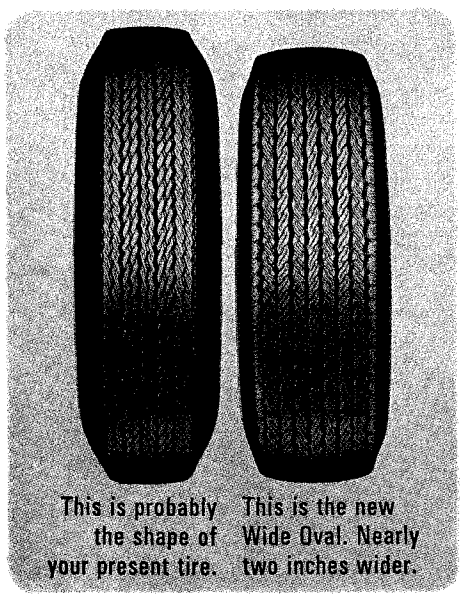

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■ Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

Fish are more interesting than politicians

POLECAT PARK, MD.:

A political writer, I suppose, ought to be more interested in politics than anything else. I'm not. There's one question that interests me far more than who is going to get the Republican nomination, or what Lyndon Johnson *really* said to Robert Kennedy. It is this: Will the eight great northern pike, which I bought for five dollars apiece, correct the ecological balance in my farm pond?

The pond was made 16 years ago, when I bought a small scruffy country place about 30 miles north of Washington—we christened the place Polecat Park in honor of the family of skunks we found in the basement of the farmhouse. Making a farm pond is really a rather simple matter.

A neighbor, Mr. Edgar Barnes, did the job for me in a couple of days for $360. With his bulldozer he scooped out a big pocket of earth, just as a glacier or some ancient wrinkling of the earth's skin might have done. He made the scooped-up earth into a dam. Water from a little brook backed up behind the dam, and in a few weeks the pond was filled—it covered about half an acre, and it was 12 feet deep at the deepest place. I couldn't wait to begin fishing, so I bought 30 adult large-mouthed bass from a local fishery, and about a hundred bluegills (or bream) and dumped them into the pond.

The bluegill is a peaceable forage fish, a kind of aquatic cow—it lives mostly on small insects. The large-mouthed bass is a predator, a waterborne wolf or tiger, with a huge maw, and its favorite food is bluegill meat.

Bass and bluegill together in one pond are supposed to establish an ecological balance—a sort of mutually sustaining life cycle. The way it is supposed to work is, more or less, as follows: The bluegills eat the insects, the bass eat the bluegills, the fishermen eat the bass, the insects eat the fishermen, the bluegills eat the insects, and so on indefinitely. Alas, the ecological balance has been out of whack in my pond for 16 long years.

The trouble is that there are too many little bluegills—maybe I dumped in too many 16 years ago. The bluegill is a very prolific fish, and as a result there are so many bluegills, and the competition among them for food is so fierce, that very few grow to more than three or four ounces. They're big enough to spawn more bluegills, but not big enough to be any fun to catch.

There are plenty of bass in the pond—you can see them on sunny days in early spring, when they come up to sunbathe, or later when they mate and pair off to spawn in the shallow water. There is one monster we call Enormoso—it may be the refraction, but he looks like a five-pounder at least.

I have tried everything I can think of to catch Enormoso and his smaller friends—real worms, plastic worms, bass flies, poppers, lures that make a sound, lures that glow in the dark, and Heaven knows what all. Occasionally a bass will display a polite interest in a lure, following it for a short distance, even nudging it with his snout. But then, almost always, he turns away. Enormoso is particularly infuriating—I have seen him shrug with amusement after a good hard look at a lure, and then turn away with a visible sneer. The trouble is, of course, that the bass are never hungry. All those little bluegills represent breakfast, lunch, and dinner, plus a filling between-meals snack whenever they feel the urge.

I hope soon to give Enormoso his comeuppance, thanks to Mr. Andrew Zetts, a pisciculturist, of Drifting, Pa. I felt like shouting "Eureka" when I read about the great northern pike in Mr. Zetts's fish catalogue. The northern pike, Mr. Zetts explains in his catalogue, is so "vicious and fierce" that he will clean out a lot of little bluegills in a hurry: "If you have an overpopulated pond, stock Northerns and you will have wonderful fishing."

So I sent for eight northern pike, and when they arrived in their plastic containers, I canceled two appointments with politicians to rush them out to the pond. The pike were a bit less than a foot long, and perfectly hideous. Lewis Carroll must have had something of the sort in mind when he warned his readers to "shun the frumious Bandersnatch." A pike has a long, thin body, like a stunted snake's, an undershot, wolfish jaw filled with sharp teeth, and a fixed, sinister grin. He could hardly look more frumious.

As a predator, the northern pike makes the bass seem a lazy amateur by comparison. If Mr. Zetts is right, those eight pike will decimate the bluegill population of my pond, growing to vast size in the process. The surviving bluegills will be much bigger, and fun to catch on a light fly rod, while the arrogant, lazy bass, who have never had to work for a living, will become ravenous. Already, in my mind's eye, I can see Enormoso slashing blindly after my lure.

I'm keeping my fingers crossed, of course—nature is even more unpredictable than politics. But even if the pike don't put the ecological balance right, I'll never regret that $360 I spent on the pond back in 1951. Though the fishing hasn't been up to much, I never made a better investment.

There is the swimming, for one thing. Adult guests, accustomed to chemically treated swimming pools, tend to be appalled at the idea of swimming in a mud-bottomed pond. But children love the pond—warm enough to stay in all day, with springs to cool off in, and plenty of room to splash about. It's their kind of swimming, and mine too.

There are also subtler pleasures for the eye and the ear—the swallows in the evening, swooping and diving for insects with infinite grace; the solemn booming conversation of the frogs, far more orderly and authoritative than the oratory at a political convention; the loud plop of a big bass chasing his too-easy evening meal of bluegill; the long silent V of a muskrat crossing the pond; the mist rising at dusk after a hot summer day.

A pond changes always, from year to year, from season to season. There is a certain parental pride in seeing a big muddy hole scooped out of the earth become as natural a feature of the earth's envelope as a pond made by beavers or an earthslide or a fault. And it is curiously comforting to see a pond come alive again in the spring, after the long seeming-death of the winter, until by summertime it is fairly teeming with life.

Because a pond is a living thing, always changing, it is a hopeful place. Even if the pike experiment fails, I shall not abandon hope. Mr. Zetts has another trick up his sleeve—he writes me that a new oxygenation machine makes it possible to keep brook trout healthy in a farm pond—trout, mind you, the best fishing and eating there is.

After a day or so of communing with my pond, even though I hardly ever catch any fish, I always feel hopeful, not only about the pond but about the rest of the world. For the world is always changing too, and where there is change there is hope.

Stewart Alsop

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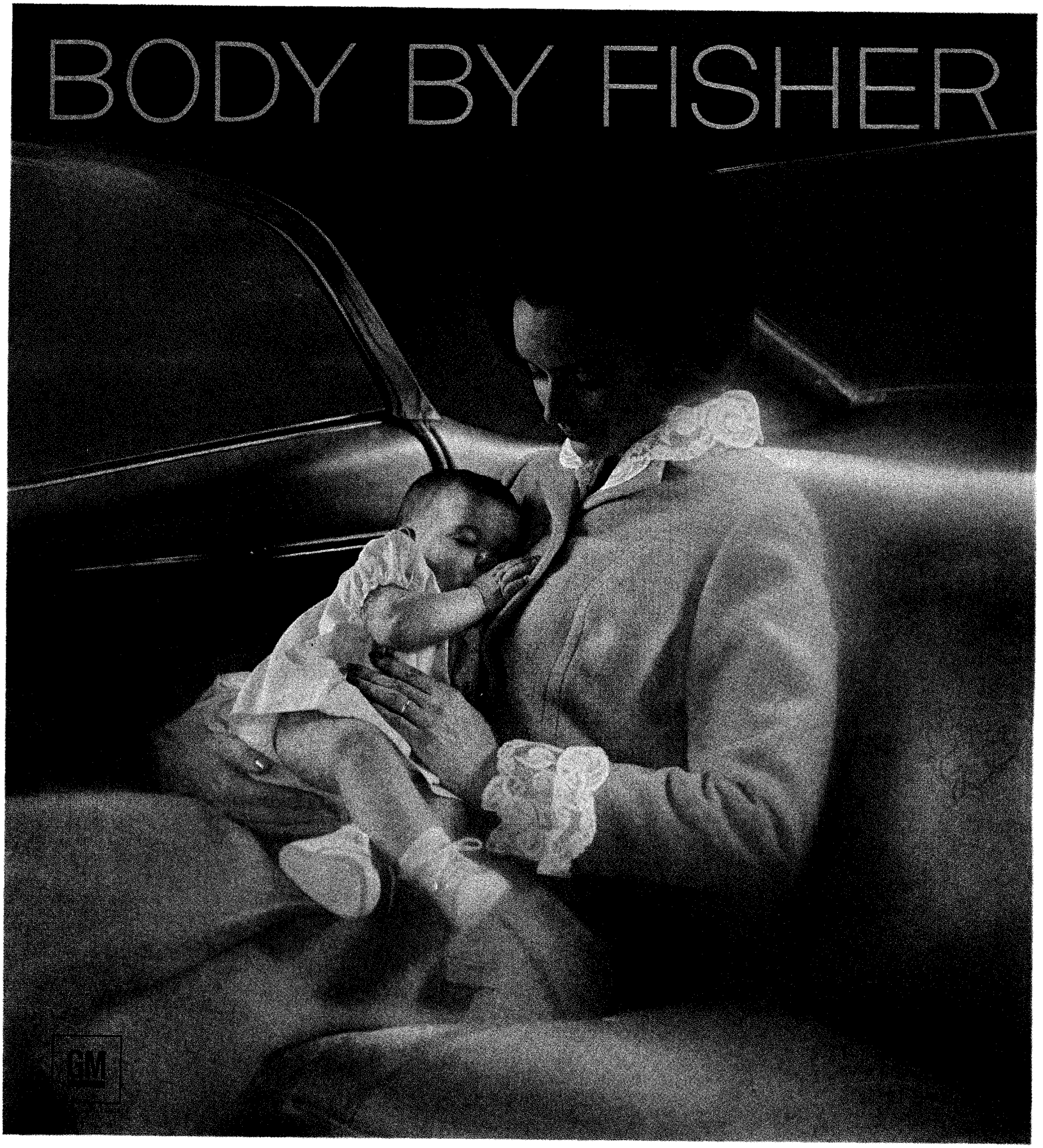

Quiet zone by Fisher.

Sweet dreams, little one. Cradled ever so gently in Fisher Body elegance. With soft layers of insulation to soak up sound. Thick cushions of rubber to shush vibration. Plush fabrics and carpets to add a final quiet note. Rest easy. Fisher's at work. So much of the buy is in the body. And Body by Fisher makes GM cars a better buy. Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac.

Body by Fisher

GENERAL MOTORS SYMBOL OF QUALITY

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NAB BLONDE, 8, AS PORRIDGE THIEF

By Dereck Williamson

My son's bedtime stories were getting on my nerves. All day long my editor nags me at the newspaper where I work: "Get to the point. Keep it short. Eliminate wooden words." Then I come home and have to read these rambling accounts to the kid. "Once upon a time there was a poor boy named Jack who lived with his mother in a tiny house." What kind of a lead paragraph is that? Can you imagine a bulletin like that coming over the Teletype!

I decided I would try a little editing at home. I'd give him the facts, and not clutter his mind with useless details and repetitions. I got out my No. 1 pencil and dashed off a fast paragraph. "Pay attention," I told the boy. "Listen to this":

An unidentified mouse ran up a clock and down again. Police said the incident took place at 1 A.M.

The kid walked away without saying anything.

That night I sat on the edge of his bed and read another revised nursery rhyme. Tight, only the essentials:

Food is not wasted at the John Sprat home, 127 Main Street.

Sprat, 36, eats only lean meat. His wife Dora, 32, favors fat. "This way, we never have any leftovers," Sprat told reporters.

The boy looked away. I needed something with a punchier lead, something to get his attention. "Get their attention in the lead," my editor says. "Go to the heart of the story, put the shocking facts right at the top." I quickly worked up some new ones.

An estimated 25 blackbirds emerged from a pie at a royal banquet yesterday, in what foreign-affairs experts here interpreted as a move by subversive elements to discredit the King. A woman identified as a palace laundress was injured in the resultant furor.

No good. He was fooling with his Teddy bear. I tried again.

An entire European cavalry regiment was jailed yesterday for disorderly conduct. Although early wire-service reports were sketchy, it was understood that an argument over a broken egg started the brawl.

The boy interrupted, begging me to read one of his little books to him. I looked it over. It was terrible. Loose, full of unnecessary adjectives. I told him it needed work, maybe even a complete rewrite job, but that I'd get back to him tomorrow night.

When a reporter makes a promise, he keeps it. The next night I got the kid comfortable, unfolded a piece of copy paper, and read:

Two of three pig brothers were devoured by a wolf yesterday. The tragedy is expected to spur a full-scale probe of substandard house-construction practices in the city.

The wolf, still at large, evidently destroyed the new homes of the victims before murdering them. Detectives sifting through the wreckage this morning said they have found evidence that the dwellings did not meet local building-code requirements.

A third pig brother, identified as a stonemason, told police that the wolf also made an attempt on his life. The pig escaped injury.

The surviving brother vowed revenge, and told authorities that he would capture the wolf in a large pot when the wolf "tries to come down my chimney." He also claimed that the wolf "huffed and puffed and blew down" the homes of his brothers.

The pig has been confined to a mental institution for observation.

My son began to cry. I gently tucked him in and turned out the light. "The kid's just not used to realistic stories," I told my wife. She looked doubtful, but I insisted that the boy needed more no-nonsense stories at bedtime. Luckily, my editor had recently assigned me to the police beat, and I could bring my newly acquired knowledge to bear. I got out my portable.

Twenty-four hours and five drafts later I had a story even my editor would have been proud of. My wife must have sensed my excitement because she came into the boy's room to listen:

An eight-year-old, blue-eyed blonde has been turned over to local juvenile authorities on charges of malicious mischief.

The complaint was signed yesterday by Fred Bear, father of a family of three who live in a wooded area on the city's R.F.D. route. Bear charges that the youngster broke into his house while the family was out walking, stole food, broke his child's chair and ransacked the bedrooms.

The suspect ran from the house when the Bear family returned from their walk. Bear later identified her from mug shots.

Police said the girl may be responsible for a series of rural break-ins, including some in unoccupied summer homes, during the past two months.

According to the District Attorney, the girl has been in trouble since she was five years old. He blamed lack of parental supervision.

The girl's name was withheld because she is a juvenile.

I looked up to see how my wife and son liked the story, but they were gone. I found them in the next room, reading *The Owl and the Pussycat*, a redundant wedding account containing sentences like, "They danced by the light of the moon, the moon, the moon, they danced by the light of the moon."

The boy was actually enjoying it, and that's where I gave up my campaign to improve his reading. To tell you the truth, it's me I'm worried about now. Local news has begun to seem rather dull, and I'm spending too much time at the newspaper office doodling around on the typewriter. I guess it's become a kind of compulsion. Yesterday, for instance, I wrote:

Local police were optimistic last night when shepherdess Roberta ("Bo") Peep filed a missing-animals report.

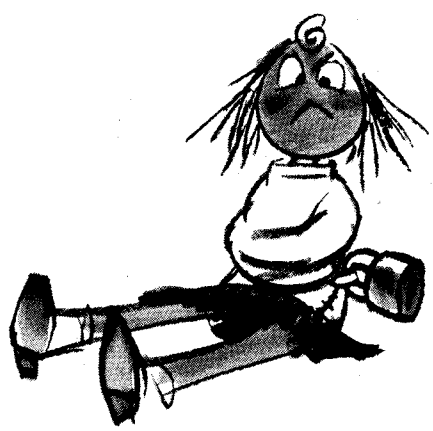
"Relax," the Chief told her. "They're sure to turn up somewhere."

And then:

A team of neurosurgeons will operate tomorrow on a schizophrenic girl, in an attempt to cure a severe "split personality" problem.

"She's a cute little thing with a curl in the middle of her forehead," commented a General Hospital spokesman.

And then. . . . □



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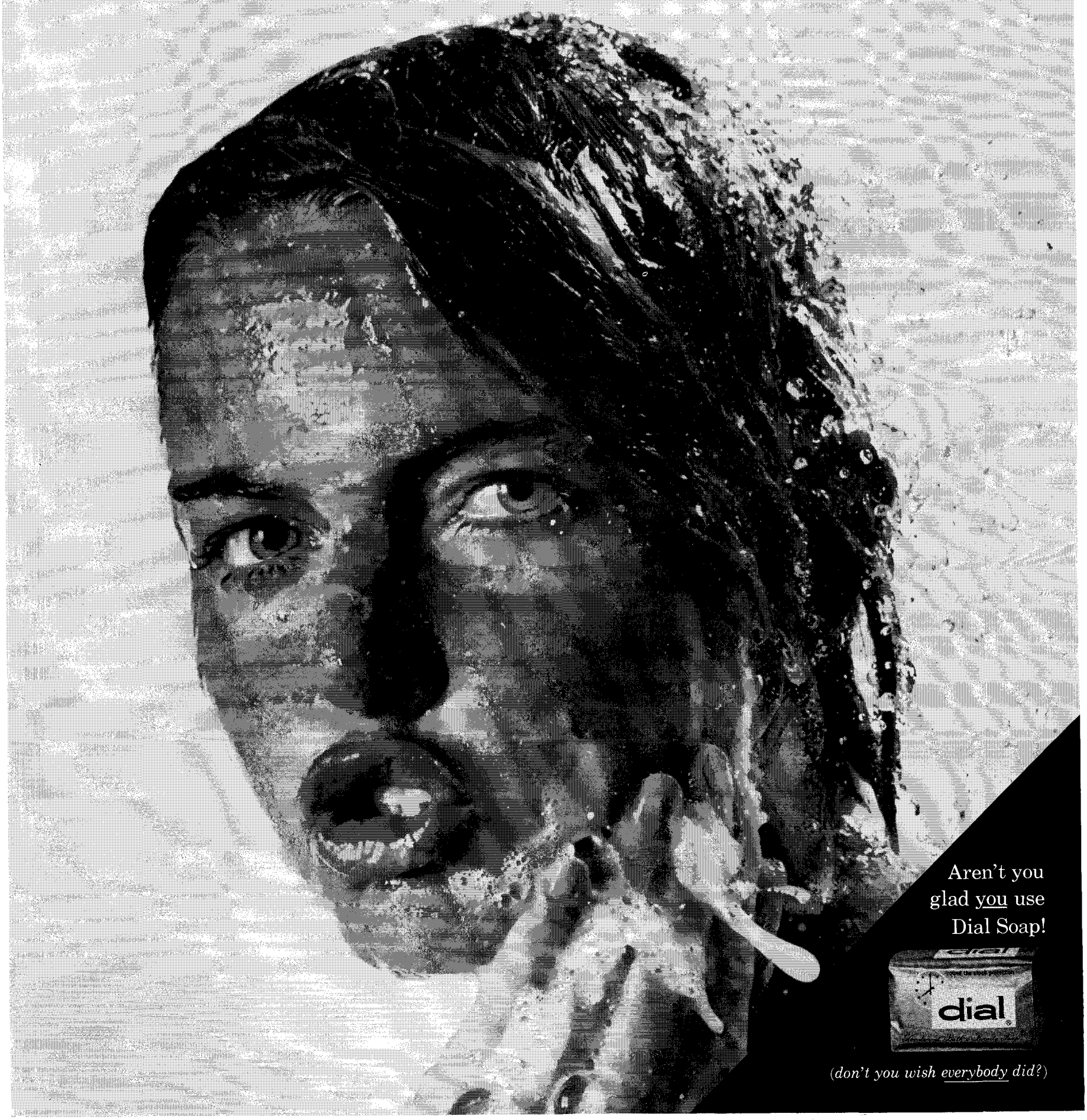
Because only Dial has AT-7. To really get rid of the bacteria that cause odor. To really keep you feeling fresh all through the day. That's Dial. And that's for sure.



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One Allstate Homeowners Package Policy protects you against loss from all these hazards.

Yet it costs less than most other companies charge for similar protection.

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The Saturday Evening POST

Medicare:

HEADACHE or CURE-ALL?

It was both prayed for and damned, called a panacea and attacked as the ruination of medicine. Now, as Medicare nears the end of its first year of operation, the Post's medical editor examines the hotly controversial program.

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

They had walked a mile or more in the sun, 200 men and women 65 years and older, yet they were in a holiday mood, laughing, chatting and joking with their escort of reporters and policemen. The date was July 1, 1966—the first day of Medicare. The marchers were members of the Golden Ring Council of the Senior Citizens of America, and they were hiking from their headquarters to Mount Sinai Hospital in Manhattan to celebrate the occasion. "You'll be here someday," one of the walkers called happily to a young reporter. "Medicare is for you, too, you know."

One of the gayest men in the crowd was Isidore Duchinsky, a peppery, laughing, white-haired Russian immigrant who is the editor of the newspaper of the Golden Ring Council. "This is what I came to America for," he said. "My children are so happy—now I have security." A reporter wondered what Mr. Duchinsky thought of the opponents of Medicare. "Give 'em hell!" he announced cheerily. Then he thought better of it. "No," he said, "that wasn't a dignified thing to say."

On that day in July hospitals and doctors across the country had braced themselves for an invasion of creaking old men and

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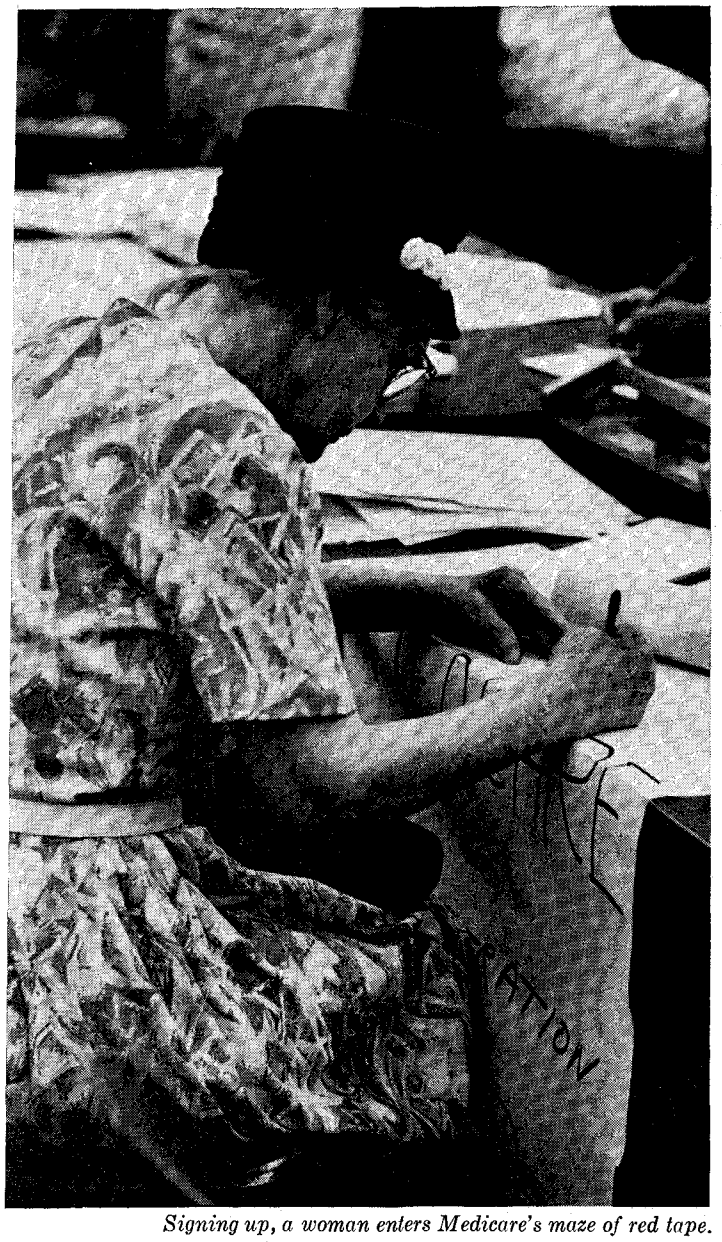

Signing up, a woman enters Medicare's maze of red tape.

BENEFITS FOR THE ELDERLY

Created as an amendment to the nation's Social Security Act, and designed to protect more than 19½ million Americans who are 65 and over against the rainy day of illness, Medicare is by far the most expansive and sweeping piece of social legislation to be passed by Congress since Social Security itself back in 1935.

Under Part A of the program, the Government pays all but the first $40 of the hospital bill for the first 60 days of a "spell of illness" and all but $10 of the daily bill for the 61st through the 90th day. To receive these benefits, a subscriber does not have to pay anything into the program. For a premium of $3 a month a subscriber can get insurance for his doctors' bills under Part B of Medicare. The patient has to pay the first $50 of his doctors' bills in any year, but thereafter the program pays 80 percent of the "fair and reasonable" charges. So far, about 17 million Americans have signed up for Part B. Finally, the Medicare umbrella covers outpatient services, convalescent care in approved nursing homes, and a series of home-nursing visits.

women with all manner of real and imaginary ills. But the rush was not up to expectations, partly because the warm months of summer are kind to the elderly. Then, as summer faded into autumn, and winter blew in with its quota of chills, heart attacks and strokes, its rheumatic pains and broken hips, more and more patients crept in under the huge and floppy Medicare umbrella.

As Medicare now approaches the end of its first year of operation, it is obvious that the program is too broad and complex to permit a final assessment. But it is also clear that it is not quite the glorious success its sponsors promised nor the miserable failure its opponents forecast.

The statistics of Medicare are awesome. In its first nine months the plan paid $1.6 billion in hospital bills for more than 3 million persons, and some 9 million doctor bills totaling $346 million. Nursing-home care—limited to the post-hospital period—has been covered only since January 1, but this and a growing demand for all services will make Medicare's second full year of operation far bigger than its first.

The cost of it all is greatly exceeding some earlier forecasts. President Johnson's budget for the fiscal year beginning July 1 calls for $3.9 billion for the program—some $446 million more than the first year is expected to cost. Medicare is also proving to be more complicated and confusing to operate than its sponsors had predicted. Yet even the American Medical Association, which bitterly opposed Medicare as being prohibitively expensive and complex and destructive of the traditional doctor-patient relationship, is willing to admit the program is not as bad as it had expected. The A.M.A.'s moderate president, Dr. Charles L. Hudson of Cleveland, reports, "The doctors, who anticipated a lot of interference with their practice of medicine, have not discovered any real interference. Medicare itself, except for its basic philosophy, is a program with which we can live without a great deal of difficulty."

Nevertheless, the A.M.A. still believes that Medicare is "unwise legislation," Dr. Hudson testified before the House Ways and Means Committee last month. He said it is covering too many people who could pay their own bills, and he urged Congress "not to expand this program."

As for the patients themselves, Medicare is good, bad or just so-so, depending on their own situation, the extent of their knowledge about the program, and sometimes their political views. To Mrs. Ann Wallace, a petite, Scottish-born woman of 72 who had been remarkably free of illness all of her life, Medicare was something she'd signed up for but didn't believe she'd ever need. Then she fell on the street and broke her ankle and pelvic bone and ended up in Miami's Jackson Memorial Hospital. "My doctor here was wonderful," she said. "He put a steel pin in my bones, and then he sewed me all up so that I have only a very faint red line to show for it. Some doctors don't care if they leave ugly scars on old ladies. They figure, 'What the heck! She's too old to worry about scars.' But not my doctor!"

In a room at the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania, Mrs. Thomas, a tall, regal woman, sat with her husband as he leaned intently over a large jigsaw puzzle. A teacher for many years in a private prep school, he had undergone four major brain operations and one gall-bladder operation in the past 10 years.

"He has spent a total of thirty-three weeks in hospitals in that time," said his wife, as we walked to a small lounge. "Blue Cross has been most helpful, but he never really approved of Medicare, so when the Medicare insurance application came to us to mark 'yes' or 'no,' we said 'no.' But when we received a letter saying we could no longer be covered by Blue Cross, that worried us, and we signed up for Medicare."

They were glad they did. The plans cover $38 of the $58-per-diem hospital charge and most of the doctor bills. "But I do think Medicare ought to be put on an income basis," she added, "so that people of higher income would pay more. I think such a system would be much fairer."

A wealthy retired man in Pasadena recently underwent a five-day hospitalization for bronchopneumonia and a three-day stay for ear surgery. Using Medicare and a supplemental Blue Cross policy, he had paid only $12.50 to the hospital for the first stay and $8 the second time. In each instance he had been in a private room.

When a visitor suggested he must have been pleased by the arrangement, he said, "I'm an extremely conservative person. I've always held the notion that people should take care of themselves. I can't see this Medicare for people over sixty-five who are able to pay."

"But you used it," his visitor reminded him.

"Oh, sure," he replied. "I have a fixed income, and with taxes as they are I have to take advantage of it. Even so, in principle I don't like it."

Medicare's protection is most warmly appreciated by those who have once had a prolonged illness for which they had no insurance coverage. Mrs. Robinson, a slender, attractive woman in her late 60's, had just undergone a cataract operation in Philadelphia. "I think Medicare is wonderful," she said. "The cost of the operation and the long hospital stay would be prohibitive without it. You see, we still haven't recovered from a heavy blow that hit us thirteen years ago. For a brief interval we had no medical insurance at all, and my husband was hospitalized for a long period. The bills came to ten thousand dollars and took all our savings. We'll probably never get over it. But with Medicare we'll be protected in the future."

The oldsters guard their red-white-and-blue Medicare cards like precious gold pieces. Before a hospital admissions clerk has finished taking information from it, a patient will often ask, "Now, may I have my card back?" And when a patient was asked for his card on entering a Philadelphia hospital, he said, "Oh, it's so valuable I put it in my safe-deposit box." Another, entering the same hospital, said he'd left his card back at his home in Virginia, in a locked trunk.

"We admitted him, of course," explained the gray-haired clerk, "and obtained the card number later." She laughed. "As a matter of fact, I'm of eligible age myself, and I've got my own Medicare card locked away at home in a trunk."

It is hard to determine how many previously unmet needs Medicare is now fulfilling. Certainly the aged suffered more medical neglect in some areas of the country than in others. But bringing in Medicare is not as if some 19 million persons needing care were suddenly getting treatment, observes Dr. Luther Terry, former Surgeon General of the U.S. Public Health Service and now medical vice president of the University of Pennsylvania. "Many had been getting good medical attention all along," Dr. Terry says.

On the whole, older people of slender means are now receiving more services under Medicare because there is now more money to do things for them. In the past, physicians dealing with poor patients often hesitated to prescribe expensive procedures which were not absolutely essential, even though they might have hastened recovery.

Although the aging sick have not swamped all hospitals—the nationwide increase in admissions

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Helping them, getting them to make progress—there's an art to treating old people.

To strengthen his arms, a Medicare patient works with a heavy weight in a rehabilitation center in Chicago.

in this group is five percent—they have certainly helped to create a shortage of hospital beds in some areas. New York's Montefiore Hospital, for example, reports the waiting time for nonemergency cases has increased from 2 to 3 weeks a year ago to 6 to 10 today. Even many persons with "urgent" though not "emergency" conditions, such as gall bladder or congestive heart disease, have been subjected to what doctors call medically serious delays.

Before Medicare, nearly one third of all hospital care was devoted to patients who were 65 or over, even though they made up only 10 percent of the population. Since Medicare, there are signs that elderly patients are staying in the hospital even longer. A survey of several Catholic hospitals in New York City showed that older patients were staying twice as long as they did before Medicare was passed.

To prevent unnecessarily prolonged hospital stays, Medicare requires each hospital and accredited nursing home to set up a committee to review case records and to interview patients and physicians to determine whether continued hospitalization is medically justified.

"Usually the committee agrees with the physician," explained the chief of staff of an Arizona hospital. "Occasionally the doctor may feel the patient is ready for discharge but is being pressured by the family to keep the patient in. He now gets support from the committee and can tell the family, 'Well, the committee has decided that further hospital care isn't necessary. You'll have to take Grandma home or pay her bills yourself.' This tends to get Grandma home."

Getting Grandma home is only a small part of the tons of Medicare paperwork that have flattened many a hospital administrator and doctor and have proved to be one of the greatest drawbacks of the program.

"If all of us, including the best minds in the health-insurance business, were to sit down for a year and do our best to draw up a complicated system, we couldn't devise one as complex as Medicare," says Fred Higginbotham, a Dallas Blue Cross official.

Medicare's intricate billing procedures have added millions of dollars to hospital overhead. Manhattan's Mount Sinai, typical of the nation's larger and better hospitals, had to hire 41 new clerks when Medicare began. This new task force is obviously one reason for the startling rise of 16.5 percent in hospital costs last year, after a 6 percent yearly rise from 1960 through 1965. (The main reason, however, was that hospital wages were being forced up by the pressure of strikes from traditionally underpaid employees.)

In a sense, organized medicine is to blame for some of the paperwork that it now condemns. Certain specialty groups insisted that doctors' services should be billed separately from hospital charges, even if performed in a hospital with hospital-owned equipment. The cost of an X ray, for example, is divided into two fees: one for the use of the machine and for the technician who takes the picture, and one for the M.D. radiologist who reads and interprets the films.

The doctors held out for separate billing because they thought it would maintain a clearer picture of the physician's own services and help create a better doctor-patient relationship. But the problem of apportioning costs is turning out to be overwhelming, and in some cases it is ludicrous. During the first four months of Medicare, for example, outpatient claims in Syracuse, N.Y., averaged only $1.81 for the hospitals and $2.91 for the doctors. The actual cost of processing the outpatient and inpatient claims ran as high as nine dollars apiece.

Much of the Medicare paperwork is even more wasteful. About 60 percent of the one million outpatient claims processed during the first seven months of Medicare resulted, because of deductions, in no payments at all.

Although Congress is responsible for writing the complex Medicare Law, it was subjected to pressures from many groups, notably, of course, the American Medical Association. It is now privately admitted even at the A.M.A. headquarters in Chicago that the organization could have guided the

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'I've got my Medicare card right in my pocketbook. It's nice to know I can pay my way.'

program along smoother paths if it had begun its cooperation earlier instead of carrying on a last-ditch battle against the entire concept.

Since Medicare became law, however, Social Security Commissioner Robert M. Ball has found the A.M.A. to be quite cooperative. "Without exception," said Mr. Ball, "the A.M.A. leadership took the good-citizenship position that 'now that Medicare is law we will work with the Government and try to be helpful.'"

One official in Washington who now has some nice things to say about the A.M.A., somewhat to his own surprise, is Wilbur J. Cohen, the doughty Under Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare and a principal planner of Medicare.

"Thirty years ago people who wanted reform couldn't even have a dialogue with the medical profession," he remembers. "Doctors who wished only to study the problem were isolated or attacked by others in their profession. Now there is a breath of fresh air, and even though there isn't always total agreement all the time, we have a completely open dialogue."

On occasion, however, the dialogue takes a wry turn. The story is told of a physician who once approached Mr. Cohen and said, "You know, Mr. Cohen, if you ever need a doctor I'd be happy to take care of you." Mr. Cohen smiled, said he was well satisfied with his regular doctor but appreciated the offer. "Well, I mean it," the doctor persisted. He moved closer, tapping Mr. Cohen's chest with his forefinger. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I'm a surgeon, and I'd just love to cut you open from here to here."

One aspect of Medicare that irks many doctors is the frequent report that they are somehow getting rich from the program. A Department of Health, Education and Welfare report on medical-care prices did show that physicians' fees rose 7.8 percent in 1966, after increasing only two or three percent a year from 1960 through 1965. But the rise was less than half that occurring in hospital charges, and the H.E.W. report said "there is no evidence that Medicare was a major factor" in it. H.E.W. also noted that most physicians did not raise their fees, although some were getting more income because they were seeing more patients.

In all the arguments over Medicare, the A.M.A. was less concerned about how much the doctors would be paid than with how the bills were to be handled. The program allows the doctor to send a patient's bill to Medicare through Blue Shield or some other designated intermediary. The doctor is then paid, after weeks and sometimes months, for his "customary and reasonable" charges.

But the doctor also has the option of billing the patient directly, as before. The patient pays him and sends the receipted bill to Medicare for reimbursement. This arrangement is obviously simpler for the doctor but more complicated for the patient, who is now the one who waits for payment.

Delegates to the A.M.A.'s 1966 convention were so determined to have as little as possible to do with the machinery of Medicare that they urged all doctors to practice direct billing almost exclusively. Of the medical claims processed by Medicare headquarters in late March, about half were from patients who had been billed directly. Practices vary in different parts of the country, but most doctors don't bill directly those who would find it hard to wait for reimbursement.

The relatively few physicians who are still adamant in their opposition to Medicare use direct billing as their main weapon against the system. Many of these same doctors argued in 1965 that physicians should combat Medicare by simply refusing to participate in any program that Congress passed. Indeed, some of these doctors leave the impression that they are still clinging to the "nonparticipation" policy. Said an employee of Social Security's New York office, "People come in here and ask us what doctors they can go to. They'll say, 'My doctor doesn't want to belong.'"

Paradoxically, old people living on borderline incomes often find that they are now worse off with Medicare than they were without it. Take, for example, a woman in a southwestern state whom we shall call Lola Jones. Mrs. Jones is 76, a retired domestic. By frugal management and occasional help from a former employer, she manages to stretch her $60 monthly Social Security and $37 state old-age assistance checks to cover rent, food, clothing and incidentals. Last year she signed up for Medicare insurance, and $3 a month is now deducted from her Social Security payment. But Medicare won't pay any of her doctor bills until she herself has paid the first $50 — the deductible amount. So she must pay her $36 premium, plus the $50 deductible, or a total of $86, before Medicare begins to help her meet her bills. And even then she must pay 20 percent of the balance.

What puzzles Mrs. Jones, and many like her, is that she is now paying more a year for insurance than she used to pay to her doctor. In most years his bills have totaled only $15 or $20, and in one bad year, "when he had to do quite a lot for me while I was in the hospital with my heart attack," it came to $40.

Mrs. Jones had, of course, been the beneficiary of the doctor's traditional discounting of fees for the lower-income patient. Although he is a specialist in internal medicine, he charged her only $2 or $3 for an office visit, $4 or $5 for a house call.

"Now with the advent of federally financed medical care for those in straitened circumstances, the medical profession is faced with a dilemma," Mrs. Jones's doctor declares. "Should the doctors continue to charge a greatly reduced fee, or should they charge a standard fee and make the patient pay fifty dollars a year in doctor bills that he can't afford? Some doctors will prefer to take care of them for nothing. They've been taking care of them for *next* to nothing for a long time."

In about half of the states, individuals like Lola Jones are being helped by a program called Medicaid, which takes up where Medicare leaves off. Set up under another Social Security amendment, Medicaid provides funds to pay all medical, hospital and dental expenses of families below certain income levels. But Medicaid, which is funded by both the state and Federal Government, is administered by the state-welfare departments, and many of the older people are too proud to accept anything with a "welfare" label.

A side effect of Medicare, which angers many patients, is the fact that Blue Cross and Blue Shield are canceling subscribers' policies as they reach the age of 65 and become eligible for the federal program. The "Blues" officials don't like the word "cancellation" and point out that they offered all their old subscribers, as well as new ones, "senior-care" policies which fill in or supplement Medicare coverage. At roughly half the premium rates, these policies meet the $40 deductible on the hospital bill, pay for hospitalization beyond the Medicare limitation of 90 days and cover the 20 percent co-pay on the doctor bills.

But many of the long-time "Blues" subscribers, who had been dutifully contributing to the program for years in anticipation of full protection when they became ill in their old age, argue that the "senior-care" policies don't give them enough for their money. Moreover, many people feel that Blue Cross is benefiting so much by Medicare's assumption of hospital bills that they should reduce the scale of premium rates they charge everyone.

One Blue Cross spokesman admitted last year that cancellation of policies held by persons 65 and over was saving Blue Cross about $150 million a year in payments. But this age group had been receiving in benefits much more than it was paying in premiums. "We were already making significant subsidies to the older subscribers out of receipts from those under sixty-five," a Blue Cross Association executive in Chicago explained. "A few percentage points might now be taken off as a result of not having the over-sixty-five's on board. But rising costs of hospital operation, the thirty or forty percent increase in nurses' salaries, for example, counteract this. Many Blue Cross plans have just been able to hold their own as a result of Medicare. Without it they would have had to raise rates."

Another disturbing "side effect" of Medicare and Medicaid, which has received little public notice, is the restraints they impose on the training of tomorrow's physicians and surgeons, especially the surgeons. Traditionally the "ward patient," admitted free or at a reduced rate, was the "teaching patient." He knew that his care would be mainly in the hands of interns and residents, who would be supervised by experienced staff members. Today, under Medicare and Medicaid, everyone is entitled to choose a private physician and a semiprivate room. The "charity" or "ward patient" has all but disappeared.

If every patient insists that all his medical care be administered only by his private physician, interns and residents will get no practical experience. "You can't learn to drive a car just by watching someone else," a New York surgeon remarked. "It's the same thing with removing a gall bladder or a lung. There are technical skills that can be learned only by doing."

Teaching surgeons are now seeking ways to change the Medicare rules to ease this situation. In the meantime, the major hospitals are finding ways to solve their own problems. At Manhattan's Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, a special unit of 110 beds has been set aside for surgical patients who are operated on by experienced residents in training, supervised by staff surgeons. Patients are told of the team approach before admission to the unit, and so far only one in five has refused to accept the arrangement.

Even in the nonsurgical branches of medicine the student cannot learn just by watching but must eventually make judgments on his own. "One of our jobs as teachers is to have interns and residents learn to recognize the point at which they need the help of more experienced people, and then to ask for it," says Dr. James B. Wyngaarden, the young head of the University of Pennsylvania's department of medicine.

In the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania, as in other university hospitals across the country, many Medicare patients are now freely agreeing to act as subjects for the training of interns and residents. If they aren't too sick they enjoy trying to stump a young intern on an obscure diagnosis.

Troublesome as certain parts of Medicare may be—and legislative changes are expected to smooth out many of the worst wrinkles—one encouraging side effect is the prospect that the program will improve the nation's sadly neglected system of nursing homes. Since January 1, Medicare has covered patients who have been in a regular hospital for a specific illness and who have been transferred for further treatment to an accredited nursing home or "extended care facility." (Medicare does not pay for the custodial care of old

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people.) Under the program, Medicare pays for the full bill for the first 20 days, and all but $5 a day for the remainder of a required stay, up to 80 days.

The advantages of Medicare for a private nursing home are great: a steady supply of patients and a guaranteed payment plan. But to become eligible for this program, the homes have to meet Medicare requirements of skilled nursing around the clock and a registered nurse in charge. To date, only about 4,500 of the country's 12,700 nursing homes have managed to meet these requirements, but many of the facilities are in the process of upgrading themselves.

Dr. G. Clayton Kyle, chief of the diabetes clinic at the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania and a medical-insurance expert, says that 75 percent of the patients now in general hospitals are suffering from chronic conditions which could be cared for in qualified nursing homes.

"When the taxpayers become sophisticated enough to know they are paying fifty dollars a day for care that could be given at a cost of twenty dollars a day, they will demand more of these convalescent or extended-care facilities," says Dr. Kyle. "Otherwise Medicare is going to cost ten times as much as was originally estimated."

Another important plan to help the elderly is home-health care, under which a patient can obtain payment for as many as 100 visits a year by a trained or practical nurse, a physiotherapist, a speech therapist or a "home-health aide." The program of visits must be prescribed by a doctor, and to date far too few physicians have recognized the value of this type of service. "Home environment is more conducive to rehabilitation, provided the patient has the proper supporting services," says Dorothy Rusby, director of the Visiting Nurse Association of Cleveland. "Our nurses and therapists have often gotten a patient back on his feet after a doctor had considered the situation almost hopeless."

Success of all three phases of Medicare's program—general hospital, nursing home and home health service—will depend largely on the availability of good nurses. And it isn't easy, I was told, to recruit nurses to work with older people, who are often more demanding and difficult to care for than young patients.

"Nurses find the routine care of older patients depressing," observes Mrs. Betty Gross, nursing supervisor of Provident Hospital, a small Negro institution in Chicago. "One of my nurses resigned after thirty years because she was having to care for so many older terminal patients."

If the full potential of health care is to be realized, whether under Government or private auspices, the physician, as well as the nurse and therapist, must be attuned to the whims, the quirky demands, the slower tempo of the older patients. Says Dr. Martin R. Steinberg, the perceptive director of New York's Mount Sinai Hospital, "There's an art to getting old people to eat, making them comfortable, avoiding bedsores, giving them the kind of things they need simply because they are feeble."

In a recent talk to a group of hospital workers, Dr. Steinberg recalled a situation that epitomizes the problems that face those caring for the aged. He described one hospital where many of the patients were elderly immigrants.

"They felt medicine was a sort of black magic. The greatest compliment they could pay a doctor was, 'He guessed me well.' They knew nothing about this magic and didn't like to disturb it. So getting a history would go something like this:

"You'd say, 'Mrs. Shapiro, what's the matter with you?' She would look at you with half scorn and half pity and say, 'You're the doctor.' You'd say, 'Yes, but why did you come to the hospital?' She'd think about that a minute and answer, 'Because my doctor sent me.' 'Well, why did he send you?' She'd wrestle with that a minute and say, 'You'll have to ask him.' And finally you'd say to her, 'All right, Mrs. Shapiro, what hurts?' That you knew she couldn't parry. She would think awhile and then it came: 'What doesn't hurt?'

"All of this took time," Dr. Steinberg observed, "and it became a sort of dialogue, which was pleasant and showed our love. That was the important thing. And we were successful with them, which was terribly important. But ours was a one-to-one relationship, and that's difficult to achieve in a big, modern hospital. I'm almost afraid it is gone for good. But if we try hard enough, we may be able to recapture it.

"The most important thing we have learned about the aged is the necessity to give them the shortest possible period 'down,' the longest period 'up.' When a patient is 'up' he is a citizen, an individual. When he is 'down,' he and his doctor are in trouble. This overrides every other consideration. 'Down' is bad; 'up' is life." □

Recovering from surgery, Mrs. Ethel Daniels, 79, feels well enough to sit up—and to put on her earrings.

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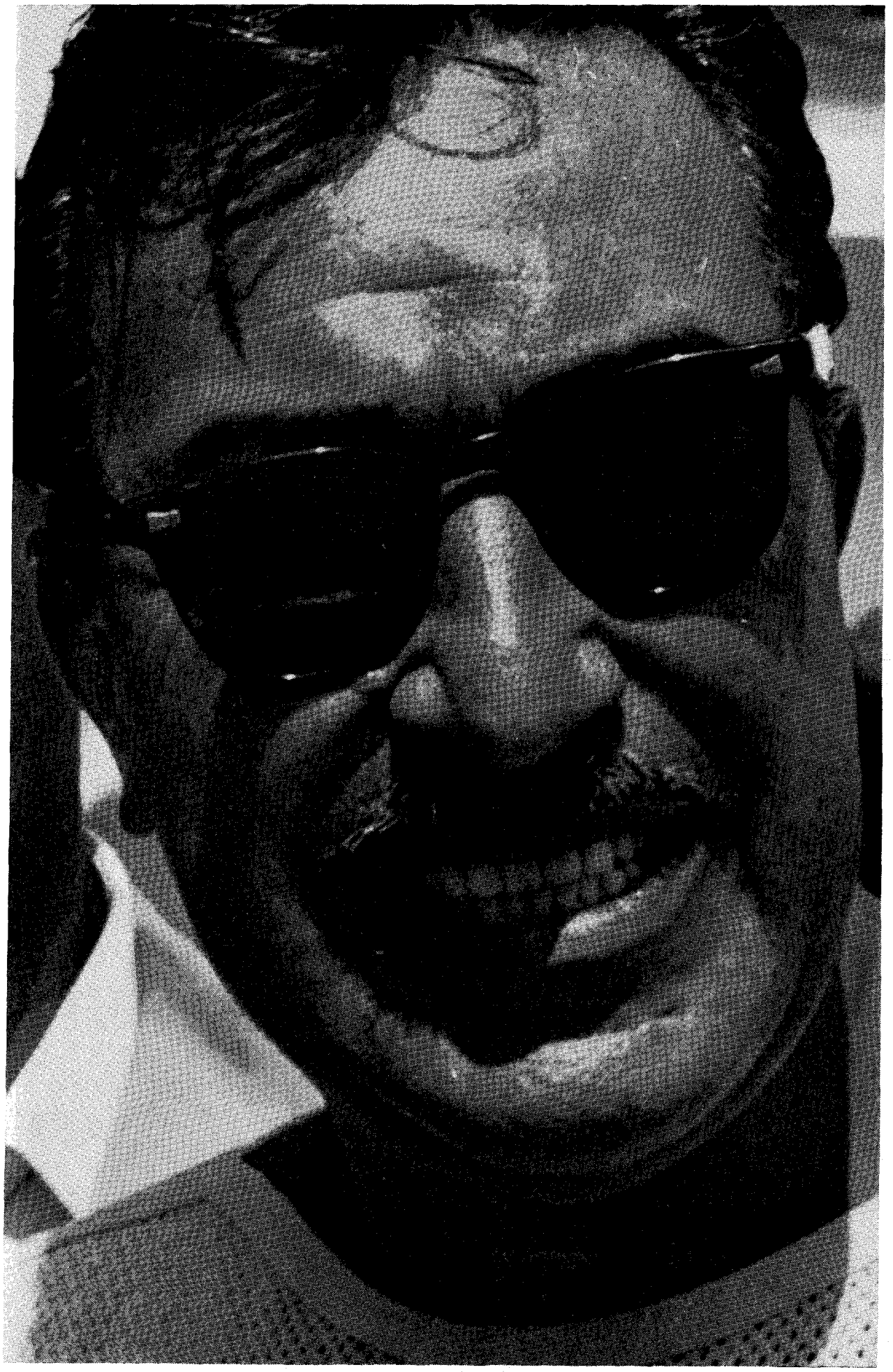
ADAM POWELL AT THE END OF THE WORLD

The Harlem congressman i



As a child, one of my favorite movies was *The Duke of West Point*. Louis Hayward played a young West Point cadet who is unjustly accused of cheating; instead of tossing him out of the Point, the higher-ups make a deal with him in which he is allowed to stay on, but with the understanding that no one will speak to him or acknowledge his existence in the smallest way. He says all right, because the Point is very important to him, not only for himself but because of his family background. So he grits his teeth, and for a long time they really throw the silence book at him. He is a marvelous athlete, yet even as he scores goal after goal, there is not a peep of encouragement out of his fellow cadets in the stands. You fools, I used to say to myself. Don't you see that he is really good? How can you just sit there, you smug idiots, and not let out one lousy cheer, even slip him a friendly note. At the end he is exonerated, and all rally round him to clap him on the back and shamefacedly say they're sorry. I don't know what it was about that picture, but I loved it.

I was on the island of Bimini recently (not really recognizable in print unless it is called "Adam Clayton Powell's tiny fiefdom of Bimini") and finally got an inkling of what Hayward went through. For the length of my stay, I was the Duke of Bimini, shunned, ignored, frozen out by the circle around the Harlem congressman, wanting, but unable to say, why are you doing this to me, can't you see I'm a good guy, a soul brother, or as close to being one as my skin permits? Hayward was much more game and plucky about his plight than I, but he had the advantage of an aristocratic background and the wonderful safety valve of participating in sports events. I did catch a barracuda, a tremendous triumph for a city boy; there was a West Pointian silence as I hauled it from the boat.

Bimini has been called an "uncut little jewel" of an island in the Bahamas, and I see no reason to quarrel with that description. For the most part one travels to Bimini either for the big-game fishing, which is beyond belief, or to see Adam Clayton Powell. I turned up on the island with the idea of spending some time with Powell, and I would like to point out quickly that this aspect of my trip was no great triumph. There is a certain type of story, fast taking hold in magazines, in which the writer, either through poor arrangements or noncooperation at the other end, fails to meet the subject of his interview; instead of packing up and going home he proceeds instead to charm the daylights out of the reader with an account of how he *almost* got the story. I do not enjoy this type of article.

How amusing, you might feel, that here I am about to rattle off a noninterview of my own. Observe the difference. In this case there are to be no misleading labels. I spent very little time with Powell, and saw him mostly from a distance. I picked an unfortunate time for my visit. Powell had announced he was going to Harlem on Palm Sunday and had begun to wonder if this was a good idea after all. Friends described him as not only concerned, but, more accurately, "frightened."

Perhaps another time would not have been much better. He has gotten a generally bad press and had no reason to feel I would have been any kinder than any of the other white Greeks bearing gifts. In any case there will be just a smattering of Powell in these pages. To make up for that little deficiency, there will be travel notes, much local color, understated snatches of dialogue, a few strik-

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easy to find, but how do you get him to talk to you? By BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

ing perceptions, offhanded chuckles, sudden wild lashes of insight, unexplained and puzzling swings of mood, items of questionable taste and an epilogue of sober and quite sincere analysis which may very well turn out to be worth the price of admission, although there is no guaranteeing these things.

Getting to Bimini is a straightforward business, a jet flight to Fort Lauderdale (or Miami) and a half-hour spin to a small airfield that looks as though it might have been hastily cleared away to accommodate Chennault's Flying Tigers. Getting from the airfield itself to one's hotel is another matter, involving pickup trucks, ferries, more pickup trucks and some walking. The coastal water in the area is so clear you can see right to the bottom when it is 60 feet deep, and there are marvelous wrecked ships whose prows stick out of the water like great knife blades.

My contact was a man named C. Sumner (Chuck) Stone, who was on Powell's staff and who, I had been led to believe, handled Powell's press relations. After settling in, I asked where I might find Stone and was told by a charter-boat guide that he had not been on the island for many weeks. Not only that, but Powell now considered him *persona non grata* and had a new man handling his press relations. I had heard that Powell spent a good deal of his time in a café called the End of the World, which was not far from my hotel. I walked about a mile until I came upon a small unnamed bar, slung together and rattling with good cheer, that I took instinctively and correctly to be the place I was looking for. More or less blocking the door was a man in infantry clothing who said he was Simeon Booker, Washington editor of *Jet* and *Ebony* and present handler of Powell's press relations. He said that I had better not disturb Mr. Powell, who was inside playing dominoes, but that if I waited at a place called Captain Brown's Hotel, he would see what he could do about arranging an interview. (I was curious about the End of the World and took a look inside the following day. It is run by a stout, carefully noncommunicative Sydney Greenstreet lookalike who claims, amazingly, to have spent all 53 years of his life on Bimini. The bar itself is rundown and not even charmingly so. During my visit I was instructed in brotherly love by a fisherman who claims to know such biblical figures as John, Mary and Paul. "As I was mentioning to John the other day," he said to me, "love is where it's at, babe.")

On the way to Captain Brown's, the patio of which is the site of Powell's now-celebrated press conferences, I was stopped by a young Bimini man who asked how I'd found the End of the World.

"I just walked right up to it," I said.

"I can show you where it is," he said.

"But I've just been there," I said.

"Adam Clayton Powell is the greatest man in the world," he said, and then flashed off in another direction. It's a line that seems to be used on Bimini whenever there is a lull in conversation, the equivalent of clearing one's throat.

Inside the bar at Captain Brown's dockside hotel a game was going on. The object was to hoop a ring, which was suspended from the ceiling by a string, around a nail at the other end of the bar. The natives are quite good at it, some of them able to do three out of three, and have been known to use it as a vehicle for hustling tourists. I had hoped it would have an exotic name such as "Devil's Tooth" or "Bimini Fever," but it is called, disappointingly, "the ring game."

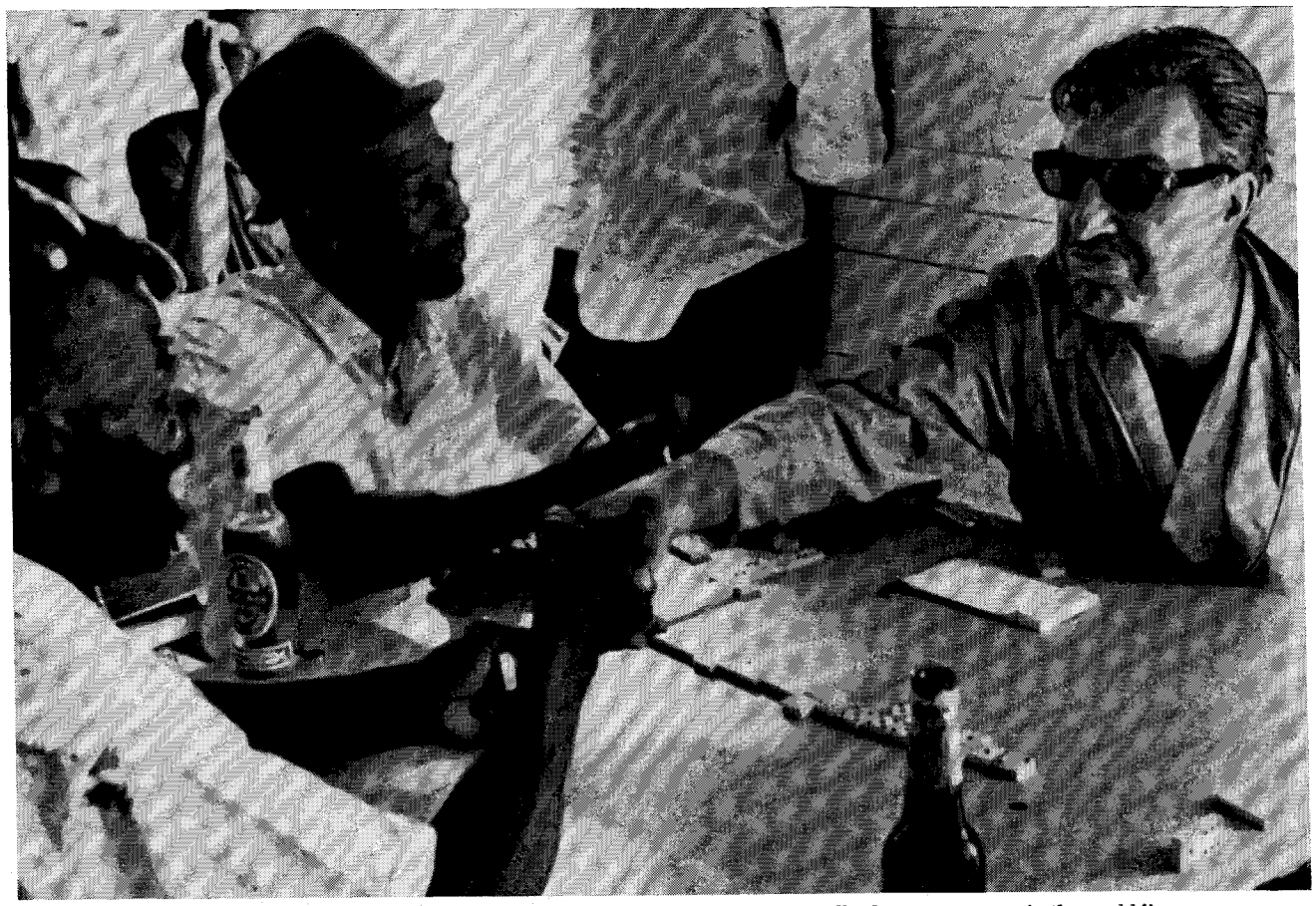
The great stampede of reporters, who had descended on the island during the height of Powell's difficulty, had thinned out, and all that remained were a handful of Negro reporters, including Tom Johnson of *The New York Times* and Leon Lewis, an amiable broadcaster from New York's radio station WLIB, a photographer for *Jet* and *Ebony* named Maurice Sorrell and a mysterious free-lancing girl with an assignment from "a Washington newspaper." The subject under discussion was Mr. Powell's mood, which was adjudged to be good since he had caught a 190-pound white marlin that morning and was now leading in two categories of the local fishing tournament. It reminded me of my last office job and the hours spent each morning speculating on the boss's disposition that day, all of our fortunes being tied to it.

A white tourist known only as the Irishman said that Powell took his fishing very seriously, writing all the facts about each of his catches in a little book. Johnson said that when Powell came in he would probably feel me out by throwing out needling remarks to see if I could take it. I said that would not work out at all since I definitely could not take it. He said the Bimini people were very protective about Powell, and that way out in the harbor could be found the charred remains of a boat that had been hired by some writers to snoop on Powell. I found his observation about the islanders to be true; but the opposite was also true. For all of their protectiveness, they would also push more rumors and gossip about Powell on you than you cared to hear. Switching subjects, Johnson said that from his point of view there was only one issue, that the Congress, "my country's Congress," had changed the rules in its expulsion of Powell, and that was the only issue to be considered. Powell, of course, had alluded to the skeletons that were to be found in other congressmen's closets, and I asked why Powell had not blown the whistle on his colleagues. Johnson said he, too, had pressed Powell on this subject, but that each time it came up, "Adam just smiled mysteriously."

"You know what your story is?" Leon Lewis said to me. "Your story is all of the people who have been deserting the Powell ship and are now trying to clamber back on. The Fall of the Mighty, that's what your story is."

Booker appeared, his arm around an islander who was a celebrated ring-game player, saying over and over again, "This is my man." I was asked if I wanted to bet against the great ring-game player, and I declined, insisting that I was a player, not a bettor. Powell's fishing-boat mate, a man named Blinkie, thought he had heard me say I could play the swinehead, an instrument you pluck at with your teeth, and offered to produce one for me. Booker's man was off his game, and Booker attributed it to a case of the jitters. "He's blowin' the faith, Simeon," said Sorrell. To the player, he said, "The night life's got you, babe."

I went along with the tradition of buying a bottle of Scotch for the islanders, and the mysterious lady free-lancer chipped in with a bottle of milk.



In a bar on Bimini, Powell glad-hands two domino-playing buddies. Natives call Powell "the greatest man in the world."

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'I like you, American,' she whispered softly i

An unperturbed Powell gets playful tweak from Tanyiki, an island entertainer who specializes in exotic fire dances.

"Put a nipple on that bottle," said Blinkie, "and keep the faith." Everyone was served a Scotch and milk, a combination I had been introduced to 15 years back by an ulcer-ridden Air Force officer. It still tasted exactly like what it was: Scotch and milk. Booker said he had spoken to Powell about me. "He will come by and at least say something to you," he said.

I went outside to the press-conference garden, where several of the islanders were discussing the comeback chances of a fighter named Yama Bahama, a somewhat over-the-hill Bimini middleweight who had once been high in the ratings. One man said he was in great condition, to which Blinkie replied, "It doesn't make any difference. He meet a classical man and forget about it, babe." Blinkie said he, too, had been a fighter, but that his career was ended by "one of those upside-down punches that came right side up." One of the islanders instructed me on Powell as though I, too, were a fighter. "Don't crowd him, never force the action, let him come to you. I'll give you some tips and help you with him." A man, who introduced himself as the owner of Aunt Cora's Crawfish Pot Restaurant, thumped me in the chest with one finger and said that Adam Clayton Powell was the greatest man in the world. "You know who he got a Christmas card from last December?" he asked.

"Who's that?"

"Joe Stalin in the Kremlin."

The harbor came to life suddenly with an electric hum as Powell swept into view. The crew of his fishing boat, *Adam's Fancy*, flew into action, readying the boat, and Powell walked toward it, picking up an entourage of press people as he breezed along. He wore Bermuda shorts, sunglasses, and seemed in good trim. The dock was lined with cheering islanders and tourists who were on hand each day to watch Powell. The islanders are proud of the fact that Powell spends his time only with the "simple folks" on South Bimini. Booker, Johnson, Lewis, Sorrell, and the free-lancing girl got on Powell's boat, and I was thinking there goes the story when Powell suddenly whispered something to Booker, who in turn summoned me to the ship. I told Powell it was a great pleasure to meet him, to which he asked if I had come all the way down from New York. I said yes, and then, with his voice booming out over the Caribbean, he said, "Well, you can go right back. For THERE WILL BE NO STORY. NO STORY, NOT EVER, NEVER ANY STORY. THERE WILL BE NO STORY OF ANY KIND."

Later I was to think of dazzling comebacks such as, "Well, great, I don't like to work, and this means I can relax," but at the moment the best I could muster was, "So you don't want a story done, eh?" I was smoking a cigar, and in the political style Powell put his arm around me and said, "Give this man a *good* cigar." I had been smoking an Antonio y Cleopatra Grenadier, and as it turned out, the one that was produced was another Antonio y Cleopatra Grenadier, which not only diminished the gesture but struck me as being rather touching.

Indeed, a part of the Powell story that hasn't been seen clearly is that his boat is rather modest, by yachting standards, his Bimini home far from opulent, and the stories about his sitting in the lap of luxury while his constituents starve in tenements, far out of proportion to the truth. Bimini is not Harlem, but it is not Biarritz, either.

I got back on the dock, my ears a little on the red side, and the boat took off without me, the only one not invited to the senior prom. One of the islanders slipped up behind me and said, "Don't worry. That's the way he always be. Tomorrow he'll be straight. Maintain the trust, babe. He's the greatest man in the world, and he once played dominoes with me—only don't try to drink with the man. He'll take four to your one."

Powell's boat came back a little later, minus Powell but carrying the press people who had gone along with him. Johnson said I should stick around, that Powell was edgy about going back to New York, and that I had picked a bad time. Booker said nothing and, indeed, was to say nothing more to me for the duration of my stay on the island.

I spent much of the following day sulking and vowing to stay away from Powell, enjoying a few retributory visions of his stealing up to my hotel room and begging for an interview. I saw him only once that day, taking a Truman-like midafternoon stroll along Bimini's main—and only—street, Johnson, Booker, Lewis, Sorrell, at his side, the quintet going by without seeing me, while I licked a lonely lemon-flavored ice-cream cone and pretended not to care. Indeed, I began to care less about Powell (our meeting had not been set up properly, and he had every reason to be suspicious of my motives) and more about the strange treatment I was receiving from the press people around him. That night I ate my dinner at a table, several yards away from the group, and watched them file out, one by one, saying not a word to me and putting me officially in Coventry. Hours later the evening was rescued a thousand times over by a pretty young island girl who called me away from the bar at the Calypso Café and spoke to me in a way I'd been waiting to be spoken to for years.

"I like you, American," she whispered softly in my ear, glancing over her shoulder. "Powell leaves at dawn for a secret meeting on the mainland. If all goes well, he will stay and continue on to New York. Say nothing of this to anyone."

I tried to get her to repeat the "I like you, American" line, but she slipped away, and I never saw her again.

I saw Powell early the next morning at Captain Brown's Hotel, and there was no immediate indication he had taken any secret trips anywhere. The seas were stormy, and excitement had built up in the harbor over a fishing boat that was about to dock with an enormous blue-marlin catch. Only the bill was visible, but the fishing guides were able to tell that the fish was something special. After the boat docked, the fish was hoisted up on a rack while at least a hundred people gathered around to watch it being weighed. Powell hung back on the dock. The fish appeared to be some 14 feet long, colored in shades of blue that struck me as being unduplicatable. It weighed 530 pounds, and I was

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ny ear. 'Powell leaves at dawn for a secret meeting on the mainland.'

amazed to hear that no record had been set. Some years back an 830-pound marlin had been caught in the same waters. The fish of the day had been caught by the Irishman, who had fought it for two and a half hours. He showed me his hands, which were cut deeply from the struggle. Powell remained back, then finally approached the fish, looked it over and, ignoring the Irishman, hollered out his congratulations to the skipper of the boat. Then he turned back to the bar, beaten out in the tournament by 340 pounds.

The Irishman took the snub pretty hard. At the bar he settled back with a drink and kept wagging his head in disbelief over Powell's conduct. "He never even congratulated me," said the Irishman. "He never said a word to me."

By this time my sulk had worn off, and I decided to give the story a soldier's try by dashing off a letter to Powell. I did this, explaining that I was primarily a fiction writer, that I was not interested in injunctions and expulsions and subpoenas, but that I had been fascinated by his career for many years and wanted to chat with him, letting the talk determine its own drift. Was there a Powell side to the story that he felt had not been adequately reported? I said I had no angles, but I wanted to tell him who I was, and if he wanted to gamble a little and talk to me, I would be around until the following day. I asked one of the Negro reporters close to Powell if he would deliver it. He promised he would. When I saw him an hour later he said that Powell had the letter and would read it.

When I saw Powell the following day, there was no sign that he had read my letter. I spent much of the day in bars, studying the sea, which had become quite furious, talking to a tiny charter-boat captain who said he was Mickey Nolan, a former lightweight boxer. In the early afternoon Sorrell, the photographer, ran in and said, "I've been told to round you up for a press conference."

I walked over to Captain Brown's, where some CBS people who had flown in for the day were setting up their equipment. The conference was the now-celebrated one in which Powell said he had thought better of returning to Harlem on Palm Sunday and was going to heed the advice of his advisers and stay put for a while. The event seemed to call for a great swarm of reporters, but when he sat back and said, "I shall now answer questions," there was only the CBS reporter and a young Negro newsmagazine man. I think I was expected to dash forward and ask questions about courts and arraignments and congressional districts, but I had no appetite for this and held off.

Shortly thereafter my long-lost contact, C. Sumner (Chuck) Stone appeared. I had heard that he was in some sort of hot water with Powell, but the congressman seemed to be talking easily and comfortably with him on the boat dock. The admittedly quick impression I formed was that he is more or less a favorite though wastrel son who is always taken back into the fold. When I was able to corral Stone, I told him of my misadventures; he was sympathetic and said he would talk to Powell and see if he could put it all straight. I had very little heart for doing the story at this point, but for some reason I had become obsessed with knowing whether Powell had received my letter. Stone did speak to Powell, some 10 yards away from me, and when he came back he said Powell had been told that I had been spying on him for several weeks, and that I was a complete case of bad news. Additionally, he had not been given my letter.

It seems a little self-indulgent now to have felt this way, but I was surprisingly shaken up by this. What had happened, as I saw it then, was that a young Negro journalist, who knows a little about me, who knows many of the same people I do, who is more or less in the same racket as I am, had decided that we were on different sides, and that he could not trust me. I had grand notions about having been handed the current state of race relations in a capsule—of having been told that the day of trust was over, that the scar tissue was now much too deep, that we were all to adhere to Stokely Carmichael's program and take sides on separate black and white teams. This was the same thing that had been told to friends of mine who had labored for years in civil-rights groups and were advised that their services were no longer required since it now was going to be a straight all-black arrangement. This had never made any sense to me on either practical or moral grounds; I agree with Powell himself, who has said that America's future is tied to the Negro—and at the risk of tumbling into great traps of naïveté, it seems to me that I need the Negro, and he needs me, and neither of us has a chance without the other. In retrospect, it seems ridiculously self-aggrandizing to have felt wounded over what may well have been a comedy of errors—but still, there was something wrong about my not having been able to get it across that it was all right to trust me—if not for an entire mile, at least for an inch or two.

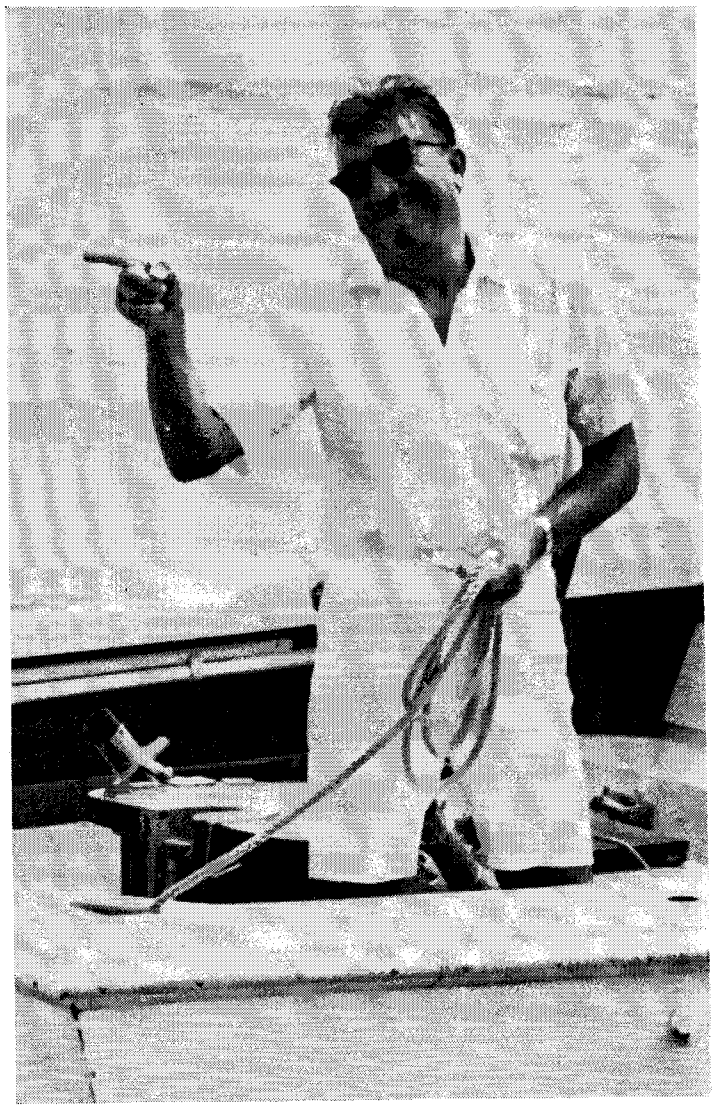
Stone said it was an awful time for Powell, but he felt that if I stuck around awhile, Powell would sit down with me. I thanked him, but said I had no strong desire to talk to him at this point, and would be leaving the following day. I had some drinks with Stone and the newsmagazine man that night. The latter said that he had known the congressman for many years, but that his magazine had not exactly been kind to Powell, and now he, too, was getting the cold shoulder. Later we were joined by a fire-dancer named Tanyiki and her manager, a man named Henri Filion, whose work involves going all over the world to help new hotels and nightclubs get off the ground. He said he was there to do the same for the Bimini Hotel, which, even though it was more or less empty at the moment, had a great future. Some airline, he said, was going to put in a jetport which would open the entire area to a great burgeoning flush of tourism. I couldn't see how they could squeeze a jetport onto the island, but refrained from pointing this out. Tanyiki's act consisted of creating fires, dancing around them and then damping them with her toes, mouth and other parts of her body. A celebrated photograph of her and Powell had been flashed round the world weeks before. After singing the praises of the hotel for an hour or so, Filion finally sunk his head in his hands and said, "Between us, I think I've got a white elephant here." Tanyiki's dream was to do her fires on the Ed Sullivan Show. At four in the morning I remember scribbling down the name of a theatrical agent and slipping it to Tanyiki while her manager wailed, "All she's got is a month. In a month the whole tie-in will go down the drain."

I packed up the following day and was told by the management of my hotel to stand outside and hail a cab for the ferry. A strange suggestion, since there seemed to be only three motorized vehicles on the island. Using a wheelbarrow, I finally got my bags to the ferry dock. As I took my last ground-level look at Bimini, Sorrell came dashing up and said, "I've been told to round you up for a press conference. Big one this time." I thanked him and said I had to be back in New York, but that I would make sure to read the big news in *The Times* when I got back to the city.

On April 11, in unseasonably cold weather, the people of Harlem's 18th Congressional District returned Adam Clayton Powell to the seat he had held for 22 years. The House of Representatives had excluded him from that seat in March for misconduct. The voting was light, but Powell received a record 86 percent of the total.

It seemed rather remote to me, however, until Powell made a post-election statement that had a familiar ring. "Regretfully," he said, "I must state as vigorously as I can that there will be no interviews, no comments, no press conferences and no pictures under any circumstances. . . ."

Although his congressional future was still up in the air, it seemed likely that his victory meant he would be leaving Bimini before long. This struck me as a good thing. No matter how you slice it, a forced vacation becomes a sentence, and Bimini, for all its gentle pleasures, for all the thrill of seeing one of its hooked game fish break water, has been for Powell a place of exile. □



At his Bahamian retreat some 1,400 miles from Harlem, a relaxed Powell ties up fishing boat, ADAM'S FANCY.

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He came back with fertilizer on his suit,
sixty cents in his pocket, and fury in his heart.
To start with, he needed a meal, a shave, and a job.
Next he was going to need a stake for
a cutthroat poker game that was as crooked as sin.
Revenge was a long way off—
but it would be mighty sweet when it came.

JACK DRISCOLL'S REVENGE

BY WILLIAM PRICE FOX

July heat lightning flashed red, then white, and went skittering and crackling across the low South Carolina sand hills. It was midnight, and even though the Saluda River breeze was strong enough to shake the dry chinaberries from their branches, the temperature in Columbia was still in the high eighties.

Earl Edge and Coley Simms were stretched out in the rabbit tobacco at the side of the Atlantic Coast Line tracks, watching a freight train go by. Earl had his chin jammed into his fists and was sucking a sourball. He blew his yellow broomstraw hair out of his eyes. "We just gotta get our hands on some money, Coley. We just gotta."

Coley aimed his slingshot at a dark car rattling by. He had bright red hair, and freckles covered his face, his arms, and the backs of his hands. The slingshot twanged, and the stone pinged off a Standard Oil car. "Yeah, I know."

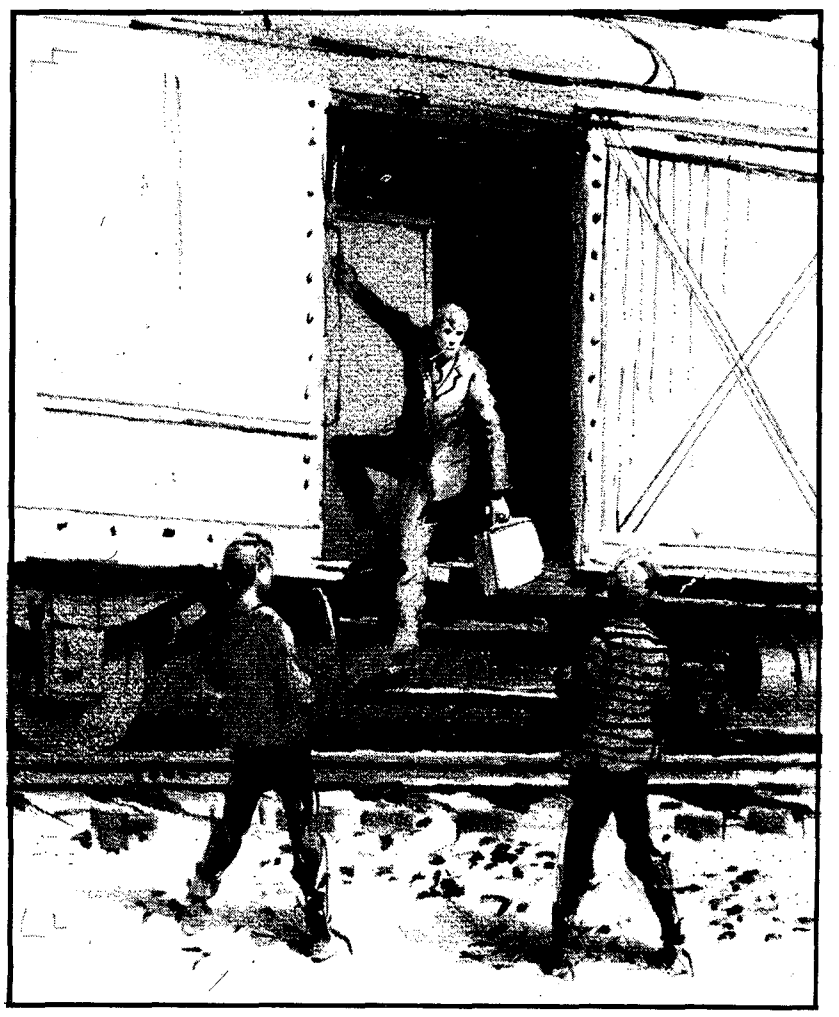
Ever since school had let out a month before, they had been scrounging every penny they could get to buy parts and gas for their ten-year-old 1939 Hudson. There had been no openings on good-paying summer jobs, so they had sold scrap iron and rags, chopped and hoed cotton, picked peaches, and collected whiskey bottles to sell to Clyde Peevy, the big bootlegger on Spruce Street. Finally, when the Hudson needed a radiator repair job and a fuel pump, Earl had lied to the E.Z. Loan Company, saying he was eighteen instead of fourteen, and they had borrowed fifty dollars. They were now behind two weekly payments of eight dollars, and their battery was dying.

The hammering noise of couplings whacking together ran along the train. It was beginning to slow down.

Coley shot up. "Come on! The coal cars are loaded!"

They jumped the railroad drain ditch, swung up a car ladder, and began tossing off coal. They worked furiously, scratching, scraping, and shoving. The train bucked twice, made a screeching metal-on-metal sound, and came to a stop. They scrambled to the top of the coal and began pushing with their feet. Coley kicked a long string of pieces over the bulkhead. "I'll bet we hit a thousand pounds," he said. "Kick that stuff on off."

"This is Columbia, right? You boys got a cigarette?"



"Hell, we'll do better than that," Earl said. "I'm looking for a ton."

Suddenly a sharp flashlight beam crossed the car. They dropped. It missed them and began playing on a red Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe boxcar in front of them. The guard was on the far side of the car.

Earl pressed himself down hard, burying his face. Coley had frozen on a high mound of coal. He wanted to move off a jagged piece that was hurting his ribs, but he was afraid the pile might start slipping.

The light swept slowly over the boxcar ahead. They lay still. The light swung back, and the guard left.

Earl raised his head. The guard's light was skimming over the freight cars down the line. Earl sighed and sat up. "I thought he had us."

Coley wiped his forehead on his sleeve. "Me too."

A voice came from within the boxcar. "Is that guard gone?"

Earl looked at Coley and then back at the car. "Yeah, he's gone." They climbed down and stood in the gravel path at the side of the tracks.

The boxcar door slid open and a long figure dropped down onto the path. It was a tall fellow dressed in a wrinkled pinstripe suit. He carried a small zipper bag, and set in the side of his narrow face was a white cigarette holder that looked to be about four inches too long.

"Either of you boys got a cigarette?"

Coley pulled out a package of Kools. "Help yourself, my hands are dirty."

"Good, that's what I need."

The man's cigarette lighter was made of the same white bone as his holder. It worked on the first try. He inhaled deeply, closed his eyes, opened them, sighed, and

© 1967 by William Price Fox. From the novel MOONSHINE LIGHT, MOONSHINE BRIGHT, to be published this month by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

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Illustrated by Des Asmussen

The crowd filled the field, shouting for more and more of Wilson's delicious barbecue.

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"He's smelling it! Oh, Lord, he's taking another bite!"

smiled. "That's better. Much better. Haven't had a smoke for a week."

He looked around. "This is Columbia, right?"

Earl said, "Yeah."

"That's what I figured." The man smiled again and nodded at the train. "How 'bout that for service? Getting let out right where I wanted to go. Maybe I'll write the Coast Line people a note. You boys get much coal?"

"Did pretty good," Earl said. "How long you been traveling?"

"Long time, boy. Long time. Seven nights and six days. All the way from Detroit, Michigan, in that car right there."

Coley whistled. "What's she carrying?"

The stranger ran his thumbs over the long blond hair that was curling over his ears. He needed a haircut. "Can't you tell? Can't you smell it?"

Earl said, "Smells like peat moss."

"Boy, you never smelled peat moss like that before. That's fertilizer. Good old yellow fertilizer."

Coley said, "Yeah, yeah, I smell it now. Six days! How'd you stand it? I get near fertilizer and I get the rash."

The man smoothed the long lapel of his one-button suit coat. "You get so you get used to it." He checked his cigarette. "Mind if I hit you for another one of those Kools?"

He lighted Coley's last cigarette and grinned. "Hell, fertilizer wagons are a cinch. I used to ride refrigerator cars. Used to get myself a couple blankets, a few bottles of whiskey, and that's the only way I'd travel. None of those guards figure a man can stand it, so once you're in, ain't nobody going to come around to bother you."

Coley said, "What you doing in Columbia?"

"I used to be an officer out at Fort Jackson during the war and I kinda took a liking to the town. I just thought I'd drift back down here and look her over again. Tell me something. Is the St. Louis Café still operating?"

Earl said, "Sure, it's still there."

"And how about the old Jewel Hotel?"

"Still right up there on Chestnut."

"Good. That's where I'm staying, then. Can I get a cab around here?"

Coley said, "No need for that. You can walk up to Broad and get a bus. They go right by it."

"No, I don't want nothing to do with no bus. I'm in a hurry."

Earl pointed toward the station depot. "There's a cabstand up at the light."

"Okay, fine." The man smiled. "Hold it a minute. Here I am taking your last cigarette, and I don't even know your names. I'm Driscoll, Jack Driscoll." He stuck his hand out.

Earl shook it first. "Earl Edge."

"I'm Coley, Coley Simms."

"Well, that's better." The stranger triggered his cigarette out of the white bone holder. "I'll see you boys around. Take care of yourselves, now." With that he turned and walked toward the blue cabstand light in the distance.

Coley said, "You believe that fellow came from Detroit?"

"I don't know," Earl said. "But I'll bet you anything he's some kind of shark. You see those long hands on him? And asking about the St. Louis Café like that."

The train began to move, and as it picked up speed Coley raised his voice over the sound of the couplings. "He ain't been having much luck lately if he can't afford no cigarettes."

Earl shouted back, "Come on, let's get the sacks. We keep messing around, we're going to lose this coal."

After getting the old Hudson and ten one-hundred-pound croker sacks from Earl's house three blocks away, they loaded up almost eight hundred pounds of coal and took it to Clyde Peevy's. Clyde complained that July was too hot to buy coal, but gave them five dollars finally for all they'd brought.

Jack Driscoll sat in a dry concrete culvert, sucking on his empty cigarette holder. The sweet smell of July peaches drifted over from the farmers' market, and he tried to stop thinking of the hunger that was pulsing in his stomach and making his head ache. Instead he thought about the lies he had told the boys—lies about riding in refrigerator cars, about coming all the way from Detroit, and lies about being an officer at Fort Jackson instead of a mess-hall corporal.

"First we take our vinegar and our mayonnaise and our mustard . . ."

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He wondered why he had to lie about everything. From Newark, New Jersey, to Columbia had been two full days in the fertilizer car. That had been long enough. But nothing was ever really enough for him. If it was two days, he had to make it seven. If it was one hundred dollars, he had to make it five hundred. And standing there on the railroad path with a quarter, three dimes, and one nickel in his pocket, no job, no cigarettes, and holes as big as silver dollars in his twenty-nine-cent socks, he had had to pretend he was taking a taxi to the Jewel Hotel. He shook his head sadly and swore to himself that he was going to quit lying.

Tapping his fingers on his knees in time with the music coming from the Dixie Belle Beer Garden across the street, Jack began thinking about his last day in Columbia, two years before. It was the day he got discharged from the Army at Fort Jackson, and with his mustering-out pay plus card winnings he had about twelve hundred dollars. He had been planning on going home to Newark to buy a poolroom with his old high-school buddy, Oscar Robbins. He had already bought his train ticket, but at the last minute he was unable to resist a final game of poker at Mason Richards's St. Louis Café.

He played well, but he lost steadily. Figuring his luck had to change because his cards were so good, he kept investing and kept losing. He won a small pot, then lost two big ones. He invested again. His straights lost to flushes, his flushes to higher flushes, and on the final hand his three tens and two kings lost to three queens and a pair of fours. Mason Richards was the big winner, and when he smiled and peeled off his sunglasses to buy the other players a drink, Jack had wanted to drag him across the table and choke him.

Now, sitting in the dusty culvert, Jack punched his left fist into his right hand. It was only two weeks ago, working as a night clerk and bellhop at a hotel in Newark, that he had figured out Mason's luck. There had been a big, pot-limit game on the third floor of the hotel, and Jack was in the room when a heavy loser jumped up, cursing, and tore the dealer's sunglasses off. The glasses were infrared and the cards were marked, and Jack realized instantly that Mason Richards had used the same trick. He was furious. Back downstairs in the deserted lobby, he popped a deck of cards together in a double cut and began slamming down poker hands on a potted-palm stand before the mirrored column in the center of the room. No wonder he'd won only small pots in Mason's game. If he had arrived in Newark with his twelve hundred dollars, everything would have been different. It would have been Jack and Oscar's Poolroom, not just Oscar's alone. He dragged in the cards, stacked the deck, and dealt slowly, watching his hand action in the mirror. He fed himself aces back to back and then a king. He paired the king and eased himself a third ace from the bottom of the deck.

Later that night he lay awake thinking about what he would say to Mason if he ever saw him again. Maybe he'd smile and wink.

Jack called the thousand-dollar bet. "And I'm raising you five hundred," he said.

"Hello, Mason. You remember me?" Or maybe he'd play it straight and simply sit down and nod. "Hello, Mason. When you quit wearing the shades?" As he thought more and more about Mason, he began thinking about going back to Columbia. The big-time poker games in Newark were too big for him, the small-time men's-room games too small. He felt locked out and locked in. He had two dollars and eighty-five cents, and he had used up his next-week's salary in advances. Newark was a dead-end town, and even though it was only July, he dreaded going through another Jersey winter. In Columbia he wouldn't have to buy an overcoat.

In the culvert, Jack heard the spraying water and whirling brushes of a street-cleaning truck coming down the street. He shifted back to keep from getting wet, and when the truck had passed he folded his suit coat into a pillow, lay down, and fell asleep.

Early the next morning Jack got up quickly to avoid being seen coming out of the culvert. The night's sleep had refreshed him, but he was frantic with hunger. At the Moon Mullins Café he ordered a glass of water and a cup of coffee and tried not to look at the jelly-filled doughnuts pyramided before him. From the Moon Mullins he went to the Greyhound bus station, shaved, changed his shirt, found a newspaper, and looked through the classified ads under the column headed GRILL HELP WANTED. There was an opening at the Casablanca Restaurant, on the corner of Dogwood and Lee streets, and he headed over.

The Casablanca Restaurant was an orange-colored, one-story building. Scalloped red neon ringed the base of the roof on all four sides, and hanging in the big plate-glass windows were seven smiling neon pigs spelling out BAR-B-QUE and leaping into a big neon pot.

Jack took two deep breaths to conceal his hunger and went in. By nine o'clock, after a long interview with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Wade Hampton Peeler, the proprietors, he had a job to work the grill and sandwich board. By nine-thirty he had eaten six fried eggs, a half-pound of crisp Canadian bacon, five slices of toast, a quart of orange juice, and four cups of the best coffee he had ever had. He lighted a cigarette and smiled into the shiny chrome behind the grill. The reflection of the starched white apron snugged around his thin waist pleased him, and cocking his tall chef's hat to one side, he fanned an imaginary deck of cards and began dealing.

Wilson Wade Hampton Peeler was slightly over fifty. He was short and stout, with a full head of sandy hair that he parted smoothly to the right. The combination of his boyish hair and fatigued eyes, a result of the long split-shift hours he worked, gave people a confusing picture of him. If two customers were to come in within fifteen minutes of each other, the first might say, "Hey there, Wilson, you looking great. Must be living right." Wilson would get himself set up with that. Then the second fellow would come in and whisper, "Come here, Wilson." Wilson would lean over the counter, thinking he was going to hear a new joke. "Wilson, you in any kind of trouble? You look like you ain't had a lick of sleep in a month. No lie, boy. Why don't you take off a few days?"

Wilson worked from seven in the morning until the lunch crowd left at two. Then he went home and listened to the radio and rested his feet until five. He returned at five-thirty for the dinner business and stayed until closing at midnight. Every dish served when he was on duty had to be personally checked by him, and every customer, presenting a check at the cash register, was greeted with a

(*Continued on page 68*)

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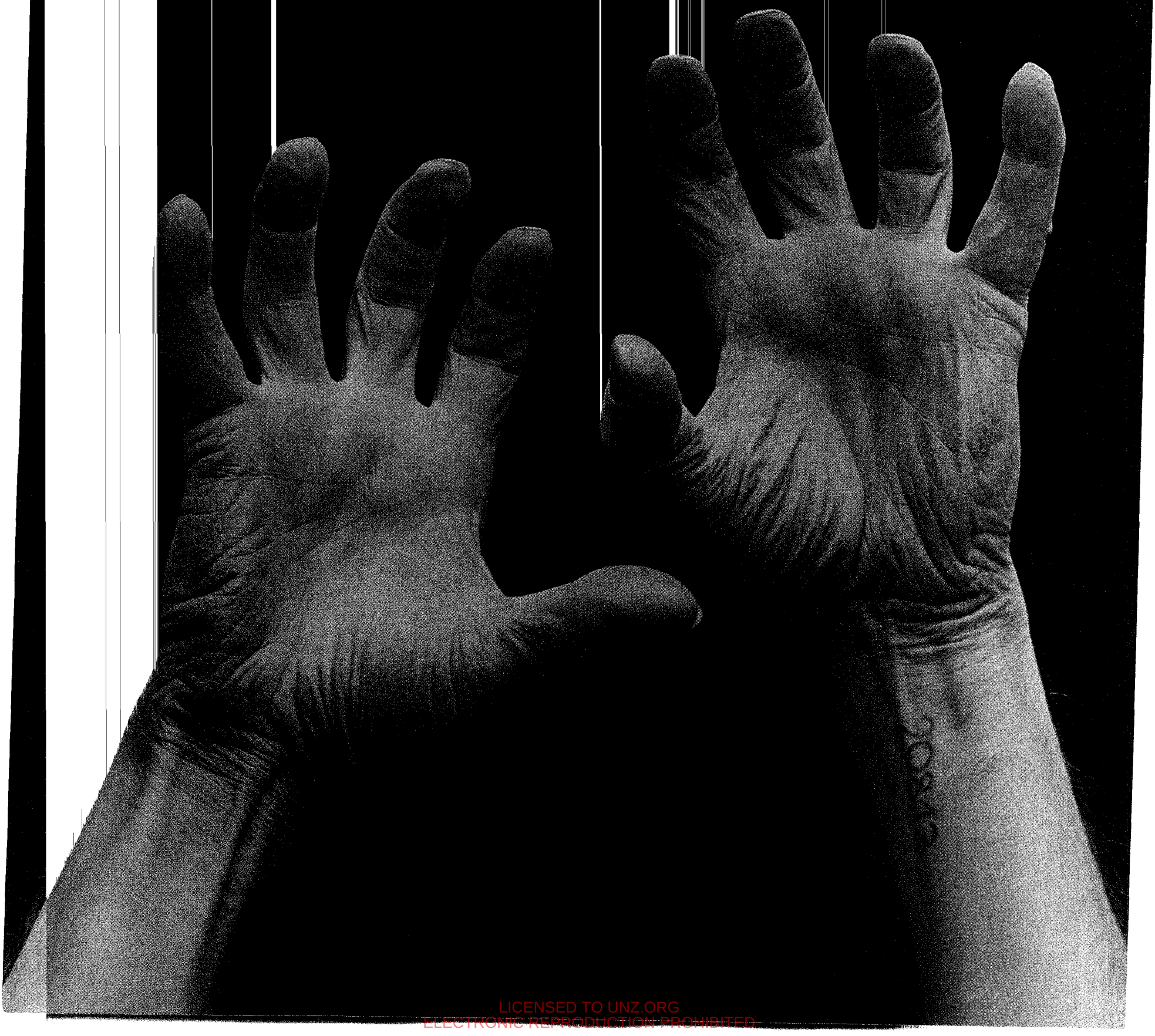
THE REVOLT AT TREBLINKA

Inside this Nazi death camp a handful o



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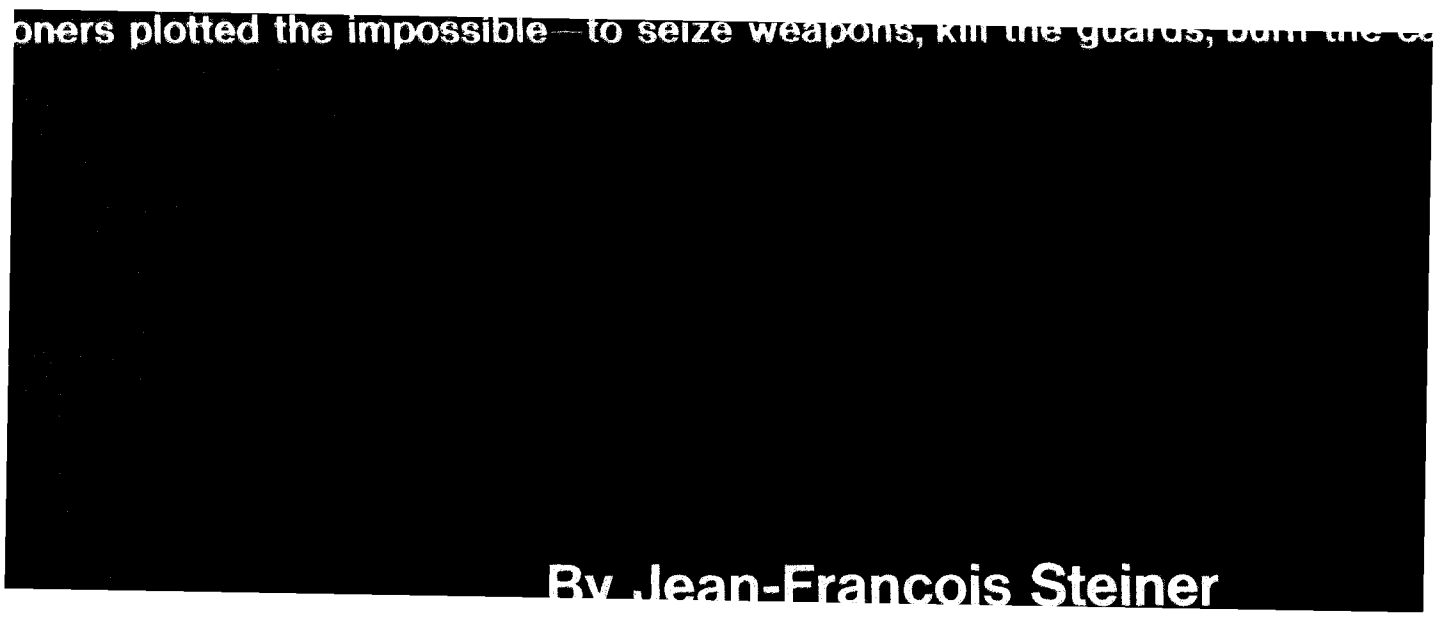

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piece of land some eight acres in area, bounded on the south by the branch line serving a gravel quarry, and cut off from the Siedlce-Malkinia Railway and highway to the north by a little oblong hill covered with pine trees, which screened it from prying eyes.

Since D-day for the deportation of the Jews from Warsaw had been set symbolically for the ninth of the month of Ab, the anniversary of the Destruction of the Temple, which corresponded that year to July 23, work was begun immediately.

The heavy work was assigned to prisoners of a work camp that had been established in the area during the previous summer. They constructed a second set of railroad tracks, a row of barracks, some large ditches and a substantial building containing three gas chambers. The prisoners erected a barbed-wire enclosure around the whole. Then they were executed and replaced by Jews whom the Technicians had specially selected in the neighboring hamlets of Wengrow, Stoczek and Wegrowski. These Jews, who were chosen from the start to take care of the functioning of the camp, the handling of the bodies and the maintenance of the installations, formed the first nucleus of a new class which would be condemned not to die, but to suffer the passion of the Jewish people—even beyond extermination. As the witnesses and accomplices of this extermination, only one thing mattered to them at the time: to live, no matter what the cost. Morally broken by the conditioning process they had been subjected to in the ghettos, they were ready to do anything in order to live. But this will to live was more than the manifestation of an instinct of self-preservation. For a Jew, survival is more than a desire; it is a duty.

The first convoy left Warsaw the evening of July 22 and reached Treblinka the morning of July 24. It was a beautiful summer's day, and the air was still heavy with heat when the first train left the section of track serving the quarry and pulled slowly into the camp.

As soon as they arrived, the men were separated from the women and children. As nonsalvageable

'You are going to be beaten with whips and rifle butts.'

material, the latter, after they had undressed, were taken to the "shower," a large room that was quickly filled with poison gas. Everything happened efficiently and without incident.

For the men it took a little longer, because S.S. *Untersturmführer* Max Bielas wanted to select 200 to help with the functioning of the camp machine. He could have taken 200 at random, but he wanted the slaves to be of a certain kind—driven by a powerful desire to live, very strong physically, and finally, workers. To carry out this selection he had devised four aptitude tests. The final game was to be played in four heats.

The first ordeal was easy; it was a test of minimum education. "Skilled workers, take one step forward!" The majority realized that skilled workers, being useful, had a better chance of being well treated than the others. As no diploma or certificate was required, only those who had already been too broken by the ghetto to have any desires left stayed where they were. They were led to the gas chambers, where their wives and children were finishing their "showers."

The second test, designed to confuse the candidates and eliminate shirkers, was much more difficult: "All those who speak German, take another step forward!" Actually all of them could claim to speak German, since they knew Yiddish. The shrewdest sensed the trap; the others, foreseeing jobs as interpreters, moved forward. A mistake. They were taken away.

Four hundred candidates reached the third ordeal. It was a test of psychological and physical resistance. Lined up in five rows, they were surrounded by Ukrainian guards armed with whips and guns. Max Bielas, planting himself in front of them, explained the idea.

"Jews," he told them, "you are going to be beaten with whips and rifle butts. Those who fall will be shot; the others will be spared. If any of you prefer to give up now, they have the right to do so. I disapprove of unnecessary violence, and I authorize them to step out of line. When I count ten, we will begin."

There was a profound silence. Every man was tempted to step out of line and join his family, to be done with it once and for all, but a mysterious force impelled them not to move, to wait, to play the game of survival to the very end. Max Bielas, impeccable in his black uniform, stared at them. His slightly bloated face gave him a look both elegant and depraved. From a distance his washed-out-blue eyes resembled those of a blind man.

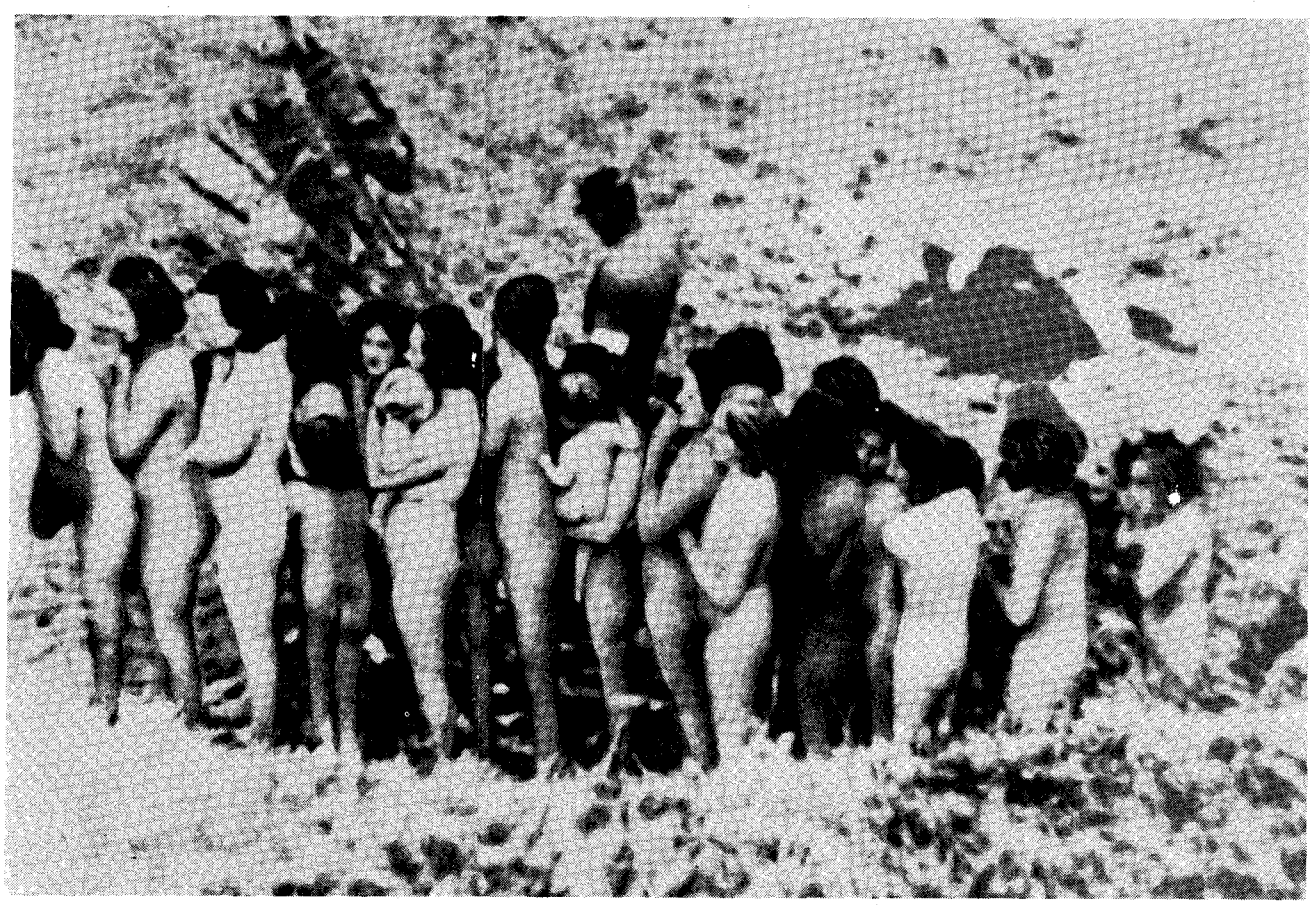
Fascinated, Meir Berliner studied Max Bielas. In the two years since he had returned to Warsaw to look for his parents, he had still not grown used to what was happening to him. Born in Warsaw, he had left the Polish capital at the age of 13 after secretly reading a letter from his uncle inviting his father to join him in Argentina. As his father never mentioned the letter, Meir had understood that his parents did not want to leave, and he had run away one morning without saying good-bye and with his uncle's address scrawled on a scrap of paper. It had taken him two years to reach Buenos Aires, but he knew English and Spanish by the time he arrived. At 20 he had made his first million, and at 25 he had had his first son. His wife was expecting a sixth child when he left Argentina to look for his parents. The nightmare had begun when the war caught him in Warsaw. With his Argentinian passport he could have left Poland, but he had not wanted to leave without his parents, because of the way his mother had looked at him when he came home. She would not have welcomed him so warmly if he had been the Messiah himself. While she kissed his hands, his father had stared at him, muttering incoherently. That night he had slept in his old bed again. After that, it had been the ghetto. Thinking that his passport would protect him from the raids, he had not taken any precautions, even when troops of Ukrainians and S.S. had overrun the ghetto. He had been arrested in the street, and they had taken away his passport, his watch and his money, and he had understood. As he looked at Bielas, Meir Berliner saw him grow rigid and slowly begin to raise his arm. Berliner pulled in his head, his ears began to ring. He heard a hoarse shout, and his head exploded under the blows.

So great was the Jews' will to live that the third ordeal lasted over a quarter of an hour, and by then it was not necessary to shoot those who had fallen. They had died on their feet.

The final test lasted until evening. Survivors were divided into two groups. One was sent to carry the bodies from the gas chambers to the ditches, the other to pile up the clothing in a large open place. They had to do everything while running, without stopping once. Those who faltered or who did not carry large enough bundles were hit on the face, marked like trees that are to be felled—which they were at the end of the day.

Night came as the last body was thrown into the ditch. The 200 survivors, were each given a can of warm water in which there floated a few pieces of potato. Few could eat. Then they were shut into a barracks with a sand floor. Treblinka was one day old.

After the blows had begun to fall, Meir Berliner had lived like an automaton. He had felt strangely calm and lucid. He had had a sense of having arrived—he had not known where or why,



Photograph taken at Treblinka. "Women and children... after they had undressed, were taken to the 'shower,' a large room that was quickly filled with poison gas."

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"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

Not one of these Campbell dishes had been introduced three years ago

We have many people at Campbell's who spend the major part of their time thinking about—and cooking up—new ways for you to enjoy Campbell Quality. We know how important these new foods are to you—in saving you time and adding variety to your menus.

Each new Campbell recipe must measure up in many ways. Flavor and color must be just right. Would a pinch more seasoning brighten the taste? Is the cooking time correct?

The 22 dishes you see here are our newcomers. We'd be proud to have you try them.

FIRST ROW (from left): Campbell's Cream of Potato Soup, Franco-American Macaroni 'n Beef, Campbell's Old Fashioned Vegetable Soup.

SECOND ROW: Campbell's Golden Mushroom Soup, Bounty Chicken Stew, Bounty Corned Beef Hash, Franco-American SpaghettiOs.

THIRD ROW: Campbell's Bisque of Tomato Soup, Campbell's Chicken & Stars Soup, Franco-American Giblet Gravy.

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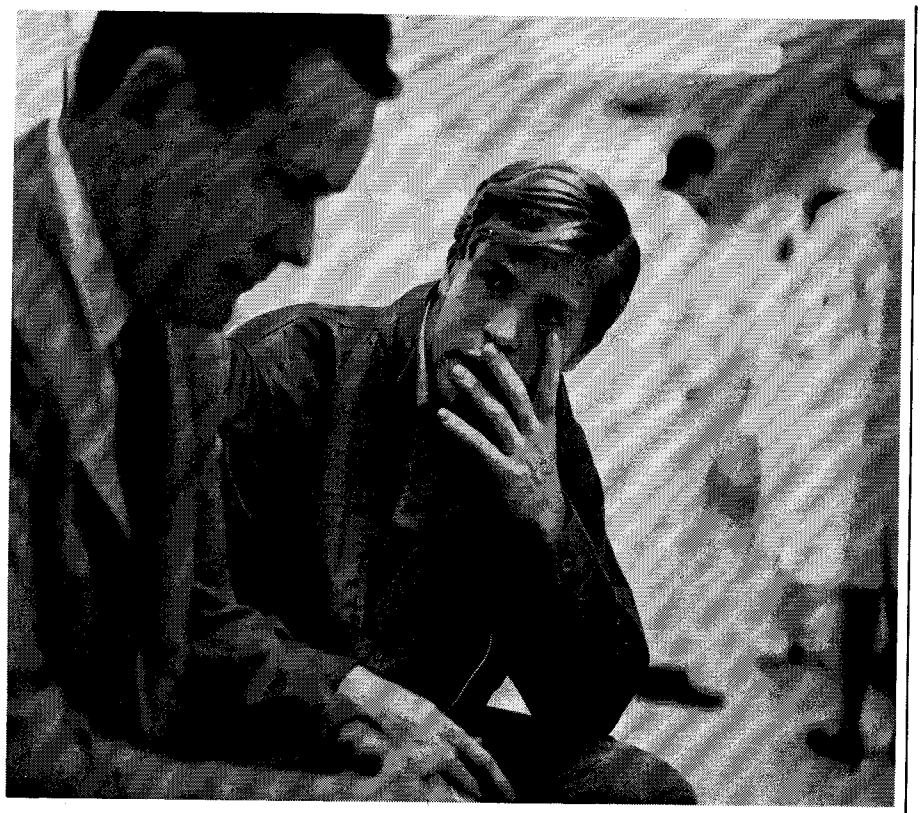

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but he had felt that it was all over, that even if he managed to survive for a few days, he would never leave Treblinka.

A group of men collected in one corner of the barracks and began to recite the evening prayer. Their voices droned in the profound calm that had succeeded the tumult of the day. Berliner dozed off.

Gradually other voices mingled with those of the group; everyone wanted to say the Kaddish for the members of his family who had died during the day. By reawakening their pain, the prayer brought them a kind of consolation. Men who had long since ceased to believe or to pray rediscovered the words of the prayer for the dead: *Yiskaddal veyiskaddash. . . .*

Meir Berliner awakened with a start, his face drenched with sweat. It took him a few seconds to remember where he was and to realize where these voices were coming from. Suddenly a terrible fury seized him.

"Shut up." he shouted. "Stop going through these ridiculous motions. To whom are you addressing this Kaddish? Whom are you glorifying?"

The murmur, which had paused for an instant, resumed.

"What God? What mercy? Fall on your murderers if you want to do something, but stop these useless prayers."

In the dark a man had come over to Berliner and grabbed his arm. He was a Hasid whose whole family had been gassed during the day. He saw this ordeal as a further mark of God's concern for men. He had decided to live in order to discover the mystical meaning of this catastrophe.

"Our sages have taught us," he said, "to love the Lord, blessed be His Name, in the mercies that He grants us as in the punishments that He sends."

"Let me go!" exclaimed Berliner, shutting his eyes and turning away from the man violently. "Keep your idiocies to yourself!"

But the religious man pressed him even harder. He looked at Berliner and said, "Treblinka is the abyss. One cannot live here without God."

Without opening his eyes Berliner murmured, "I do not want to live. *I want revenge.*"

The next day they were awakened before dawn and chased out of the barracks with whips. Men whose faces were marked by the blows and who had escaped the inspection of the previous day were taken away.

The last survivors were standing in line before a portable field kitchen when they heard the whistle of a locomotive. That day a new contingent was selected. It underwent the same tests.

This went on for months. Although very primitive, the system offered the Technicians a certain number of advantages. In addition to the obvious one of being able to recognize unmistakably and thus to eliminate poor workers, it created in the prisoners a kind of "face complex," which either led them to their own destruction or reduced them to a level of absolute subhumanity.

The prisoner had two ways to avoid being marked. The first consisted in demonstrating his zeal, in working without allowing himself a single second of respite. But since he could never know whether the bundle he chose would be considered large enough or the body sufficiently substantial (the "clever" at first chose women and children, which caused them all to be marked), the prisoner was inclined to go beyond his strength. Given the living conditions—beatings, lack of sleep, inadequate and sometimes even inedible nourishment—this constant effort to outdo himself condemned the prisoner to death by exhaustion.

Slaves of an entirely new species were being born. They formed a working force of 200 units, which was almost completely renewed every week.

The directors of the camp were pleased with their human material. Conditioned in the ghetto, screened by Max Bielas's tests, obsessed by the fear of being marked, the prisoners could only be a malleable dough. One detail seemed significant to the Technicians. It was only a minor incident, but most revealing, in their eyes.

The scene had been very brief. A child who had arrived in one of the convoys had recognized his father among the Jews who were carrying the clothing of the victims, and he had rushed over to him. The child, who was very young, must have been arrested alone on the streets of Warsaw, and he had no idea what sort of place he was in. From the way his face lit up when he recognized his father, the S.S. man who noticed the scene concluded that the child had been looking for him since their separation. There was no astonishment on the child's face, only joy. The father, dropping the pile of clothing he was carrying, took his son in his arms.

"Papa," cried the child, burrowing into his shoulder, "I knew I would find you again. When you disappeared, they tried to comfort me, as if I would never see you again. So I ran into the streets to look for you. Then they took me away in a train. I was very thirsty and a little afraid. And now I have found you again. I knew I would!"

But the father had seen the guard approaching and he tried to interrupt his son. "Yes, yes," he murmured.

The son had raised his head and was looking at his father. "You look sad," he said, "like the people in the train."

"No, it's nothing. But now you must go and take your shower with the others," replied the father in a voice which he tried to make reassuring.

"But I don't want to leave you again," said the son.

"Go, go. I'll see you in a minute."

The father stood up again and looked at the guard. Life had come to a stop for the few seconds the scene had lasted. The child had gone away toward the gas chambers. The father bent down, gathered the pile of clothing, straightened up, seemed to hesitate for a fraction of a second, then suddenly pulled in his head and left at a run.

When the scene had been reported to the commandant of the camp, he had been very much impressed.

"The sacrifice of Abraham," he had murmured. The commandant was a former minister who had found his true vocation in the S.S. Tall, slightly round-shouldered, and balding in front, he had a handsome, intelligent face. During the first 10 days of Treblinka he had never laid a hand on a prisoner. He roamed pensively over every inch of the camp, showing a special interest in the exits of the gas chambers, to which he returned incessantly, as if driven against his will. He looked silently and

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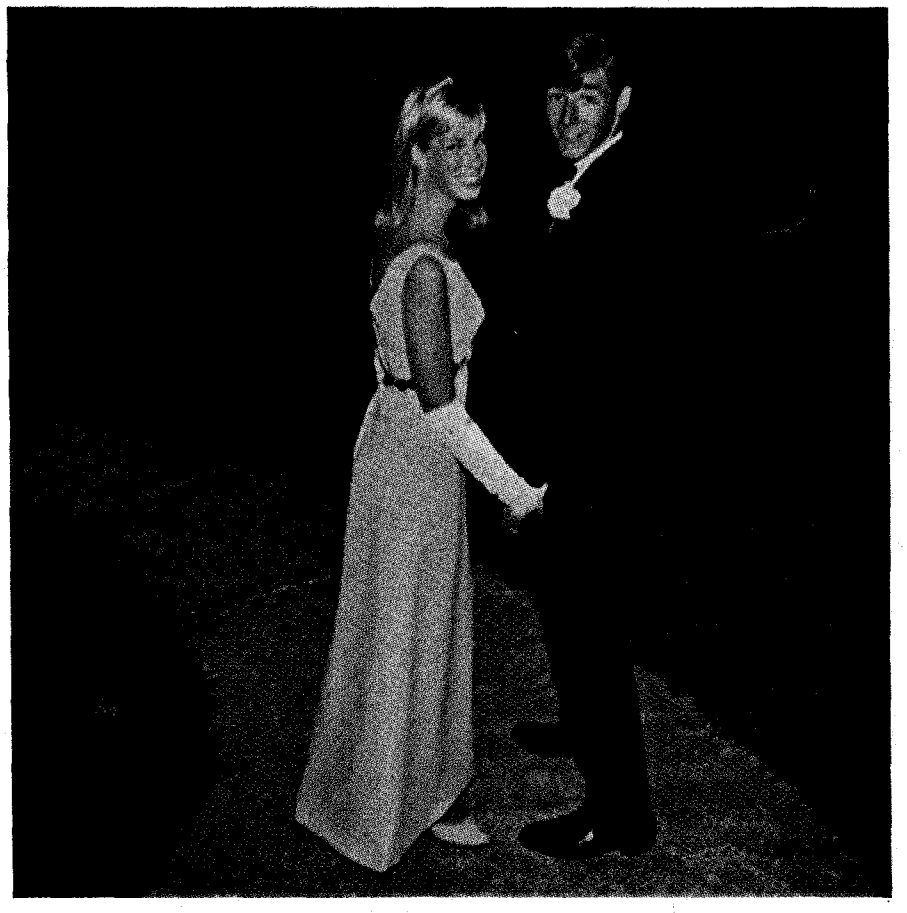

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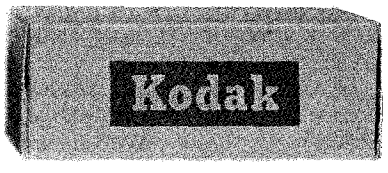

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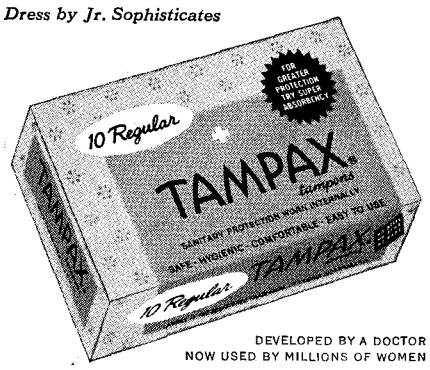

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left reluctantly. At these moments his face took on a confused look, and an intense struggle seemed to be taking place inside him.

Then one day as he was returning from one of these visits, he had attacked a prisoner. He had hit him so furiously that he knocked an eye out of its socket. But he had calmed down immediately and had even seemed distressed. He had ordered that a doctor be found among the prisoners. The doctor had told him that the wounded man was doomed; the few days he could be kept alive would only be days of suffering. The commandant had answered that he would hold him responsible for his death, and strode away. That evening he had gone to see the wounded man and had finished him off with a bullet in the temple. Since then he had attacked virtually every prisoner he met. He had also devised a certain number of tortures whose refinement impressed even the other S.S. The rest of the staff of the camp did not like him very much. Kurt Franz, a young noncommissioned S.S. officer who was destined for a brilliant future, dismissed him as "an intellectual."

Since the discipline problem was apparently solved, the Technicians addressed themselves to the material organization of the camp, in order to produce the goods that were expected of it. In the minds of its creators, Treblinka, like the five other extermination camps, Auschwitz, Majdanek, Sobibor, Belzec and Chelmno, had a double vocation: extermination and recovery. Extermination of the Jews and recovery of their clothing, money, assets and various objects which they had managed to bring with them. For the Technicians, recovery was no less important than extermination, and Himmler himself personally insisted that it be handled with the greatest care.

So it was that at Treblinka, where up to now chaos had reigned, the first suggestion of social organization among the prisoners was born. In its first month of existence, the society of Treblinka had been divided into three absolutely airtight classes: that of the masters, the Nazi Technicians; that of the assistant masters, the Ukrainian guards; and finally, that of the slaves, the Jews. This last class formed a completely undifferentiated subhumanity that had lost all notion of family, social life, time and even of space.

But the Nazis' success was too complete. After a month of treatment, the Jews had reached such a point of insensibility and automatism that they no longer reacted to blows or threats. They were incapable of performing even slightly complicated actions. If they were ordered to march, they marched; but as soon as the order was complicated by a second action, their minds ceased to register. It was evident that this human material was altogether inadequate for the work that was expected of it.

The organization of a social structure among the prisoners took place on two levels: the formation of a number of social classes corresponding to the different tasks, and the formation of hierarchies within these classes. The tasks allotted to the prisoners fell roughly into three categories: the handling of the bodies; the handling of the

'The Jews . . . no longer reacted to blows or threats . . .'

living and their possessions; and finally, the upkeep of the camp.

Those who handled the bodies, those who took them out of the gas chambers, extracted their teeth, and carried them to the ditches, had jobs of a very special nature. Their administration required extreme vigilance. Indeed, the Technicians did not know what to expect from men living under such conditions. They decided to isolate them in a second camp within the camp itself, in a kind of dungeon, sanctuary, or holy of holies. They were called the *Totenjuden*, "Jews of Death."

This second camp, which was of much smaller dimensions, was located in the northeast corner of the general camp. Bounded on the south by the building containing the gas chambers, it was surrounded by a sand embankment two and a half yards high, on which a barbed-wire fence was erected. Only two entrances led to this camp, one at the west reserved for S.S. personnel and Ukrainians, and another to the south, which the Technicians called the "road to heaven," to accommodate Jews going from the trains to the gas chambers. Within this isolated Camp No. 2 a barracks was constructed in which the workers were locked up at night. Around this barracks was erected another enclosure, surrounded by a barbed-wire fence, in which the Jews were penned during lunch hour and between the end of the working day and lights-out. It was decided that nobody would ever leave this triple enclosure.

The great majority of the prisoners remained in Camp No. 1, in the barracks between the platform where the convoys arrived and the gas chamber. East of this barracks was the "Roll-Call Square"; farther east was an enormous open space where the objects and clothing were stacked to await trains. The prisoners in Camp No. 1 were divided into a certain number of work commandos, which corresponded to the various activities that the Technicians decided to assign to them.

The work commando of the railway station, or "blue" commando, was in charge of greeting the convoys, herding the Jews out of the cars, collecting their baggage and cleaning the cars. The task of the "red" commando was to help the convoys undress and to carry their clothing to the sorting square. This system of making the victims act as the accomplices of their own executioners was a kind of dogma to the Technicians. There were as many sorting commandos as there were kinds of objects: a clothing commando, a linen commando, a fur commando, et cetera. The variety of objects brought by these people who were coming to be exterminated may be surprising: It is the proof of the inability of the Jewish masses to accept the reality of extermination. The prisoners in charge of the sorting of gold, money, various securities, deeds and jewels had a special status. They were called *Goldjuden*, "Jews of Gold."

A certain number of other commandos were also set up: a camouflage commando, whose mission was to decorate the barbed wire with branches to conceal the existence of the camp from airplanes; a construction commando in an embryonic state which was, however, to have a brilliant future; a garbage commando; a commando of woodcutters in charge of furnishing timber to the construction commando.

Finally, at the top of the social scale, a class of aristocrats was created: the *Hofjuden*, or "Court Jews." These were the Jews brought to Treblinka before its inauguration. Their responsibility was the upkeep of the camp and the personal service of the Technicians. They were lodged in huts on a slight hill several hundred yards west of the compound formed by the sorting square, Roll-Call Square, the "road to heaven," and the building housing the gas chambers, which had acquired the name of "the factory."

The Technicians were dedicated organizers. Their great ambition was for the camp to run itself. Kurt Franz, the great promoter of this system, defined the goal as follows: "We must reach the point where we no longer have to do anything, not even press a button when we get up in the morning. We create a perfect system, then we watch it work. As masters, our role is not to do but to be."

In order for the camp to run by itself it was necessary for the Jews themselves to become responsible for output as well as for discipline. The blueprint for Treblinka provided for a Jewish commandant, two *kapo*-leaders (one for Camp No. 1, where the incoming Jews were stripped and marched into the gas chambers, and one for Camp No. 2, which was isolated on the other side of the gas chambers and where the only job was to haul and bury the dead), and one *kapo* assisted by two foremen for each commando.

Kurt Franz took charge of the selection. He immediately encountered great difficulties, for the only volunteers were riffraff. The respectable Jews stayed in the background. One evening Franz called the prisoners together. "If by tomorrow I do not have a Jewish commandant worthy of the name," he told them, "you will all be executed."

The engineer Galewski spent the night thinking. The idea of becoming the leader of the collaborators was repugnant to him. He was already old, and his whole family had just been gassed almost before his eyes. The mere fact of surviving them struck him as a betrayal. But all the prisoners had pleaded with him. He had sensed so much fear in their voices that abandoning them also seemed like a betrayal. In the morning, when the door of the barracks was violently pushed open and the savage shouts of "*Raus*" rang out, he told himself that perhaps he might do something someday. Everyone crowded around him.

"After all," he murmured, "what difference does it make, at the point we have reached?"

When Kurt Franz asked whether anyone had been decided on, Galewski came forward.

Franz sized him up carefully: tall, a dignified air, without pride, obviously chosen by the others; it seemed possible.

He told him to approach. Galewski took a few steps. Franz looked at him for a moment and then suddenly slapped him twice with all his might. Galewski

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staggered, his shoulders slumped, and he lowered his eyes.

"That will be the last time, if all goes well," Franz told him.

Then, turning to the prisoners, "Behold your leader!" he shouted. "The leader of the subhumans! To me, he is a Jew; to you, he is a leader!"

It had taken the Technicians two months to create Treblinka. Now they told themselves that they could rest.

Pain—and consciousness—returned only at the end of a month after the Technicians had begun to reorganize the camp. At that time there were about 1,500 prisoners in Treblinka. Many committed suicide, either with poison found in the baggage of those who were gassed or by hanging themselves at night in the barracks. The conditions made hanging very difficult, and many struggled for a long time before they were still. Later, when the beginnings of social life began among the prisoners, the technique improved. You had a friend pull the box away; indeed, this became the greatest proof of friendship.

A father and son had been the first to use this method. The son's face was marked. The prisoners had learned that a single blow on the face equaled death, a death that might be postponed for a day or even three but which came inexorably. Those who were marked were called clepsydras (water clocks). It meant their time was running out, their black eye or bruise or cut was an indelible stigma. Every evening the Technicians sent for the clepsydras. Those who came forward of their own will were entitled to a quick death—"as a reward for their honesty," according to Max Bielas—a bullet in the back of the head at the "hospital," a barracks beside an open ditch where a sulfur-fed funeral pyre burned. But those who did not come forward when they were called were hacked to death with a shovel.

The son was still a young boy, the father already an old man. They were the last remnants of a large family. The father had urged the son to live in order to perpetuate their name, but now the son was a clepsydra. When his son had asked him whether he was marked, at first the father had not dared to answer. They had talked on. The murmur of their discussion had lasted long into the night in the barracks.

"Tell me, Father, tell me frankly," asked the son.

"No, my son, there's nothing there," answered the father, running his hand over his son's face. "You will live, and you will perpetuate our name."

"Father," said the child suddenly, "I'm afraid."

The father said nothing for a long time. When he began to speak again, his voice was changed, softer, sadder.

"You do not have confidence?" he asked the child.

"I'm afraid."

The voice of the child tried to be steady, but it shook a little.

"I felt blood on my fingers. . . . I'm afraid," he said again. "They are going to kill me. I don't want them to kill me. I don't think I can stand it."

And he fell against his father, who held him in his arms for a long time, murmuring prayers. Finally, as if coming out of a deep meditation, the father said, "Come, my son, prepare to die."

"Yes, Father," answered the child.

The father took off his belt and knotted it around the child's neck. Then he helped the boy to climb atop a box and stand there, then climbed up beside him to fasten the belt to a beam. When this was done, he embraced his son and got down. "Goodbye," murmured the son. "Until later," answered the father, and he pulled the box away quickly.

After a few minutes he came back, climbed onto the box, and took down his son's body. He laid it gently on the sand floor of the barracks and began to recite a prayer.

Voices had risen in the barracks, hushed, anonymous and fraternal, swelling each "Amen." But when the father put the belt around his own neck no one made a move. He mounted the box, groped with raised arms to fasten the belt, then, with a sudden movement, kicked over the box. His body strained, shuddered, and was still. The funereal murmur resumed, profound as death, eternal as faith. That night marked the first sign of rebirth among the Jews of Treblinka.

The prisoners had emerged from their abyss; their first affirmation of freedom had been suicide. At this point they had ceased to be perfect slaves, since they could choose either to kill themselves or to continue to struggle. This freedom of choice released the prisoners from the total hold of the Technicians, who lost their role of supreme judges. They retained their

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authority over death, but they had lost their authority over life. This seems like very little, and yet it was from this first gesture that everything would follow at Treblinka. On the basis of this solidarity in death, life would begin again. Although this was not yet apparent, it set a limit to the power of the Technicians.

Meir Berliner, having survived, decided that he would escape. One day, while he was herding the Jews out of a convoy, he saw, coming out of the car, Itzak Choken, one of his comrades from Warsaw.

Short and wiry, Choken was endowed with an extraordinary vitality and formidable physical strength. He loved to fight the way Talmudic scholars love to argue.

When he saw Choken jump out of the car, Berliner walked over to his friend and whispered quickly to him, "When you are undressing, say that you are a carpenter."

That evening Berliner was standing in line with the other prisoners to get his can of soup when he heard a voice say, "Shalom!" He turned around. Choken was behind him.

"What is this place?" Choken asked. "What's going on here?"

"Don't ask questions. I'll explain in the barracks."

"What can we do?" asked Choken, as soon as Berliner had finished explaining what Treblinka was. Fifteen thousand Jews had arrived that day, and almost every one had already been killed. This was happening every day.

"We must try to escape," answered Berliner.

"Do you have an idea?"

"Maybe. But it will be difficult."

"Explain."

"It's this. For several days the clothing and possessions have been forwarded to Lublin. The convoys bring the Jews and take away what is left of them, piles of rags. All of the commandos take part in the loading. My idea is to hide in one of the cars. The Germans will be on their guard, and I don't know how ——"

"It seems feasible," Choken said.

A few days later two Jews who tried to escape by hanging onto the underside of the train were killed with shovels. They had hidden while the train was being loaded and had been spotted just as their car was passing the gate of the camp. Berliner had watched the scene. He was still upset when he told Choken about it that night.

"We'll have to find something else," said Choken calmly.

They had been talking too loudly, and a man who had overheard them suddenly spoke. It was Galewski. "I think we should try to do something," he said.

Berliner hesitated a moment, wondering whether he could reveal their plan to a third person. He knew he had to be careful, but Galewski inspired his confidence. He decided to ask him to join them.

"We want to escape. If you want to try with us ——"

"No, I can't. I've already thought about it, but it's impossible. I was with my wife and children when I arrived. I will never leave Treblinka. There is no room in the world for a man like me. All I can do to give meaning to my survival is help others. I will not leave with you, but I will help you if you wish. My name is Galewski. I was an engineer in Warsaw."

"My name is Berliner. I was a businessman in Buenos Aires."

"My name is Choken. I was a Jew."

By a kind of reflex, each put out his right hand. Their hands joined in a confused knot.

The Committee of Resistance of Treblinka was born.

Berliner, Choken and Galewski formed the habit of meeting every evening. The first job they assigned themselves was to try to prevent suicides. They tried a certain number of arguments before finding the most effective one, the argument of testimony. "We must live to tell the story," Galewski would explain. "You are like damned men who are kept alive by some magic power in the very heart of hell. You must have only one thought: to get out in order to tell the living, to warn them."

These exhausting nights established a great brotherhood among the three men. They decided that if Choken and Berliner brought off their escape, they would go into the ghettos to warn the Jews what Treblinka was.

On the first night without a suicide they talked about escape for a long time. Galewski was very moved. Berliner sensed it, and again asked him to come with them. After having refused for a long time, Galewski finally said that he would think about it. But fate was to decide for him. It was a few days after this that Kurt Franz gave the Jews one night to choose a leader.

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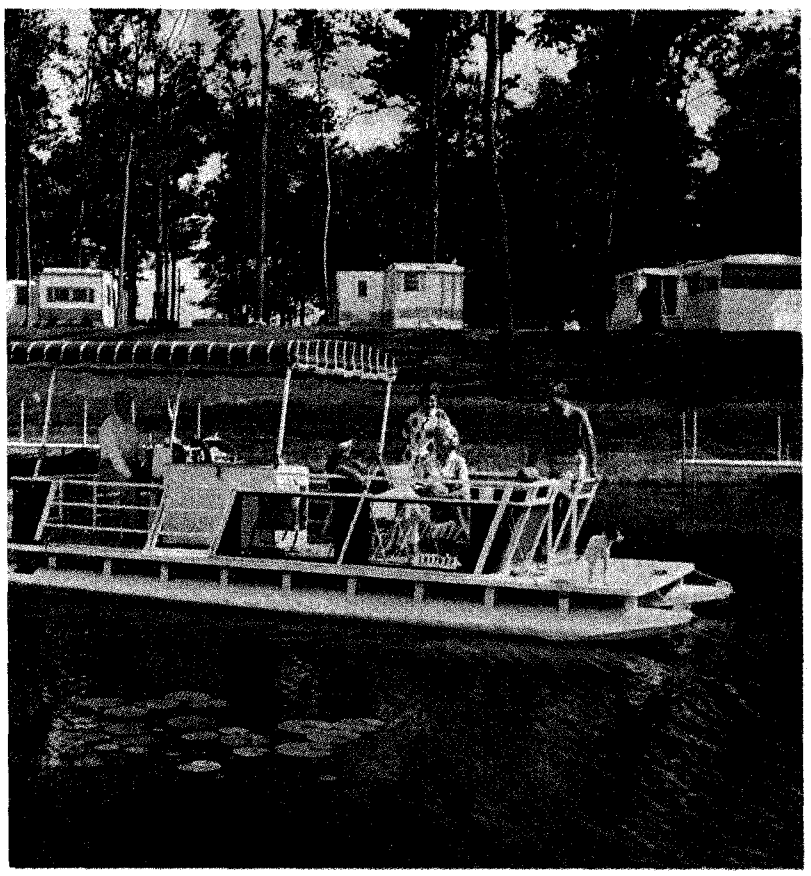

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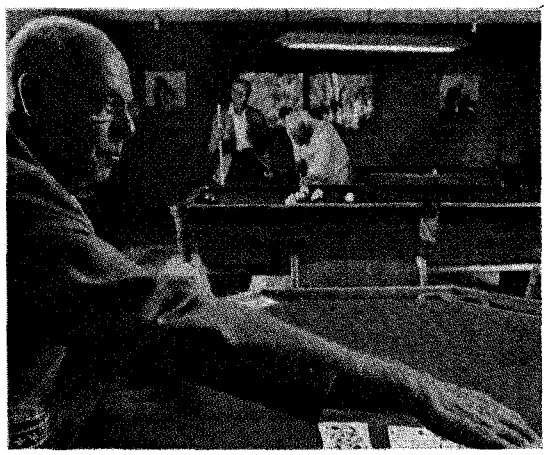

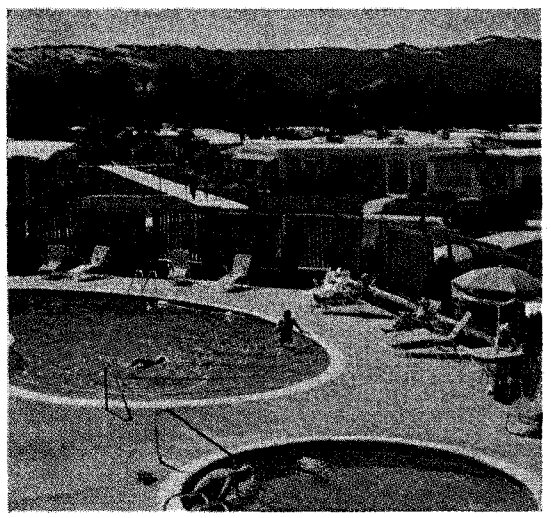

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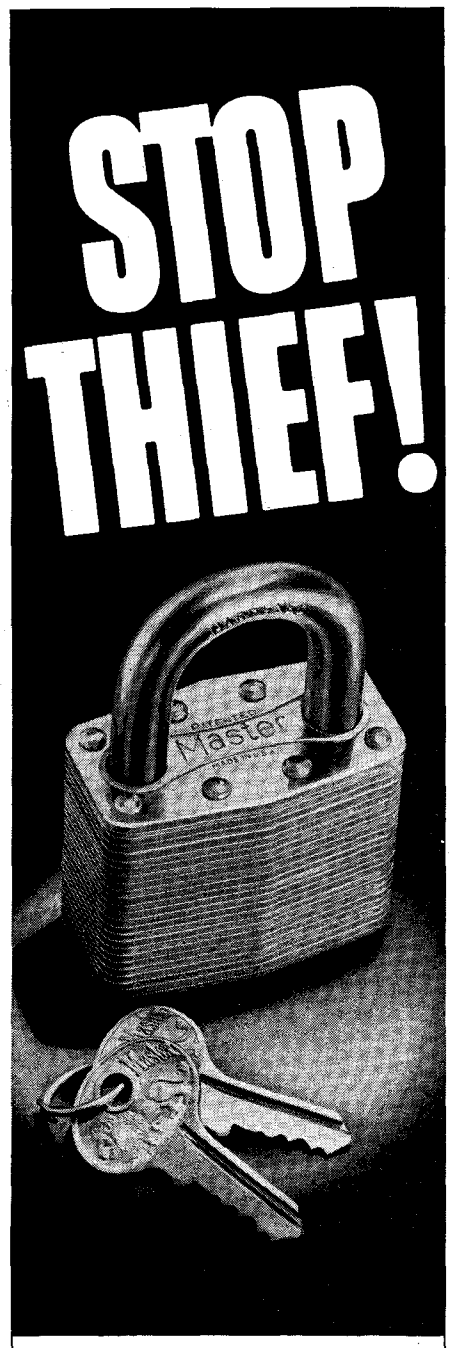

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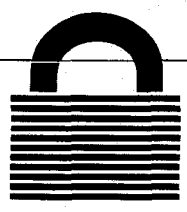

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Galewski decided it was his duty to stay.

His nomination would facilitate the escape. The plan he proposed was relatively safe. The doors of the railroad cars were not closed until a German had checked to make sure they were completely full. So the two fugitives could slip into the car when it was three-quarters full and block the door with a wall of clothing that would give the impression that it was full. When the wall was finished, Galewski would go and get a German and tell him that the door could be closed.

Soon after their meeting, Galewski learned that there would be a shipment of clothing the following day. He did not see Choken and Berliner again until that night in the barracks.

"You will leave tomorrow," he said.

They spent the rest of the night perfecting the final details of the escape.

The next morning was to change not only Berliner's own destiny but that of the whole camp.

The oral tradition of Treblinka has not preserved exactly what Berliner did that morning. It is known that he dressed warmly and that he had his pockets full of gold in preparation for the escape. The last word he said to Choken, in the morning when they were driven out of the barracks, was, "I still can't believe that anyone can get out of here. I won't believe it until the train begins to move."

Galewski saw Berliner again for only a few minutes in the early afternoon. His face was distorted by a mixture of grief and hatred. Without looking at Galewski, he said, "It's all over. I'm not leaving. I knew I would never leave this place."

Thinking that Berliner's nerves had given way, Galewski made an attempt to console him.

"You can't help me anymore," Berliner replied. "No one can help me anymore. My parents arrived a little while ago. I managed to hide, and they didn't see me. I watched them for a few moments. They were separated: the women to the left, the men to the right. At the last minute my father wanted to kiss my mother, as if he suddenly understood that he would never see her again. He turned around to go to her, as she was already walking away. Just then Max Bielas appeared and he hit my father so hard that he fell down. Some people helped him to his feet and led him away." Berliner spoke in a jerky, altered, unrecognizable voice.

Galewski, putting as much conviction into his voice as he could, said quickly, "It is because your parents arrived today that you must escape. You know that you cannot live one more day in Treblinka, and you must live to get revenge."

"Revenge! How long I have dreamed of it!" Berliner replied before he turned and walked away.

Galewski wanted to follow him, but Kurt Franz sent for him just then. All afternoon Galewski looked for Berliner, but he did not find him. He did not see him again until that night at roll call. By that time it was too late.

The loading of the clothes into the train was to take place in the afternoon. During the short break for lunch, Galewski found Choken and told him what had happened.

"Perhaps you should postpone your escape," Galewski suggested to Choken.

'The Committee of Resistance had just won its first victory.'

"I can't stay another day in Treblinka," Choken answered. "I'll take my chances."

Galewski handed him a vial of poison. "Take this. No one can say how he will react under torture."

"See you later," replied Choken, slipping the vial into his pocket.

Galewski was pacing up and down in front of the train when he saw Choken arrive at a run, half buried under an enormous bundle of clothing.

"Third car!" Galewski snapped as Choken went by. "Stay near the door. I'll let you know when to get in."

There had never been so many Germans and Ukrainians on the platform. The car was almost full. Choken turned around questioningly. Galewski decided to risk everything. Raising his whip, he rushed at Choken, shouting, "There's nobody in this car, get in, you lazy pig!"

Choken understood. He jumped into the car just as the prisoner in charge of arranging the bundles reappeared at the door. He knocked him to the ground. The whole thing took only a few seconds. The other man, before he understood what was happening, heard Galewski calling him.

"Take the bundles, good-for-nothing Jew, and pile them well."

No longer trying to understand, frightened by the shouting, terrorized by the blows, the prisoner seized the bundles that were beginning to pile up near the edge of the car and carried them to the back, which was still empty.

"Thanks, friend," Choken said. "Galewski will reward you for this."

By his next trip the other man had already pulled himself together. As he laid down his burden he murmured:

"I understand. Good luck, friend!"

"Put the bundles in front of the door. Leave me enough room to move."

Galewski had moved off and was abusing the prisoners at the next car to divert the attention of the S.S. and the Ukrainian guards. When he saw that the door of the car Choken was in was almost blocked, he returned, and pretending to be checking to make sure that the car was completely full, he called softly to Choken:

"Pile bundles behind so the wall won't fall down. In three minutes I'll call a German to have the car closed."

Galewski was about to walk away when he met the eyes of the man who had been working in the car in which Choken was now hidden.

"Thanks!" he said under his breath.

"Well done!" answered the other, not pausing from his work.

"Come and see me tonight in the barracks."

They had exchanged these few words without looking at each other. Galewski told himself that he had found a new recruit. When he turned around, he saw that the door of the car was completely blocked with bundles of clothing and that the workers were standing idle, which was dangerous for them: A guard was already approaching the group, his rifle leveled. Once again Galewski dashed forward, raising his whip.

"Lazy pigs!" he shouted. "What are you waiting for?"

"The car is full!" shouted the man who had let Choken in.

The guard was still advancing. If he kept on coming, there was a chance that he would see the wall of bundles move from within. Galewski shouted over the guard's head to a German S.S. man who was standing behind him.

"The car is full, sir. It can be closed."

Surprised, the guard turned around. The German had heard. He walked over, glanced around, and pressed the bundles with one hand.

"Have it closed!" he ordered.

Turning to the workers, Galewski shouted like a sergeant bullying his men, "All right, close the door, you lazy pigs!"

Pushed hard, the door slammed shut with a final crash.

At the sight of the tightly sealed car Galewski felt a great surge of relief. The Committee of Resistance had just won its first victory.

It was only then that Galewski remembered Berliner. If he were arrested with the gold that he was carrying, Berliner might reveal under torture not only Choken's escape but the role Galewski had played in it.

Galewski had to look for Berliner. It seemed to him that the prisoners had never taken so long to load a train. In his desperate impatience he spent the last moments of the loading harassing the Jews like a sheep dog. Indeed, he wielded his whip with so much ardor and conviction that Kurt Franz, seeing him at work, congratulated himself on his choice.

The afternoon was almost over by the time the door of the last car was bolted and the train was ready. Galewski had not found Berliner, but neither had the Germans. Slowly the train began to move, carrying Choken and his terrible message.

As soon as the last car had been loaded, the commandos had been reassembled and led to Roll-Call Square. On the roofs of the barracks on either side of the yard, as was done every evening, Ukrainian guards were bringing machine guns into firing position. Down below in the yard the whips of the guards corrected the alignment of the Jews for the ritual of the roll call.

Galewski, standing in front of the prisoners, who were lined up in five rows, saw Max Bielas himself arrive, accompanied by the handsome Kurt Franz. Etiquette required that Galewski personally turn over the roll call to the S.S., so he turned to do so. It was then that he saw Berliner again—in the front row, right across from him. He was amazed that he had not noticed him sooner, and he tried to catch his eye. But Berliner, frozen at a stony attention, saw nothing, seemed to have lost all vision. The S.S. approached. Before executing the prescribed quarter turn toward the S.S., Galewski glanced swiftly at his friend. Then he wheeled toward the S.S. and turned the roll call over to them.

When he saw Max Bielas walk over to review the ranks, Galewski knew that catastrophe was about to strike. Without knowing what form it would take, he sensed that the moment Bielas

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came opposite Berliner something would happen. It was inevitable.

Rigid, terrified and helpless, Galewski stared at Bielas, who was moving rapidly down the rows. A second before he arrived opposite Berliner, Bielas paused as if satisfied with what he had just seen, and turned his back to the prisoners. Galewski saw a figure, as if catapulted from the ranks, dash toward Bielas, a huge knife gleaming in its raised right hand. The hand fell with an extraordinary violence. Bielas's body seemed to hesitate, then slowly crumpled. Galewski saw the handle of the knife under the left shoulder blade. Then he looked at Berliner, who was standing motionless exactly where he had been when he had struck Bielas. Head bowed, arms dangling, he awaited death. It came in a volley of falling gun butts. He sank down and did not rise again. He had his revenge.

Kurt Franz had rushed over to Max Bielas and, supporting him under the arms, was helping him to walk. When the first blast of machine-gun fire rang out, Bielas was passing Galewski, who, dumbfounded, had not moved. It was then that the second blast was heard: longer, deafening this time. A few seconds later the other machine guns began to fire in chorus. This scene, each of whose elements had occurred almost simultaneously, had lasted less than a minute: time enough for the prisoners to realize what had happened, for the machine gunners to begin firing at random, for the Jews to be seized by panic. "We'll all be killed," someone shouted, running forward. This was the signal for panic.

Like horses stampeding in a corral, the prisoners rushed in all directions and began to run around the yard. S.S. and Ukrainians withdrew hastily to avoid the machine-gun fire and the blind charge of the prisoners. After a few minutes Kurt Franz realized that the Jews were going to be annihilated. He shouted to the gunners to stop firing, but his voice was drowned out by the noise of the machine guns and the cries of the prisoners. It was not some kind of sentimental attachment that made Franz fear the massacre of the Jews; it was rather the way in which it was taking place—in disorder, without the decision being made beforehand and the order being given in accordance with regulations. Once again the S.S. man shouted but could not hear his own voice. It was then that he made the decision that was to earn him his officer's epaulettes. He ran through the wild, maddened herd of prisoners and the bursts of machine-gun fire to the center of the yard. There, he pulled himself up to his full height, drew his pistol, and fired at the machine guns on the left-hand barracks. Everything stopped suddenly, as if by magic. Galewski, who had thrown himself to the ground, stood up. The Jews looked at each other, terrified. The Ukrainian guards and the S.S. troops reappeared.

"Fall in!" ordered Kurt Franz in a dry, strained voice.

After the ranks were re-formed with the few hundred survivors, 30 prisoners were chosen at random and led away to the "hospital." Then the others dragged the dead and wounded off at a run. In a quarter of an hour the yard had been cleared. Kurt Franz then gave the order to lock the prisoners in the barracks. Meanwhile an S.S. guard, ordered by Franz, had gone to get a car to drive Bielas to a hospital in Lublin.

The prisoners remained motionless as if stupefied. Not a cry, not a groan was heard. Everything had been too quick: the reeling form of Max Bielas, the bursts of machine-gun fire, the panic and the mad race. Then suddenly, incomprehensibly, everything had stopped. When the running had resumed under the whips toward the barracks, they had left like automatons, dragging the dead as well as those who were merely dazed, understanding that their only security was to run faster, always faster. Now that the doors had been violently slammed and bolted, a heavy silence had replaced the sound and the fury.

The night dragged on; and still the Technicians did not react to the murder of Max Bielas. Since death was slow in coming, the prisoners were slowly coming back to life.

The blue of the windows paled in the rising sun. The wearing of a watch was punishable by death, and only Galewski possessed one. So he was the first to know that something was wrong. It was a quarter past five. The Ukrainian guards should have driven the Jews out of the barracks. He leaned toward another prisoner and whispered, "I think we're nearing the end after all. We should have been taken out a quarter of an hour ago." They gazed at each other for a few moments. Then the whistle of a locomotive rent the air.

The barracks seemed spellbound.

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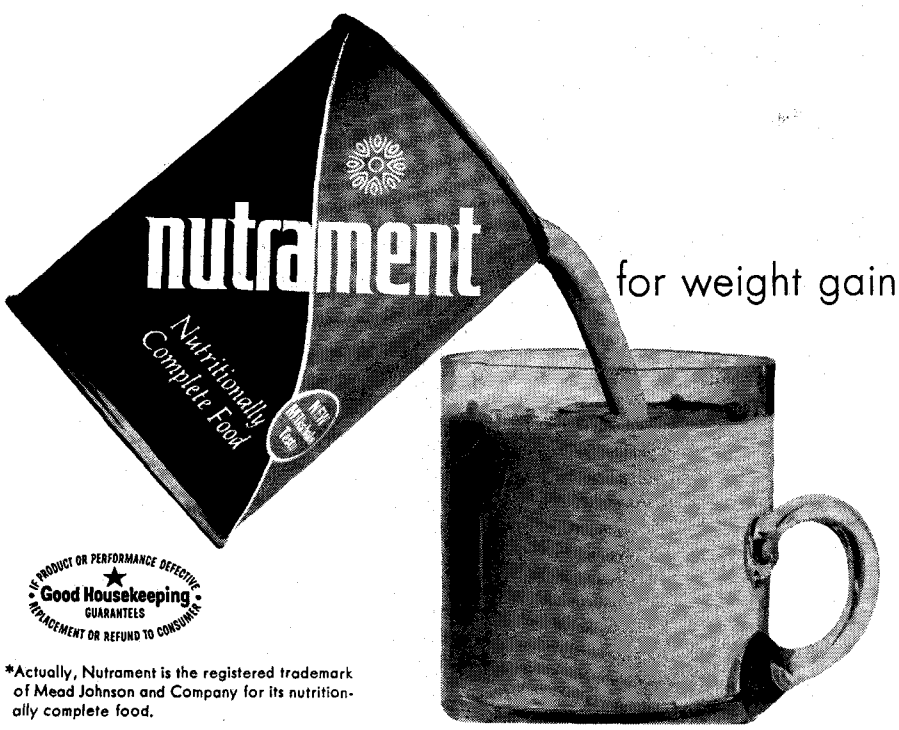

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The first convoy was arriving, and they had not been taken outside yet. They understood: death was at hand. Stupefied, they looked at each other. The dream had ended, the agony was beginning again. For several moments no one moved. The train slowly passed the camp. Suddenly one of the prisoners dashed to a window. He looked out quickly and dropped down again.

"The barracks are surrounded," he said in a flat voice.

"What will they do with us?" asked one prisoner.

"They'll throw grenades!"

"They're going to burn the barracks!" cried another.

"They'll take us to the gas chambers!"

At noon, one of the prisoners, who was perched on the shoulders of another and keeping watch, cried, "Here they come!"

It touched off a stampede. The prisoners rushed toward the back of the barracks, where they crowded together in an inextricable human mound.

When they opened the door of the barracks, the Ukrainian guards drew back, appalled by the spectacle and the smell. The S.S. drove them forward with their whips.

The Ukrainians, maddened by the whips, began to beat the pile of bodies furiously. The whips hissed and the clubs made a strange noise as they struck flesh, but the mass, instead of disintegrating, seemed to fuse together more closely than before. Galewski looked on, terrified.

Kurt Franz was in front of the door. Galewski walked over to him and asked permission to speak to the prisoners. Franz agreed and called off the Ukrainians.

"You have two minutes to make them come out of their hole," he said

"My brothers," Galewski said loudly, "I understand your fear. But the commandant of the camp has just assured me that you will remain alive, that no harm will be done to you. I believe him, because he has nothing to gain by telling me this. However, he also said that if you were not all outside in one minute, he would give the order to burn the barracks."

The mound collapsed, changing into a human tide that rushed headlong toward the open door.

Once outside, the prisoners were divided into three columns and led to the platform where the trains arrived. The left-hand column was led away to the "hospital" without offering the least resistance, without a cry or a murmur. When they heard the fusillade, the other prisoners knew that for the time being they had been saved. They looked at each other, astonished to have survived again. When all of them were lined up on the platform, Kurt Franz sent for Galewski.

"There are criminals among you, and you did not inform me of the fact." He slapped him with all his might. "This is the last time I will slap you. The next time I am displeased with you, you will be executed."

Next, a short, fat S.S. officer made an insane speech, which he politely begged Galewski to translate into Yiddish. He began by telling them that the gold and clothing that had been collected were to serve in the creation of Jewish "reservations." Six states would be created, of which Treblinka would be one. Next the S.S. officer announced that they would move into new barracks, where they would sleep on wooden bunks and would receive two blankets apiece. He promised more water to wash with.

The prisoners were slowly recovering from their surprise when Kurt Franz began speaking again. It was at this moment that he received the nickname that was to follow him throughout his career: *Lalka* (the "doll"). Tall, very blond, graceful and muscular, he had a round fallen-angel face that gave him an aspect at once fascinating and disturbing. When he planted himself in front of them, his arms crossed in front of his chest, his feet slightly apart, and his chest thrown out, all the prisoners found him very handsome.

"He has the face of a doll," someone whispered.

The expression stuck.

Lalka's speech was worthy of a general's address to his troops. Only his high, shrill voice sounded a discordant note.

"I promise—" he began, pausing dramatically "—I promise each of you personally that no worker will suffer any harm whatsoever."

"I promise," Franz went on, his voice rising, "that each of you will leave the camp in the condition in which he arrived. I give you my solemn oath on my honor as an S.S."

To hear him talk, Treblinka was to become an earthly paradise. He promised to organize plays and athletic events, to provide plentiful nourishment, and even to build an infirmary. In return for this, what did he ask? Discipline and efficiency. Treblinka must be the perfect camp.

While Lalka was talking, Galewski was trying to guess what had happened during the night among the Technicians. He sensed that Franz had played a decisive role. This manner of addressing the prisoners must be the result of a deliberate technique. He was looking at him, intrigued, when he noticed that in place of the insignia of a noncommissioned officer which he had still been wearing the day before, his impeccable black uniform now bore the flashes of a 2nd lieutenant, an S.S. *Untersturmführer*. Galewski learned the details only through many bribes and much later.

Realizing that he ran the risk of being blamed for this breach of discipline, the commandant of the camp had wanted to hush up the Bielas case. When he called his staff together, he proposed to execute all the prisoners and to replace them the next day with new arrivals. It was at this point that he came into conflict with Kurt Franz. Although Franz was only a noncommissioned officer, he was a member of the secret police, and the commandant, in spite of their mutual antipathy, could do nothing without his approval. Franz, an ambitious young officer, was determined to make him purchase this approval at a very high price. In his opinion, Berliner's act merely demonstrated the absurdity of the present policy toward the Jews. Therefore the important thing was not to kill the Jews, but to reform the system. He offered to do it himself, but demanded *carte blanche*. He wanted full and complete authority to operate Treblinka.

The commandant was ready to give in when the telephone rang. It was the officer who had accompanied Bielas to

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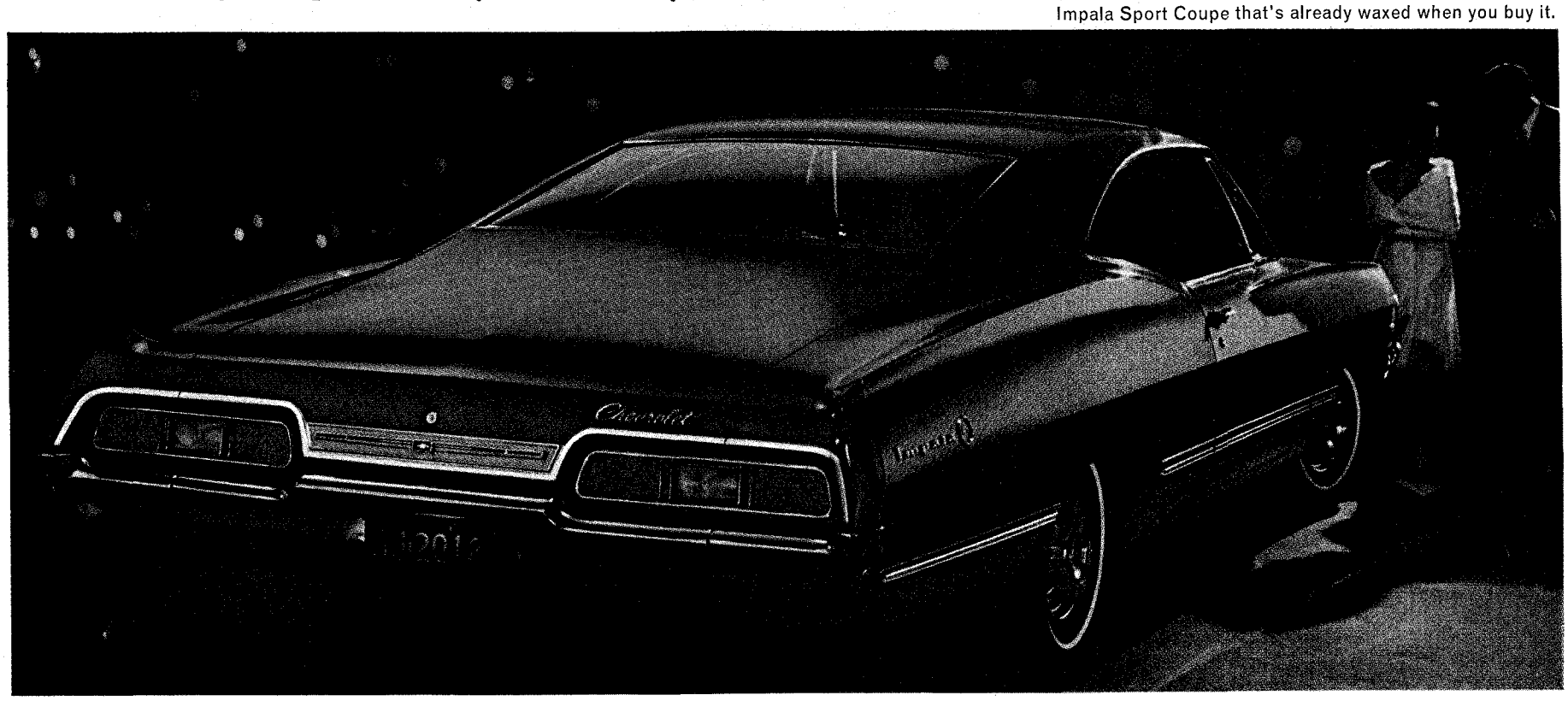

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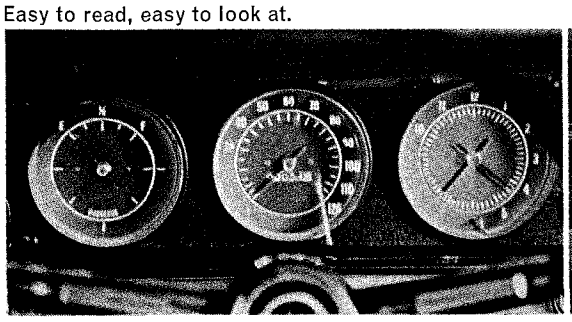

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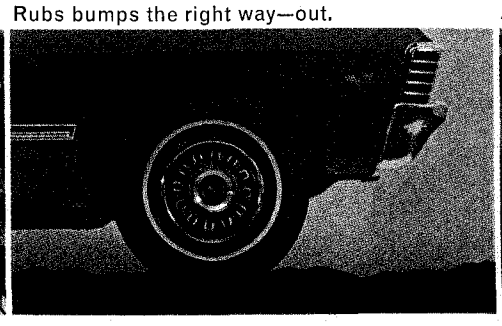

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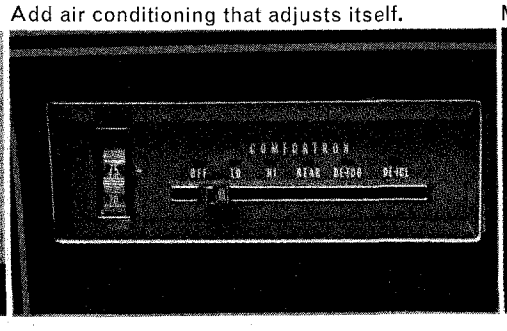

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the hospital in Lublin. Bielas had died when he reached the hospital, the town authorities had already been informed, and there was some danger of an inquest. At once the commandant was ready to agree to anything, but Franz, who had followed the telephone conversation, saw in the unexpected turn of events a way to get rid of his superior and at the same time to relieve himself of responsibility for what had happened.

A few minutes later another telephone call summoned them to Lublin, where, at Franz's request, he and the commandant were questioned separately.

The commandant was the first to be heard. Since he did not know what his subordinate had decided, and since he was afraid that he would betray him, he decided to relate the facts as they had happened. But he was only a poor minister gone astray, more sadistic than clever. For him, crime was only a fatal temptation and not a supreme good. He did not commit evil, he submitted to it with delight. He was an immoral, rather than an amoral, man. The Technicians realized that his appointment had been a regrettable mistake.

Kurt Franz, on the other hand, was one of them, a real, dedicated Technician. He knew how to talk to them. The picture he painted of the camp was not very charitable toward his former superiors, the commandant and his assistant, Max Bielas.

"A sadist and a pederast," Kurt Franz said.

The last detail keenly interested the leading Technicians. Franz satisfied their curiosity. He omitted no detail. His account was most enlightening.

The handsome Max Bielas had had a harem of little boys. He liked them young. In a kind of parody of the shepherds of Arcadia, their role was to take care of the camp flock of geese. They were dressed like princes and each possessed several suits, but they had to wear the same thing at the same time, so that they would still be in uniform. Bielas had had a little barracks built for them that looked like a doll's house. It was located in a small pine wood on the western boundary of the camp. Around it was a miniature park and around this park was a barbed-wire enclosure. The house was made of rough-hewn logs which gave it an improbable rustic quality. There was a little roof over the door and multicolored curtains adorned the windows. Except for a small hallway, the interior of the cabin consisted of one large dormitory. On either side of a central aisle there were two rows of identical beds separated by little bedside tables on which candlesticks were placed. Every evening the boys stood at attention at the foot of their beds when Bielas came to wish them good night. During the day they walked in the park. Sometimes Bielas took them for a walk in the neighboring woods, but usually he kept them within the camp limits. Every day he spent several hours in their company, watching them at the rustic table which was set in front of the cabin when weather permitted and amusing them by organizing games or telling them fabulous stories of deep forests, charming princes and bloodthirsty dragons. The boys were very happy. They called him Max and seemed very fond of him. Whenever he came to see them they rushed to meet him with cries of joy.

Carried away by his tale in spite of himself, Kurt Franz added admiringly, "And not for a single moment did the children suspect a thing!"

Then Franz went on to the commandant. Franz described him as a sadistic intellectual, a man totally incapable of directing an undertaking like Treblinka. "For him," he explained, "the extermination of the Jews is evil, and this is what attracts him. But he has understood nothing of the grandeur of our work of purification. He is not just a bad Nazi, he is the opposite of a Nazi. Just as Bielas sought in Treblinka only the satisfaction of his homosexual instincts, the commandant wanted only to appease his sadism. Hence the entire enterprise was conducted in the most complete disorder."

Then Franz launched into a criticism of the system, taking credit, of course, for the only positive achievements, in which, for that matter, he was not altogether unjustified. His superiors asked him what he thought should be done. He explained succinctly and in exchange was promoted to 2nd lieutenant and given carte blanche for the operation of Treblinka.

Max Bielas was buried with military honors; the commandant was transferred to a Waffen S.S. unit on the eastern front.

When he returned to camp, Kurt Franz had his epaulettes sewn on and Max Bielas's little boys executed. The S.S. man who was assigned this task came back sick.

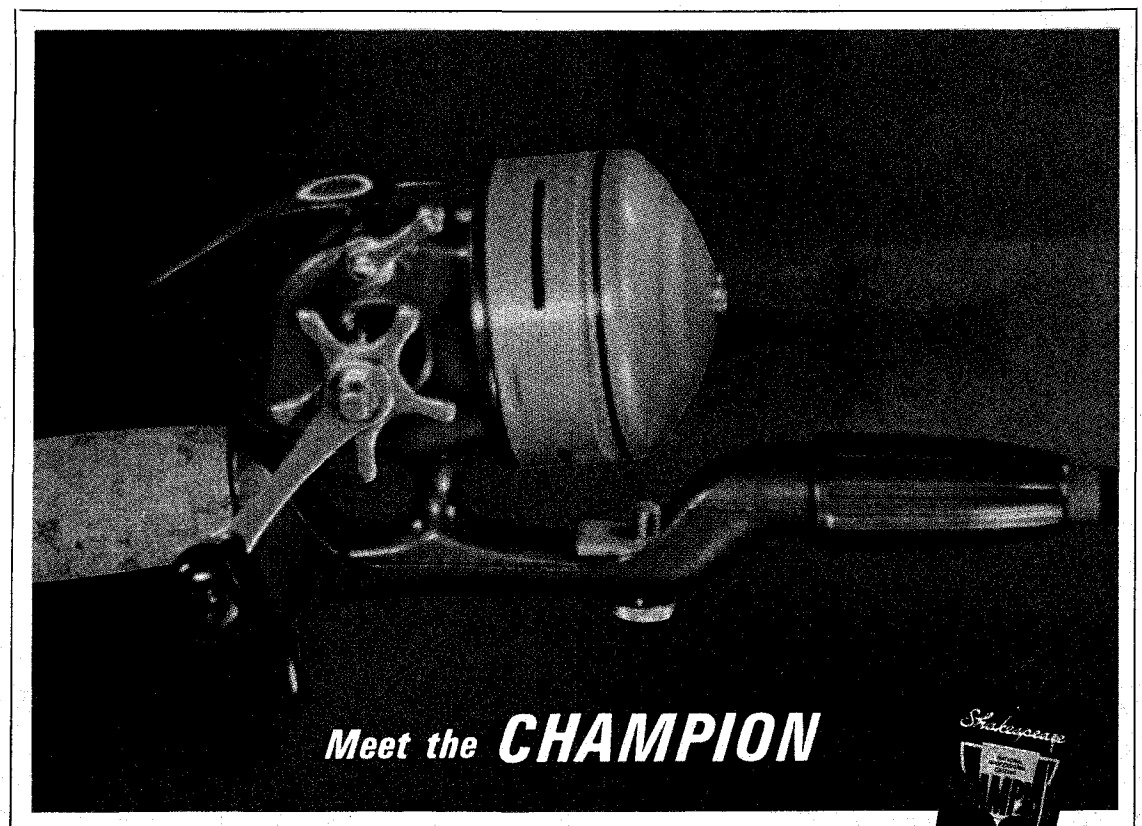
Before Hitler's accession to power Kurt Franz had been a waiter in a little town in Bavaria, and a failure at everything he tried. He tried boxing and lost most of his fights. He tried to learn the violin, but even his teacher urged him to give it up. He had had his revelation in the very early days of the Nazi regime. It had been one of those extraordinary encounters between an individual and his destiny. From a waiter in a second-rate café, Lalka was to become a Technician of Death of very high status.

When he returned from Lublin that morning, the mind of S.S. *Untersturmführer* Kurt Franz was seething with ideas. At last his value had been recognized. He was going to show his superiors how right they had been to have confidence in him. This first task was to take the Jews in hand again, to begin the training all over at zero. Next, he would have to reorganize the work in order to arrive at maximum output. Then and only then would come the crowning achievement. Treblinka would not be just an extermination camp, but a complete world with a life of its own: plays, entertainments, sports, weddings and even parties.

Lalka assumed the actual direction of the camp. A series of officers who were his superiors in rank would be put into the command afterward, but they would concern themselves chiefly with administrative work. (One commander was Franz Stangl, now 60, who served at Treblinka for two months. His arrest in São Paulo was announced in March.)

Lalka realized that the task would be a heavy one. The mass of the prisoners represented the result of a kind of natural selection. Those physically or psychologically weak had not survived the multiple ordeals. Only the "tough ones" remained. It was inherent in the logic of the system. Kurt Franz could, of course, have killed everyone and started again from scratch, but the situation would quickly have returned to the same point, and meanwhile the output would have suffered. He decided that it was not worth the trouble and that it was preferable to create conditions of oppression calculated to keep the prisoners in a state of absolute servitude. It was then that the "Lalka system" was born. It consisted of not just the restoration of a general hope but also a certain number of oppressive measures, each of which was sufficient to lead a man to despair.

First there was the technique of the sword of Damocles, or "pigeon shooting." During work hours Lalka, who was an excellent shot, would mount one of the piles of clothing (they easily reached the height of a two- or three-



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story house). The prisoners who were working below were not allowed to look up. A few Ukrainians watched to see that they did not. Lalka's pistol was suspended over the workers' heads like Damocles's sword; with it he immediately killed those whom he caught doing nothing. With an extraordinary economy of means—a gun and a few Ukrainians—Lalka succeeded in creating a psychosis of fear, which was all the more powerful because it was not objectively justified. This irrational fear could only lead to the mythification of the power of Lalka, a mythification that would last to the very end.

Later Lalka had a dog, Barry, whom he used in the same spirit. When he was not perched on the pile of clothing, he would walk silently among the workers. As soon as he saw one who seemed to lack ardor, he would set Barry on him with the command, "Look, man, that dog isn't working!" (*Sieh mal Mensch, dieser Hund arbeitet nicht!*) and the dog would rush at the Jew, whom Lalka would then put out of his misery. It was a crude idea to call the dog "man" and the Jew "dog," but by dint of daily repetition the Jews almost accepted it, at least in the special world that Treblinka had become.

To keep the Jews in a condition of slavery, Lalka began with the principle that it was necessary to repeat to them, and to make them repeat until they were convinced of it, that they were inferior beings. His presence on a pile of rags was designed to do this. Barry also contributed to the same result. But these two measures required no participation from the prisoners. He devised a third, which would fill this gap. He had a song written, which, when sung to some military air, became the anthem of Treblinka. The Jews had to sing this anthem a dozen times a day: when they went to work and when they returned, during roll call, whenever they moved from one place to another.

The tramp of the workers is heard,
Their faces are set and grave,
Their columns leave for work,
Always faithful and brave.

This is why we are in Treblinka
Whatever fate may send,
This is why we are in Treblinka
Always ready for the end.

When the voice of our master thunders
And when he seems to look our way,
We form columns and stand waiting
Always ready to obey.

The first time they heard it, the prisoners could not help smiling in spite of themselves at the inanity of the words. They learned them with the help of whips, and stopped smiling. After a day's work they had to repeat the song tirelessly for hours on end while standing at attention on Roll-Call Square; word by word, line by line, stanza by stanza, they droned it until they no longer knew what the words meant.

The first measures were designed for the psychological conditioning of the prisoners. They were intended to make them into slaves without any mental reservations, slaves ready to devote all their energy to carrying out the work that was demanded of them. In this respect they represented considerable progress over the disorderly methods of the previous administration. From another standpoint, however, because the rules spared lives, they no longer assured the elimination of elements that were physically or psychologically unfit. In the early days of Treblinka almost the whole working force of prisoners was renewed about once a week. which meant that approximately one seventh of the working force was killed every day in one way or another. The new system, on the other hand, no longer insured this turnover, and thus ran the risk of letting certain prisoners become entrenched.

It was to combat this that Lalka developed the "rule of the quarter." Applicable to the prisoners as a whole or only to groups, it was designed to reduce the body in question by one fourth. Its principle was simple: You took a group of prisoners or all the prisoners and subjected them to a certain number of exercises until one quarter of the force was eliminated.

This rule of the quarter was rarely applied to the prisoners as a whole, because the exercises, which were very taxing, fatigued the survivors enormously and consequently reduced the efficiency of their work. On the other hand, it was applied to limited groups practically every evening. The exercise itself is very well known. Although prohibited, it is commonly used in all the armies of the world. It consists in making men run and then ordering them successively to lie down, walk on all

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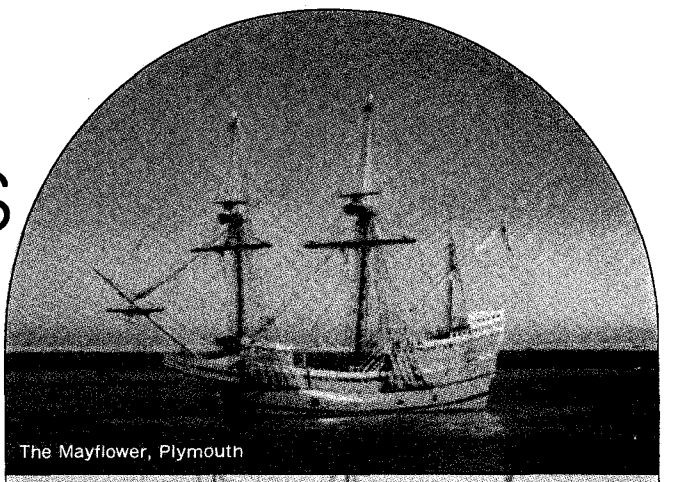
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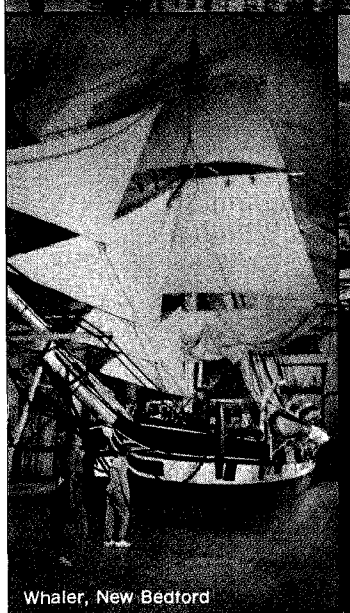
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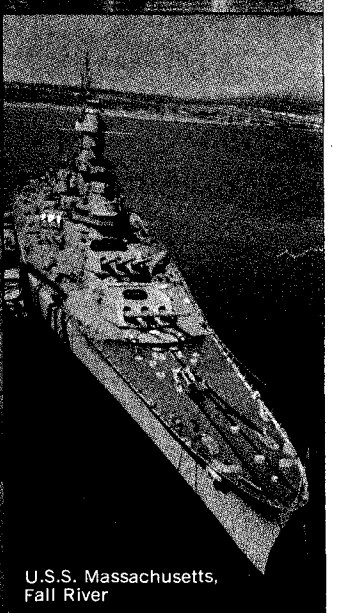
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fours, crawl, lie on their backs, lie on their bellies, get up, sit down, run again, and so on. Very exhausting, it is designed to break stubborn individuals.

Although the Jews of Treblinka had reached a point of saturation where death had lost much of its emotive power, they called this exercise the "race of the dead."

One of the most tragic of these "races of the dead" was the one involving Professor Mehring. When he had arrived in Treblinka, one of his former students had managed to save him and had taken care of him. Professor Mehring was an old man, and there was no room for old people at Treblinka. Professor Mehring had been one of the great personalities in the Lodz ghetto. Christian friends had invited him to take refuge in their homes, but he had refused. He had just learned that the convoys of Jews who were leaving Lodz were not going to clear the uncultivated lands of the East, but were going to Treblinka, and that Treblinka meant death. Every day he saw the Jews leave without offering the least resistance. They must learn the truth, he insisted; they must organize, they must resist. At night in the barracks Professor Mehring would gather a few prisoners around him to explain his vision of the world and to beg them to stay alive.

"That the people with whom our relations were most fruitful can wish to destroy us," he said, "means something that we must try to understand! There is a mystery which will illuminate all of history, beyond our martyrdom. I would have understood such a desire for extermination on the part of Poles or Russians, but Germans. . . ." At this point his voice would trail off. This question obsessed him.

Despite the precautions of his friends, one day at roll call he was taken out of the ranks. When the group had begun to string out, a sudden and extraordinary will to live had seized him, and he had begun to run like a madman. Lalka had noticed him and after the quarter had fallen, he prolonged the exercise to see how long the old man, who was running several yards behind the others, could hold out.

"If you catch up with them, your life will be spared," he shouted.

And he gave the order to whip the group of survivors.

They hesitated and slowed down to help the professor, but the blows redoubled, making them reel, tearing their clothes, covering their faces with blood. Blinded with blood, drunk with pain, they accelerated again. When the professor, who had gained ground, saw them move off again, he threw out his arms as if to catch them, or as if in supplication. He stumbled once, then again; his tormented body seemed to come apart; he tried once more to recover his balance and then suddenly, grotesquely, he stiffened and collapsed in the dust. When the Germans came over to him, they saw a thin trickle of blood coming out of his mouth. Professor Mehring was dead.

But poor Lalka was not yet at the end of his troubles. Jews were escaping from Treblinka.

The desire to escape was born in the Jews at the moment when pain had reappeared, when the camp had been reorganized for the first time. To all, life in Treblinka had seemed impossible. There existed only two methods of avoiding it: death and escape.

A certain number of escape routes had been developed: the train, the "hospital" and the piles of clothing. The train, which had been the first method, was the most complicated, for it required the complicity of a number of comrades.

The "hospital" route offered the advantage that it could be used without any help. But it required considerable luck, great cleverness and a rare courage. At the "hospital" was the big ditch where the bodies of executed work prisoners were burned along with the documents, papers and photographs belonging to the Jews of the convoys. The cremation in the ditch was done with sulfur, but the fire did not burn continually. When prisoners who wanted to escape came to throw papers and photographs into the ditch, they could wait until the Ukrainian guards looked the other way, jump into the hole themselves and hide under the bodies. Once there, they had to wait for night before they could try to cross the barbed wire.

The escapes raised great problems for Galewski and monopolized all his energy. He incited the prisoners to flee by tirelessly repeating the same order: "Tell! Tell! Tell what you have seen!" But he also had to hide the escapes from the Germans. To do this he filled out the gangs with prisoners he selected from the next day's arrivals.

Then an S.S. man named Küttner arrived. The prisoners thought he looked like a Jew and called him Kiwe. He established a network of informers that became the terror of the prisoners, but they continued to try to escape. Although the percentage of successes dropped from one day to the next, there were still a few who were willing to risk their lives for freedom.

Langner, son of the owner of a shoe store in Czestochowa, got caught stupidly, slipping a wad of bank notes into his pocket while he was sorting clothes. Lalka concluded that he was preparing to escape and decided to make an example of him. For the first time he had a living culprit, and he wanted to take advantage of it. A gallows was erected in the middle of the yard, and Langner, already lacerated from the lashes he had just received, was hanged by the feet. It was morning; a convoy was moving slowly toward the gas chambers; the sorting commandos, who had stopped working, received the order to continue. Only a Ukrainian guard stayed by the gallows, making Langner swing with his whip.

In the middle of the afternoon, Langner was swaying and moaning, begging the guard to finish him off.

"Jews," Lalka declared, pointing to Langner, "this Jew is going to die! For a Jew to die is not rare in Treblinka. I would even say that, generally speaking, that's why they come here. But this one who is hanging down there will not die like the rest. We are going to make this one die as slowly as possible."

When Lalka had finished his speech, he made the prisoners march closely by Langner single file, singing the Treblinka anthem. Then he sent them back to their work.

The afternoon lasted an eternity. No one said a word. The silence was so profound that Langner's groans could be heard from every corner of the im-

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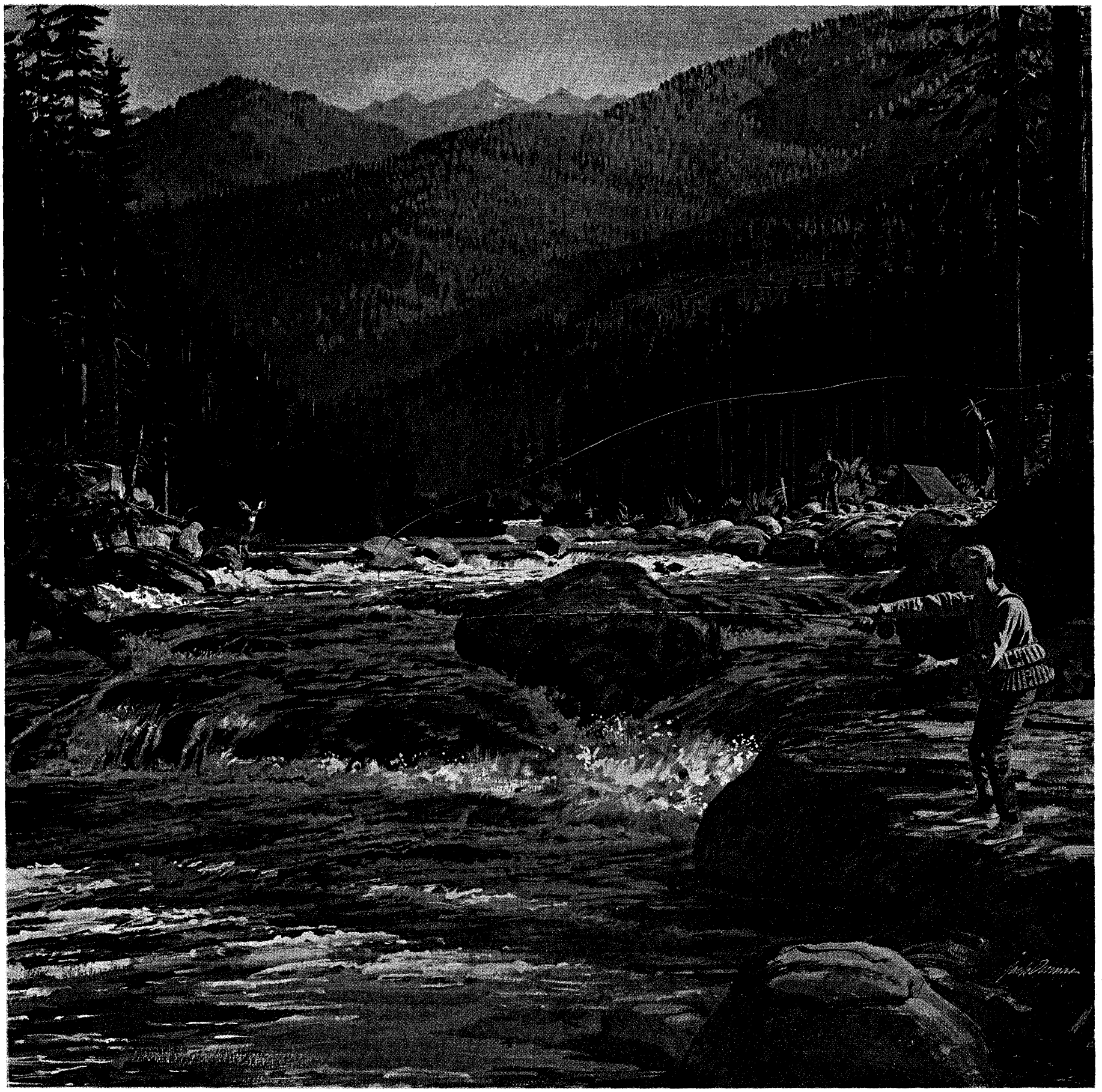

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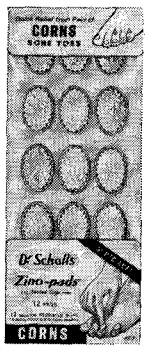

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mense yard. When he called for his mother, every man thought of his own. When he begged to be killed, every man wanted to die. Langner's agony was the agony of all of them. In spite of themselves they looked at him secretly where he hung, bloody, mutilated, shapeless. Suddenly he uttered a great cry that chilled the prisoners and the guards and everyone thought that he was finally going to die. But immediately the prisoners heard him calling them in Yiddish:

"*Yiden! Yiden!* Jews, Jews, my brothers!" (A silence, and once again the voice that seemed to come out of nowhere.) "Revolt! Revolt! Don't listen to their promises. You will all be killed. They can't let you leave this place after what you have seen. Even if they wanted to spare your lives, they would be forced to kill you, for the world will never forgive them for what they are doing and they know it. Revolt! Avenge your fathers and your brothers, avenge yourselves. Save the honor of Israel! Since you are going to die, die fighting! Long live Israel, long live the Jewish people!"

At first the guards and the Germans, stupefied, had listened without understanding, but when Langner had said, "Long live Israel!" they had realized that it must be an appeal to resistance. Laika had rushed over, grabbing a rifle from a guard on the way. When he reached Langner he saw that his body was jerking violently. Enraged by this speech, which he had not understood but whose meaning he suspected, he seized the rifle by the barrel and clubbed Langner's head until the skull was battered shapeless.

That night the barracks buzzed for a long time with passionate whispers. Everyone felt that Langner was right, and that the only solution was revolt. The idea had suddenly appeared like a revelation. It was true that they were doomed; it was true that they had nothing to lose. No matter what happened, they knew, they were going to die. But how could they revolt? How could they find so much as a stick? Who could organize them so they would throw themselves on their killers as one man? In little groups the prisoners, who were on their guard against informers, discussed the possibilities of an uprising. No one believed that it could succeed, but many were ready to die, even if there was not a chance.

Galewski had not waited for Langner's death to think about a revolt. Old and sick, psychologically broken by the execution of his family and by all he had gone through as Jewish commandant of the camp, Galewski now lived only for this idea. At first an act of faith, a mad hope, revolt had become a workable plan in his eyes on the morning when the S.S. had not massacred all the Jews.

He sought out the prisoner who had helped in Choken's escape—Adolf Friedman, a young Jew of Lodz who had served in both the French Foreign Legion and the Polish army, a tall man with an enormous nose, blue-green eyes, and a weather-beaten face. He had arrived at Treblinka with his parents and two sisters, all of whom had perished. When Galewski told him of the plans for resistance, he gladly agreed to become Galewski's deputy.

Galewski himself was no longer lodged with the prisoners but in the barracks of the *Hofjuden* where, all things considered, living conditions were much more tolerable. The privileged *Hofjuden* had access to a well where they washed sketchily. The *Hofjuden* gave him a very cool reception, and it took Galewski a considerable length of time to establish contact with them. He moved slowly and cautiously, arguing the need to bear witness, the argument he had used to dissuade would-be suicides; it was to become the underlying reason for the revolt.

His first contact was Chorongitski, who had been one of the most celebrated physicians in Warsaw, and who now treated the Germans. Chorongitski listened warily and yielded slowly to Galewski's cautious talk of revolt, provoking Galewski at one point to ask, "Don't you trust me?"

"You are the head collaborator," the doctor replied.

"And you are their private doctor," retorted Galewski.

Chorongitski looked at him for a moment. Then, suddenly, his face relaxed and his eyes shone faintly.

"Do you have a plan?" he asked in a changed voice.

"No, but one can be found."

Chorongitski agreed to head the tiny Committee of Resistance and joined Galewski in recruiting new members. First was Kurland, who ran the "hospital." He was often required to give fatal injections to the crippled or wounded who could not be taken to the gas chamber. He told them the injections were digitalis. Then came Salzberg, a man of middle age whose young son, Heniek, was with him in the camp, and Moniek, a young man of 22 who was *kapo* of the *Hofjuden*.

The committee, now enlarged, met and worked out a rudimentary plan of revolt. Combat units would be recruited among prisoners who were reliable and knew how to handle weapons. They would attack the Germans and the Ukrainians, destroy the camp installations and organize the escape of all the prisoners. It was decided that Adolf would be in charge of the training and part of the recruiting of the men who would make up these combat units.

How would they get weapons? Chorongitski, who worked with Ukrainian orderlies, was to bribe them with gold that the *Goldjuden* would provide, to bring small arms into the camp.

Adolf worked without respite. He had been told: "Recruit and organize five fighting units." He sought men with army experience, asking each, "Do you think we can do something?" The first five men who answered yes were appointed group leaders. Then, on Galewski's advice, Adolf had them recruit new men for their own groups. To guarantee secrecy, he forbade them to tell their men a single name, either the name of a leader or even the names of the other members of the group. Each man was to know only the name of his immediate superior. The five group leaders each received a vial of poison provided by Kurland. Only Adolf knew all the men recruited.

The Ukrainian orderlies were first shocked, then intrigued, and finally willing to provide guns in exchange for the gold that Chorongitski offered. The *Goldjuden* packaged the first payment of $5,000 in gold and sent it to

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Chorongitski, and then disaster struck.

A prisoner named Wildenstein took the gold to the infirmary, fingering the little vial of poison that the committee gave to anyone who had a dangerous mission. He found Chorongitski pacing and shaking, as if he could not control his nerves. At Wildenstein's suggestion, the doctor put the gold in his overcoat, which was hanging from a nail on the wall. Wildenstein had just left when he saw Lalka striding up the path to the infirmary, impeccable in his black uniform, his cap placed slightly to one side, his boots flashing. Through the window of the barracks Wildenstein saw the doctor jump when the door opened. The window was closed because of the cold, and Wildenstein saw the two men face each other, but was not able to hear what they were saying. As he watched, Lalka suddenly moved right next to the overcoat and, smiling, raised his right hand toward the coat; at the same moment Dr. Chorongitski turned and leaped at the German. Wildenstein saw them both sink to the floor, and a dull thud echoed through the barracks. He wanted to run away, but a kind of terror mingled with curiosity kept him rooted to the spot. Lalka, who was much stronger than the doctor, must have immobilized him, thus preventing him from taking his poison. Galewski would have to be warned. Everyone must know that the doctor had been captured alive. Everyone would have to be ready to take poison now if they were to save what could be saved.

Then the door of the barracks burst open, as if blown by an explosion. The doctor ran out first, pursued by Lalka, bareheaded, his jacket torn. Lalka took out his pistol and aimed. "My God, make Lalka kill him," thought Wildenstein. But Chorongitski had already taken his vial of poison out of his pocket and was trying to open it as he ran. Wildenstein heard a shot, the doctor staggered, seemed to hesitate, and fell. Lalka rushed to him. But the doctor had already got his hand to his mouth. His body tensed in a last effort, and he fell over on his back. Just as Lalka reached him, Wildenstein saw his blood-stained mouth with bits of glass still on the lips.

Lalka thought slowly and methodically. The gold could indicate a plan to escape. Otherwise, only two solutions remained: Either the doctor was planning to bribe someone, or he had gone mad. Of these, Kurt Franz preferred to imagine that the doctor had gone mad, that it was merely a reflection of the proverbial Jewish passion for gold.

Lalka had threatened the orderlies, commanding them to revive Chorongitski. The immobility of this corpse was an intolerable personal insult to him, a crime of high treason. He hung over the body until evening, unable to accept this defeat. When time for roll call arrived, in a last gesture of spite and impotence, he had the doctor's corpse carried before the prisoners and tied to the punishment stand, and ordered a guard to give it 50 lashes. It was then that the prisoners understood that he too was mad.

But Kiwe knew how to conduct an investigation. He called the *Goldjuden* together. When they all refused to talk, he took eight, leading them one by one to the "hospital," where each was given a choice: the ditch or a name. Each, in turn, chose to die, falling into the fire with a horrible cry.

On the night of its first battle the Committee of Resistance had lost eight men and its leader.

Meanwhile, Treblinka had become the great center of extermination. Convoys arrived from all the towns in Poland, from Greece, Bulgaria, and even from Germany.

To stimulate Lalka's zeal, his superiors promised him that all of Europe would pour into Treblinka.

Ten new gas chambers had already been built to answer the ever-growing needs of extermination, bringing the total number of gas chambers to 13. By packing carefully you could get in about 200 Jews, which gave a theoretical maximum yield of 2,600 Jews every half hour.

To avoid confusion and panic, Lalka had to keep up the hopes of the arriving Jews. On a long wooden wall he had *trompe-l'oeil* doors and windows painted in gay and pleasing colors. The windows were decorated with cheerful curtains and framed by green blinds which were just as false as the rest. Each door was given a special name, stenciled at eye level: STATIONMASTER, TOILET, INFIRMARY (a red cross was painted on this door). Lalka carried his concern for detail so far as to have his men paint two doors leading to the waiting rooms, first and second class. There was a painted clock, on which time stood still at three o'clock. Lalka also had some flowerbeds designed, which gave the whole area a neat and cheery look.

Hope is fine, but discipline is better. On the other side of the station barracks, along the "road to heaven" and in front of the gas chambers, Lalka stationed a cordon of guards armed with whips, whose function was to make the victims run, to make them rush into the gas chambers of their own accord in search of refuge. It took no more than three quarters of an hour, by the clock, to put the victims through their last voyage, from the moment the doors of the cattle cars were unbolted to the moment the great trapdoors of the gas chambers were opened to take out the bodies. Three quarters of an hour, door to door, compared to an hour and a quarter and sometimes even as much as two hours with the old system; it was a record.

As soon as his railroad car had passed the gate of the camp, Choken took a stub of pencil out of his pocket and began to scrawl furiously on each piece of clothing. "This belongs to a Jew who died at Treblinka." He did not know where his fate would lead him, and he wanted, from his first moment of freedom, to start fulfilling his mission of witness in every possible way. When his pencil was used up, he took a knife and cut big clumsy holes in the shape of the Jewish star in the other garments. He worked this way all afternoon and part of the night, tirelessly, without thought of food or sleep. It was a kind of frenzy, like a need to speak, to throw off an intolerable burden.

When he came to his senses and saw the car strewn with slashed clothing, he realized that he must get away as soon as possible; the first inspection would be fatal. He tore off the grille that covered the little window. Dawn was beginning to break when the train slowed down. After making sure that it was rolling through open country, he jumped onto the embankment. On the edge of the wood he found a little stream. He drank deeply, then he bathed. The water was very cold. Then, covering himself completely with a blanket of leaves, he went to sleep in the middle of a thicket.

He arrived in Radomsko in the morning. He had decided to stop at that town on his way to Warsaw, because one of his cousins lived there. He was given a warm welcome until he mentioned Treblinka. The town lived in a peaceful torpor. His cousin, immediately alarmed, begged him not to mention Treblinka to anyone.

"But you believe me, don't you?" Choken asked him.

"Of course I believe you; but there's no point in frightening the others."

"It's better to let them die?"

"Not die; hope," his cousin said. "Hope is all they have left."

"What about dying like men?"

"When you have to die, what difference does it make whether it is like a man, a Jew or a sheep?"

The conversation had gone on this way for a few hours. Then Choken went out and began to harangue people. After a quarter of an hour the Jewish police arrived and took him first to prison, then before the Jewish Council. The president of the Judenrat accused him of deliberately spreading panic in order to buy up gold and jewels at a low price. Choken smiled and said nothing. When he was taken back to prison, he escaped.

He reached Warsaw early in the month of January. There he was listened to, often with indifference and sometimes with hostility, but he was allowed to speak.

The saddest case was that of a man who, while listening to him talk about Treblinka, suddenly went berserk and tried to attack him, crying, "Swine, you dare to claim that my wife who is young and beautiful is dead! You are a liar and you have come here to torture us." The wife of this man had been taken to Treblinka a month earlier. He had refused to accept her death and even told people that she sometimes wrote to him.

It was then that Choken decided that the only possible combat was the one Galewski was waging in Treblinka: the combat after death. He was thinking of getting arrested and taken to Treblinka to see Galewski again, when one night three young men accosted him in the street and pushed him under the arch of a carriage gateway. Two of them seemed to be students; they were thin and had the same burning eyes. The third was a giant whose unshaven face had a disturbing quality. They questioned him at length on Treblinka, and Choken suddenly realized not only that they were well informed about what was happening there but also that they knew every word he had said since his arrival in the town. He had come into contact with the Jewish resistance organization of Warsaw which had controlled the ghetto for some time. When the interrogation was over, one of the two students, who seemed to be the leader, asked Choken if he wanted to fight with them. Choken agreed and they led him away at once.

The raids had practically ceased in Warsaw, where there were about 60,000 Jews left out of the 400,000 who had been concentrated there before July, 1942. In the minds of the organizers of the resistance the final liquidation of the ghetto was certain, and the only problem was to find out when it would take place. The plan was solely defensive. The problem was to transform each house into a fortress and to make the Germans pay a high price for each Jew when the final raid began. The defenders did not have the slightest chance of getting out alive.

Choken, who had been stationed in the foremost bunker, waited for the battle to start. The ghetto was surrounded; no one left it anymore. A silence of death hung over the streets. The first attack began before daybreak. The guards—Ukrainian, Lithuanian, Latvian, White Russian—marched at the head, then came the Polish police, and finally the special S.S. units. They advanced without fear, occupying the middle of the road. The Jewish commandant let them enter the lines of defense before opening fire. The gunfire burst from everywhere at once, and from all the houses an immense cheer rang out. The counterattack began in the early afternoon. Choken's bunker held out for three hours. Then, blinded by the roaring fire of the tanks and the field artillery, hastily brought up as reinforcements, it was hemmed in by flame throwers. The defenders had no alternative but to jump out the windows. Choken, who was wounded, jumped first, shouting, "Long live Israel!" He did not want to fall into the hands of the Germans alive, but when he saw the ground getting closer and closer, he doubled up his legs and brought his arms in front of his face. When he regained consciousness the first thing he saw was a ring of machine guns that were covering him and a few other men. When he tried to get to his feet he realized that he had lost, and that he was going to die. His right leg remained outstretched, inert, broken. Then, from the depths, one idea rose: to reach Treblinka and find Galewski, to tell him that the fight was possible and that the only victory would come from the bottom of the abyss.

With the help of another man Choken managed to get to the *Umschlagplatz*, where the convoy for Treblinka awaited them, and found a place in one of the cars. All night he struggled against delirium. He felt that his death was very near, and the voyage seemed interminable. The cold and the fever shook him with long chills, which became a continuous trembling by morning. He passed out several times, but his whole being was strained toward this single purpose: to see Galewski again.

Suddenly the doors were shoved open violently and the orders and shouts began to ring out. The able-bodied men got off first; then the prisoner commando got on to collect the baggage and the wounded.

"Easy, friends, I'm wounded," said Choken to the two Jews who were bending over him. "It is absolutely necessary that I see Galewski."

They looked at him, astonished.

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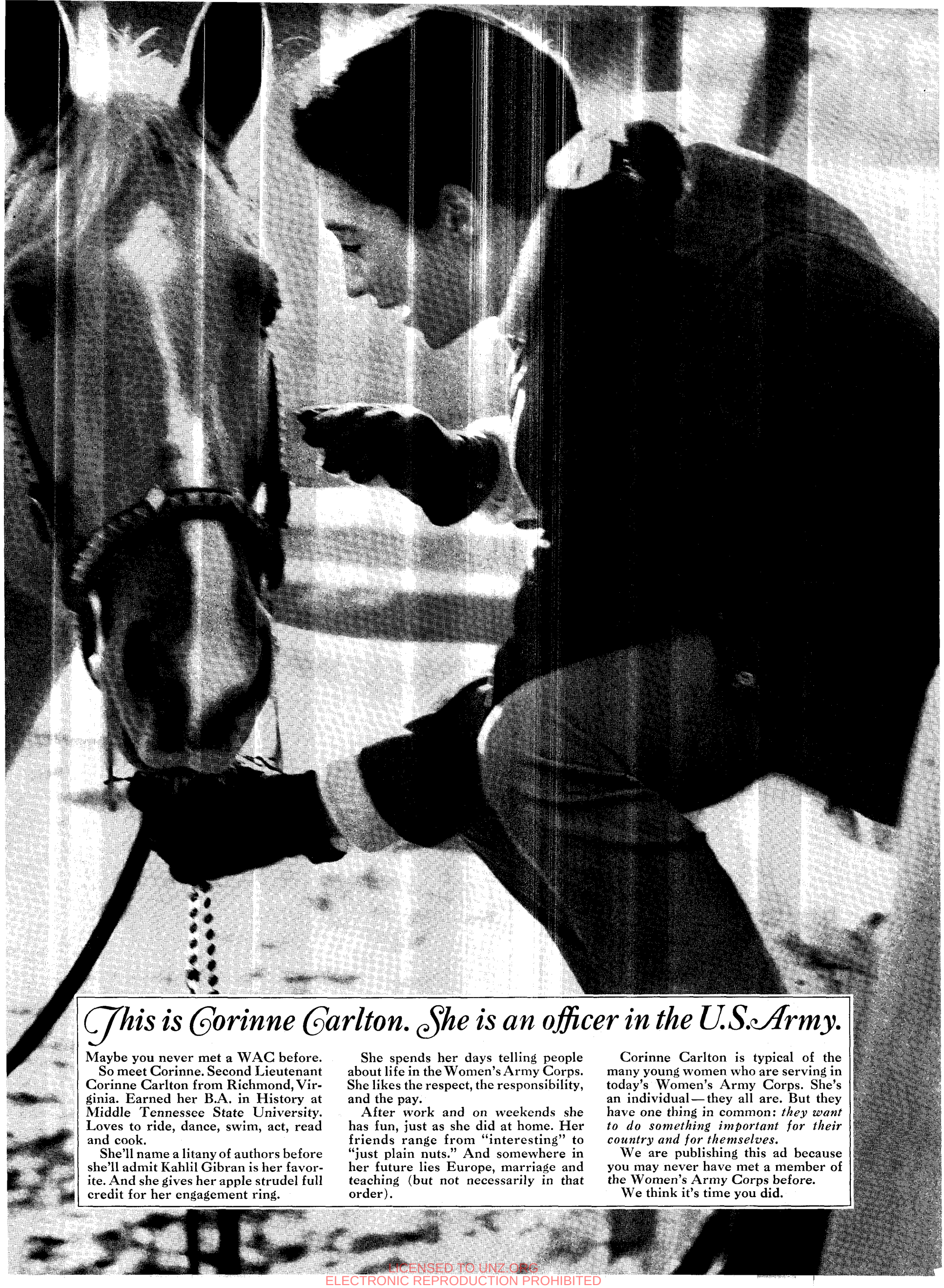

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"I have been here before. I escaped. And now. . . ."

They put Choken a little to one side, and asked Kurland to try to take him last so they would have time to find Galewski. Choken had closed his eyes. Galewski did not recognize him right away and believed him dead. He was about to go away when Choken opened his eyes.

"Galewski," he murmured, "it's me, Choken."

"Choken?"

"There's nothing you can do for me. I'm going to die. But that doesn't matter, because I've found you."

And he told his story.

"This is why I wanted to see you. You must do something. Something that will make a mark, go down in history as an extraordinary victory. There are plenty of heroes, as many as there are cowards, but they all end up in Treblinka. What we need is a victory."

Galewski did not have to bend down to know that Choken was dead. As if to echo his friend's last words, his lips began to recite the Kaddish.

Suddenly he started when he heard Lalka call out to him: "What have we here, Galewski?"

"It's nothing, *Herr Untersturmführer*—a dead Jew."

Adolf was on the platform when the convoy to which Djielo Bloch belonged arrived. By the bewildered but fearful look of the deportees, Adolf realized that this convoy came from another country. One man had immediately attracted his attention: tall, very thin, wiry and smooth-shaven, with a long neck with prominent tendons, thin lips, and eyes that were green, intense, hard and very deep.

Adolf walked over to the man and whispered, "Say that you are a carpenter."

The aptitude tests had been abolished since the stabilization of the "personnel" at Treblinka. The S.S. confined themselves to selecting a few artisans and skilled laborers from each convoy. When the S.S. asked him his profession, Djielo said he was a carpenter.

Adolf saw him again in the afternoon. Djielo seemed still not to have realized where he was. But his face still had the same impassivity.

"Have you been in the army?" Adolf asked him.

"I am a captain in the regular army," Djielo replied with a certain formality. "Captain Bloch of the Czech army," he continued, as if to introduce himself.

"Did you come here with your family?"

"No, I was alone."

"In that case it will be easier to explain. You have been told that Treblinka is a transit camp and that you were being taken to colonize the East. The truth is quite different. Do you see those concrete buildings down there? They are gas chambers. They drive the Jews inside, close the doors and start the motors. In half an hour everyone is dead, asphyxiated by carbon monoxide. Don't try to understand; it's impossible. Six hundred thousand Jews have already died like this. We are here to help. Don't try to understand this either. There are about a thousand of us. We will give you the exact figures if you're interested."

Adolf quickly told him of the plan to revolt, of the odds against them, and their need for weapons.

That night in the barracks they had a long talk about what could be done. Afterward they formed the habit of meeting every evening, and out of these meetings had come the outline of a plan. Djielo had real military ability. Adolf gave him all the information he might need, drew his attention to certain points, and criticized his proposals in terms of what he knew to be the reality of Treblinka.

The revolt had found its military leader. Adolf asked Galewski to appoint Djielo *kapo* for his own protection.

"We have found a way to get weapons," Adolf told him.

It was audacious, but it had a chance. The S.S. had their boots and uniforms made by the *Hofjuden*. The bootmakers and tailors, who had their own workshops, were there only for this work. They were excellent craftsmen and had even succeeded in winning the confidence of the Germans, who treated them with a certain mildness, even bringing them cigarettes and alcohol on occasion when they were particularly pleased with the work of the Jews. The shops had become neutral territory. Here even Lalka indulged in confidences. One day, for instance, he had explained that for him Hitler was like a god, and that if he ordered him to kill his parents, he would do it. In short, at these moments the S.S. behaved like any man in the company of his tailor or his barber. By making them slip on jackets, boots and trousers, raise their arms, bend their knees, and turn in front of the full-length mirror, the artisans had acquired a kind of control over the S.S. and had even reached the point where they made the appointments themselves.

It was on this very point—on this slender control—that Djielo had based his whole plan, which Adolf was in the process of submitting to Galewski.

"On D-day the tailors and bootmakers will each make an appointment with a German every fifteen minutes, starting one hour before the time scheduled for the outbreak of the revolt. In other words, about ten Germans."

Galewski did not seem to understand. "And what do you intend to do with these ten Germans?"

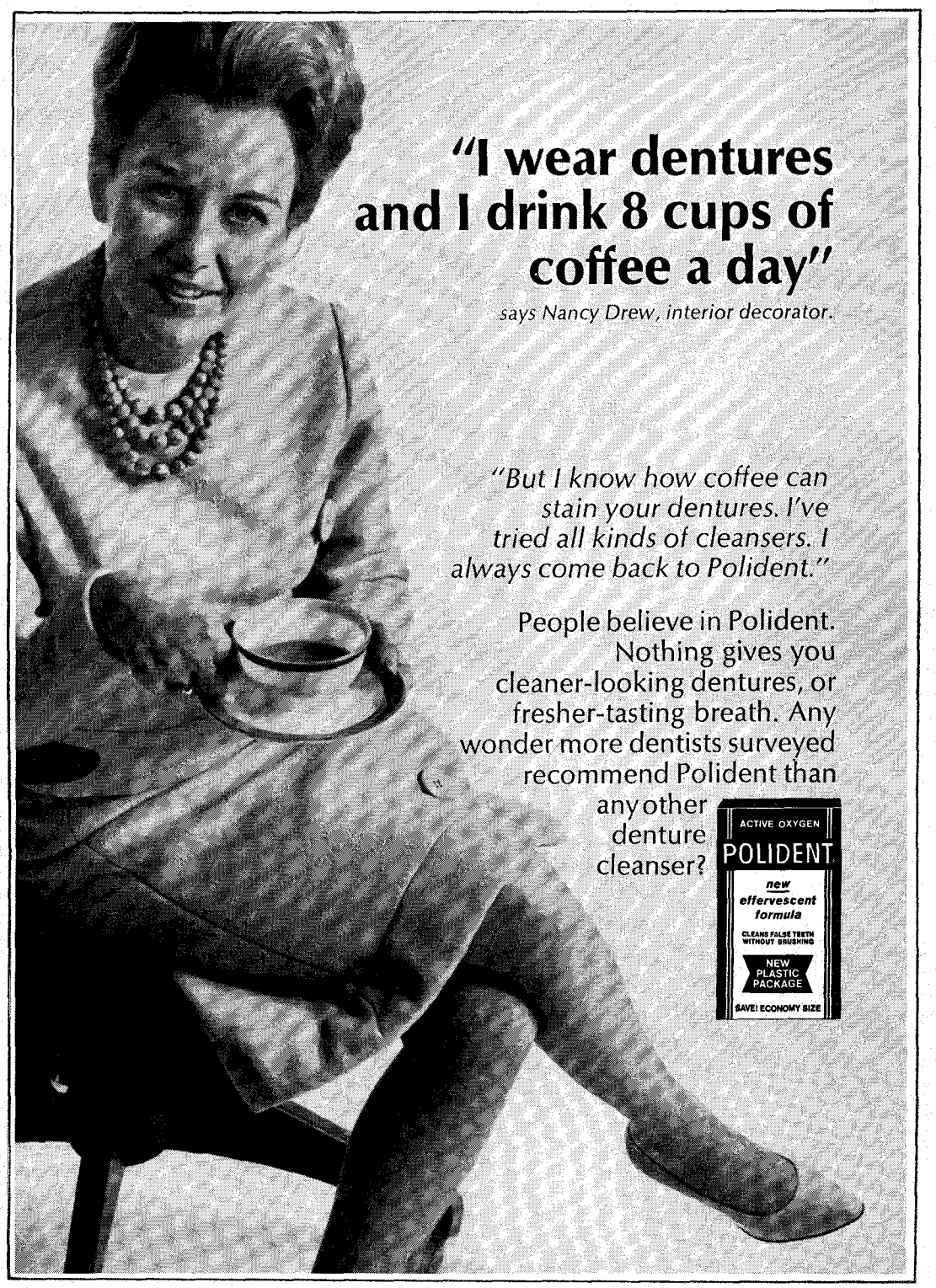
It was Adolf's turn not to understand. "What will we do with them?" he inquired, confused. "What will we do with them? Why, kill them, of course!"

Galewski promised to have Djielo named *kapo*.

On the evening of Choken's arrival back at Treblinka, Galewski called a meeting of the committee. He began by introducing Djielo. There was an astonishing contrast between this man, sure of himself and in excellent physical condition, and the others, emaciated, their skin covered with blotches, the aftereffects of half-cured diseases, and their shifty eyes, which looked at you only when you managed to catch them. When they saw him they realized that the revolt was assured.

Djielo spoke: "I do not know whether my help will mean much to you, but I do know one thing: I owe you my life. I also know that you did not save me for no reason. Here is the plan that I propose. The only weak point is still the problem of weapons. The real solution would be to get them from the camp armory. We will talk about the possibilities of such an undertaking after I have presented my plan. The operation will proceed in three phases: preparation, execution, and withdrawal. We must have the advantage of absolute surprise. Nothing about our plans must leak out. We must do everything we can to allay the suspicion of the Germans." Short sentences, dry voice; this was a leader talking. Everyone felt it and was reassured by it.

"Even if we manage to lure the S.S. to the tailor shops and kill them, we will not have many guns," Djielo went on. "Worse still, we will not have a single grenade. Grenades would enable us to spread panic among the Germans and Ukrainians from the outset. However, there is a way to replace the psychological effect of grenades. It will require great coordination, but it is feasible. Adolf tells me that every week a special commando washes down all the barracks in the camp with a liquid disinfectant. This disinfectant is stored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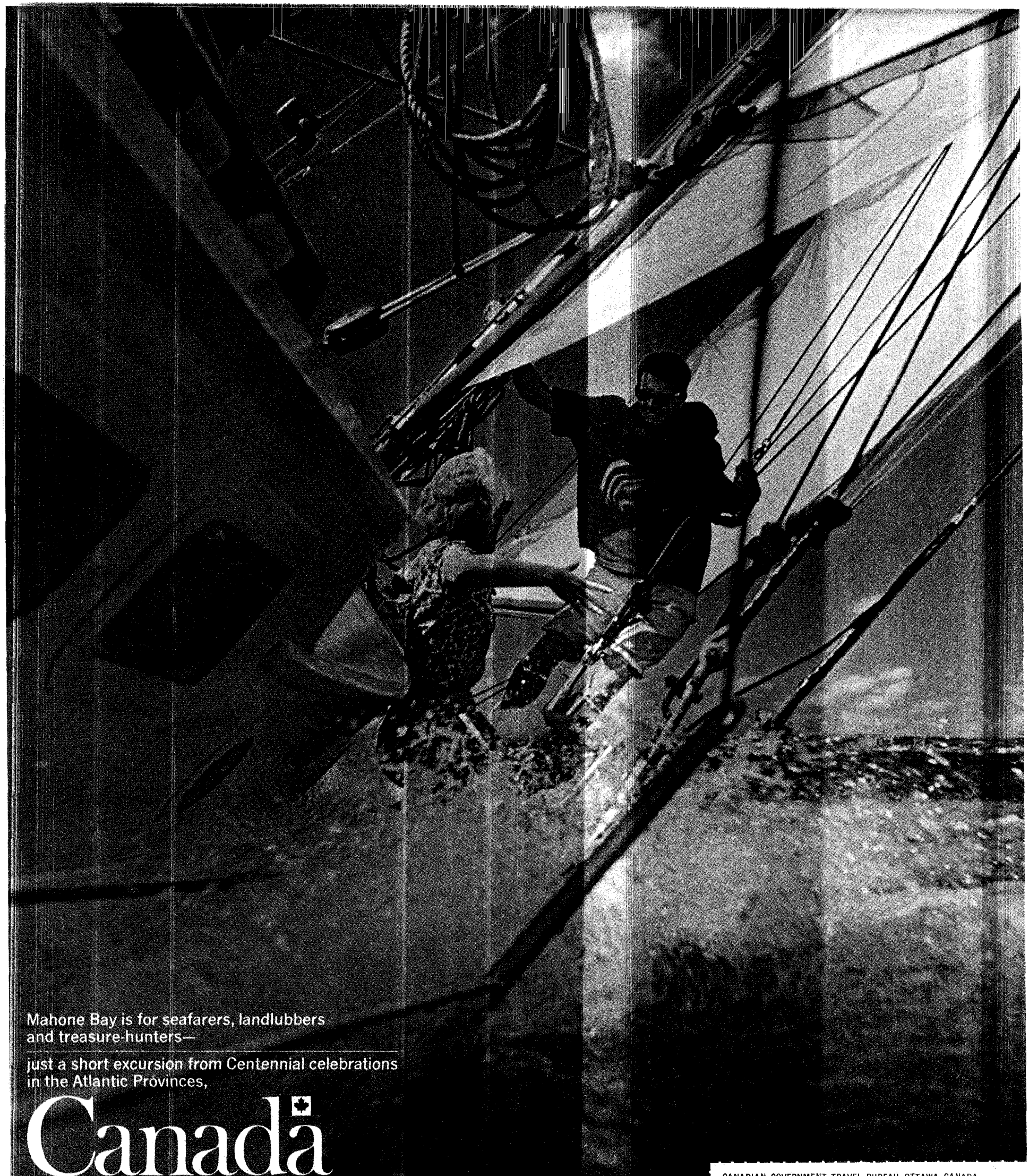
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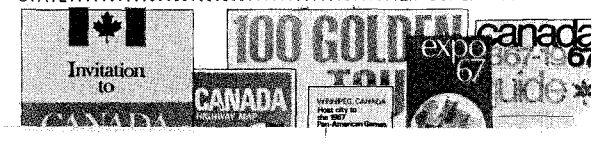

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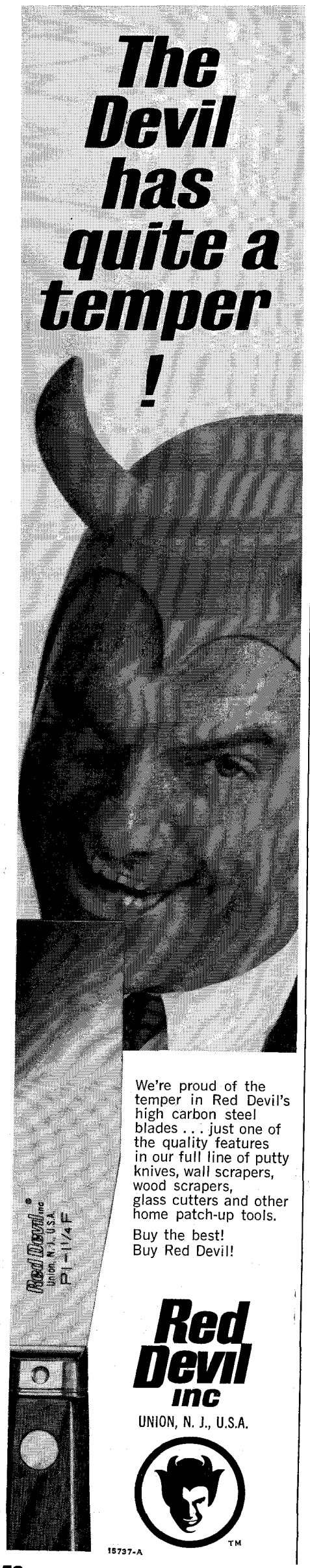
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in the garage along with a number of barrels of kerosene. Rudek, the Jewish foreman of the garage, is one of the most reliable unit leaders. We did not want to ask for his consent before speaking to you, but Adolf assures me that he will agree.

"On D-day these men will fill their pails with kerosene instead of disinfectant and wash down all the barracks."

It was a brilliant presentation, and everyone could picture the camp being consumed by fire.

"The disinfecting takes place every Monday morning, so D-day will have to be a Monday.

"We have few firearms at our disposal, so we will have to make a number of various sidearms like rods, shovels, and so forth; this will be the job of the iron and tin workers.

"Let us now proceed to H-hour proper.

"*H-hour minus 60:* The tailors and bootmakers begin killing their Germans and taking their pistols, which they hide carefully.

"*H-hour minus 5:* The incendiary commando takes up positions near the barracks at a ratio of two men to a barracks.

"Finally, every man who is provided with a sidearm or club unobtrusively picks out a German or a Ukrainian.

"*H-hour:* If we decide to take four o'clock as H-hour, the signal would be the whistle of the train that brings the prisoners back from the work camp. The first minutes will be the most crucial, because we will be under fire from the watchtowers without being able to fire back. So, as the fire breaks out and the guards are attacked, Adolf's commando, armed with the weapons recovered from the Germans, will rush to the armory and take it by storm. Each man will grab a gun and take care of one tower. Meanwhile the combat units will converge toward the armory to get weapons and will immediately take up their battle stations.

"The mass retreat will have to proceed to the south, in the direction of the forests.

"At this point the camp will be surrounded and reduced to cinders and to silence."

The evocative power of Djielo's voice was extraordinary. The other members of the committee looked at him, fascinated. This man seemed to them a messenger from heaven, a kind of angel armed with a flaming sword, come to lead them to victory. They no longer doubted this victory.

Just as the Lord, when the world was finished, created a seventh day and made it holy, Kurt Franz, the Prince of Hell, decided to make Sunday a holiday and to sanctify it in his own way. The morning would be devoted to rest and the afternoon to great diabolical fairs. He began by choosing the performers. "First and foremost, music!" Lalka, the former violin student, began with the orchestra. He ordered the *kapos* and foremen to alert him to the presence of any musicians in future convoys. A few days later he was advised that the celebrated Warsaw violinist and composer, Arthur Gold, had arrived in Treblinka. Lalka had never heard of Arthur Gold, but he retrieved his man on the road to the gas chamber, naked and half frozen. Lalka had

'...The camp will be surrounded and reduced to cinders...'

warm clothing and a cup of tea brought to him. Then when he was somewhat recovered, Lalka explained what he wanted: an orchestra that would be worthy of Treblinka.

"You will have everything you need in the way of men and instruments. You will have only to ask me for what you want, and you will have it at once. In return, I want an orchestra."

Snatched from death, Gold spent exactly one night realizing what Treblinka was and reconciling himself to it. When the first convoy arrived the next morning he was on the platform ready to start recruiting his musicians.

Rehearsals began at once. The prisoners selected for the orchestra could be excused from work simply at Gold's request. Lalka often came and sat in the barracks where rehearsals took place. He would slip quietly into a corner and listen, savoring the pleasure of having an orchestra of his own. When he was pleased with the work, he would go over to Gold and congratulate him. The orchestra rapidly became a fine one. But although the music was good, the musicians made a shabby appearance in their faded and threadbare suits. Lalka ordered the tailors to make uniforms, which he designed himself: a white dinner jacket trimmed in blue, with musical notes on the lapels, and white trousers with bands of blue silk at the seams.

From successive convoys Lalka rescued a dancer, Boris Weinberg; a *chazzan* (cantor of a synagogue), Salver, who had a very fine voice and who also sang opera; two actresses whose names have been lost; and a playwright, Schenker, who had written a great deal for the Young People's Theater of Warsaw. All were requested to prepare, each in his field, a number that could be included in the great pageant of Treblinka. The show was almost ready when the boxers arrived. They belonged to two traditional sports clubs of prewar Warsaw: the Maccabees and the Athletic Union. Lalka had rescued them and offered them the traditional cup of tea of welcome followed by the just as traditional bargain: comfort or the "factory."

One day at roll call Lalka announced that he had kept the promise he had made the day he took command at Treblinka. "Next Sunday," he said, "you will not work. The day of the Lord will be devoted to rest and enjoyment. It will be this way every Sunday. You will work for six days, and on the seventh day you will relax." Then he motioned to the orchestra, which was making its first public appearance for the occasion. Gold raised his baton, and the orchestra struck up the beginning of *Cavalleria Rusticana.*

It was as Lalka promised. At night in the barracks, after the first Sunday series of exhibitions, the prisoners looked at each other dazed and ashamed. At the hour of the Kaddish many could not hold back their tears when they thought of their families who slept nearby. They felt that they had reached the depth of degradation. Not content to let themselves be humiliated, they had also humiliated themselves by providing a spectacle for their killers. The implacable logic of the system had led them close to the ultimate corruption, that of the soul. That day they seemed to have lost their last particle of humanity.

The great revolt finally became possible when the masons were given the job of constructing a concrete building between the two barracks of the Germans. All the buildings in the camp, with the exception of the gas chambers, were made of wood. What made the Germans suddenly want to build in stone when cement was so difficult to find? The committee puzzled over it until someone finally exclaimed: "A new armory!"

"A gift from God," said Kurland.

"God has heard us. He is on our side."

The building was up by the middle of the following week. Then the Germans brought the locksmiths of Treblinka an old door all faced with iron which they had got from one of the neighboring villages. Quite thick and hewn from very hard wood, it was further reinforced horizontally by long steel fittings which half covered its surface. It had taken six men to carry it. The locksmiths of Treblinka had understood the problem at once. The soft wax was ready. A prisoner named Silberstein had been kneading it in his pocket for over a week. The lock was a little rusty and did not work well. He had to take it apart and put it back together again. According to plan, Silberstein was waiting for the German to look away for a moment so he could take the imprint. But the S.S. man, who was suspicious, remained planted in front of Silberstein, his eyes riveted on the lock. He had been told not to take his eyes off it for a single moment, and he was obeying to the letter, his face hard, his eyes set. The other Jews tried to distract him, but he seemed not to hear what they were saying. Silberstein dragged out the work, trying to find a way to get rid of the guard. He made him change his position twice, claiming that he was standing in his light; the other moved obediently, but without losing sight of the lock. They tried to deafen him; pretending to be busy, all the workers began to bang on something in unison. The noise became infernal, but the S.S. man did not budge.

Then Silberstein had an idea. On the workbench right in front of the guard lay a heavy hammer which was used for riveting. By moving around a great deal he managed gradually to push it to the edge of the table directly over the feet of the S.S. man. Silberstein then pretended to try to unscrew a bolt that had got jammed. The bolt suddenly gave, but Silberstein, carried along by the impetus, "accidentally" knocked the hammer off the workbench. A roar was heard, and the S.S. man began to hop on one foot. While the workers rushed over to him, Silberstein hastily took the lump of wax out of his pocket, clapped it onto the latch, and immediately whisked it out of sight. The operation had taken 30 seconds, during which the bellowing S.S. man had distributed a few blows at random to the obsequious Jews who had come to his

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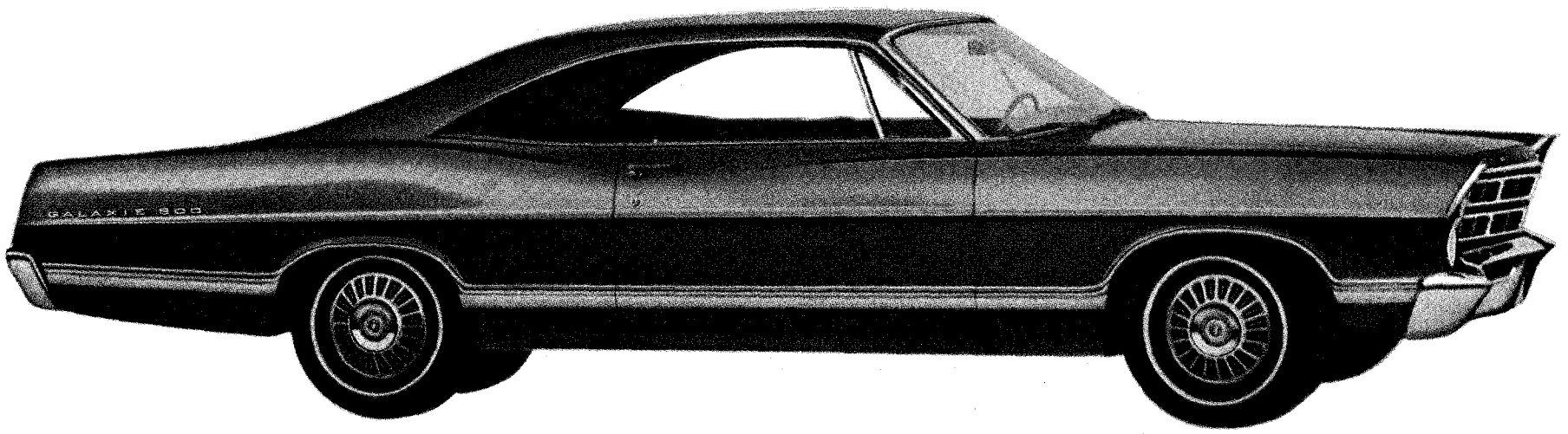

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Note: Our "ski-jump" Ford came from a dealer showroom floor, equipped with normal snow tires, standard shocks and suspension. Only addition: a skidplate underneath the car to further protect the oil pan.

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aid. When he returned to his post in front of the lock, Silberstein looked up humbly in apology and plunged into his work again. Five minutes later, clasping the real key in his hand, the S.S. man left, escorting the door.

When the young *kapo* Moniek came into the locksmith's later for his daily inspection, a beautiful brand-new key was ceremoniously presented to him.

Minutes later, Galewski held the key in his hands. It had a clean, hard feel. The dream had become reality.

Even Djielo was very excited. "It's our move now," he repeated, as if talking to himself.

"It's our move now," Galewski repeated softly.

When the armory was inaugurated a few days later, Marcus, a young *Hofjuden* of 16 who was the Germans' valet, was sent to inspect. The Germans were so sure of themselves that it was not even guarded. It was the cave of Ali Baba: automatic rifles, machine guns, and rifles, gleaming with oil, reared their barrels on racks. Marcus spotted the grenades in one corner. There were three cases made of white wood with 15 grenades in each. After checking to make sure the window opened, he left the new building as unobtrusively as he had entered it.

That evening Marcus made his report to the committee, which now met every day to work out the final details. He told what he had seen.

"The window opens onto the back of the barracks, a place that is usually deserted, so there is little risk of being surprised. However, we will have to station a sentry at each corner of the building. After looking around a little, I have found what we need: the masons' horse-drawn cart, a regular delivery wagon. They use it to pick up different materials all over the camp, and the Germans don't pay any attention to it anymore. It is also used for rubbish, so there's no problem."

Salzberg had started when he heard the cart mentioned, and his face had paled slightly.

"The only problem," continued Moniek, turning to Salzberg, "is that the cart driver is your boy, Heniek."

Salzberg had realized this at once and had pictured the face of his son, who had just turned 13. Short, skinny and a little sickly, he looked eight. His face was sensitive, and his skin had an unhealthy pallor that further heightened the brilliant black of his eyes.

Moniek had stopped speaking, and everyone was looking at Salzberg.

"My son will do his duty as well as the rest of us. We can count on him."

"Can we also be sure of his discretion?" asked Djielo.

"Yes."

"Even if he is caught?"

"I'll give him a vial of poison. Fear nothing, he is a good Jew."

Moniek finished his report: "In addition to the two sentries, we'll need a third man to transfer the cases of grenades, which Marcus will hand out the window to Heniek's cart. Heniek won't be strong enough to carry them. The operation will have to take place in less than a minute."

There remained only two points to be settled by the committee: the definite date of the revolt and the most opportune time to inform the prisoners.

There was no longer any reason to wait; they all felt that the sooner it took place the better. D-day was set for the following Monday.

'The revolt signal will be the explosion of a grenade.'

"Since we will have grenades," added Djielo, "the revolt signal will be the explosion of a grenade."

It was then that Galewski was seized by a strange premonition. He was never able to explain the source of his sudden certainty that the revolt was going to fail, that their martyrdom was not yet over, that they had not yet reached the last of their stations of the cross.

A premonition of this kind cannot be explained. When you consider it after the fact, it assumes a miraculous quality. It is also possible that it was simply a coincidence. Perhaps it was only the overwhelming fatigue that weighed him down that made Galewski so profoundly dubious. At any rate, his tone was so convincing that everyone agreed not to alert the prisoners.

"We must not tell them," he repeated quietly but determinedly. "I know we must not. If all goes well, they will still have time to get ready, but we must not tell them anything—their despair would be too great."

Djielo took a long time to come around. In the end he yielded to superior numbers. Only the men in the combat units would be alerted. The unit in the camouflage commando which, from the forest where it worked, might not hear the sound of the grenade, would attack its guards at exactly four o'clock and would return to camp immediately to station itself at the western entrance. The grenades would be entrusted to a special commando. The unit whose job it was to seize the armory and then to attack the watchtower would slip among the masons after the noon break.

Djielo had resumed his role as leader.

"Three units will attack Camp Number Two simultaneously. We have found no way to make contact with the prisoners down there. The attack may be difficult, but we have no choice.

"By the time the units arrive, the guards of Camp Number Two will have recovered from their surprise. It will be sheer butchery."

"What are the chances?" asked Galewski.

"Slim."

And a terrible problem arose. Should they run the risk of jeopardizing the attempt for the sake of the 200 prisoners in Camp No. 2, the custodians of the great death camp where the gas chambers stood? It was Kurland who provided the answer.

"Two hundred men more or less are of no importance. Naturally, their testimony would be useful, but if we must risk losing over half of our forces without the certainty of rescuing our comrades from their hell, I don't think it's worth the trouble. Our mission is too serious for sentimental considerations. We must show the world that even in the bottom of hell man does not abdicate. We must tell of our martyrdom. Therefore, it is essential that the revolt take place, that it succeed, and that there remain at least one witness to relate both the martyrdom and the supreme revolt. No matter what it costs us, our duty is to abandon our comrades."

Salzberg still hesitated.

"But have we really done everything we can to make contact with Camp Number Two?"

"The only way would be to go there. That is the worst misfortune that could happen to us. Many of those who are sent there would rather get the bullet in the back of the neck."

No one in Camp No. 1 had any experience of Camp No. 2; no one knew what went on there, but it was never mentioned without dread. They completed the final preparations and adjourned gloomily.

The week dragged. Preoccupied with their various jobs, the members of the committee forgot this last meeting. They had always imagined that it would be the finest, and it had ended almost in sorrow. Surrounded by shouting and music, they lived in an unreal world. Chance decreed that there were no convoys during these last days, and they had to make an effort to remember what Treblinka was and what went on there.

Then Sunday arrived, and amid the fanfare of the holiday Treblinka went completely insane. The last day of Treblinka: the apocalypse of hell, the end of the nightmare. The world of madness and death was going down amid a lunatic display of fireworks. Its death was true to its life: unreal, distorted, monstrous.

Monday morning it seemed as if the sun did not want to rise. The sky was leaden, heavy with snow, as dismal as the morning after a party.

Adolf met with his unit leaders before the start of work. The men surrounded him attentively, their faces hard and impenetrable.

Adolf spoke in a deep, hoarse voice. "This is our last meeting before the revolt, and no doubt the last we will ever have. You all know your missions, but I will repeat them for you once more.

"At three-thirty, half an hour before the attack, each unit will send one man to the potato cellar, where he will be handed three grenades. He will say, 'Today the earth trembles and quakes,' and the answer will be, 'It is the Day of Judgment.' This man will unpin a grenade in his left pocket and blow himself up if anything goes wrong on the way back. If that happens, the others will immediately go to the armory, which they will hem in with grenades, while all the men in the units, wherever they are, will also go to the armory in scattered formation. The units will reform there.

"After the first grenade has exploded, it will no longer be possible to stop the insurrection. In theory, everything should proceed normally as planned."

He repeated the plan of action, concluding, "There, that's all. Are there any questions?"

In the next issue, Jean-François Steiner tells of the madness of the last months of Treblinka and describes the uprising that reduced the camp to ashes.

—The Editors.

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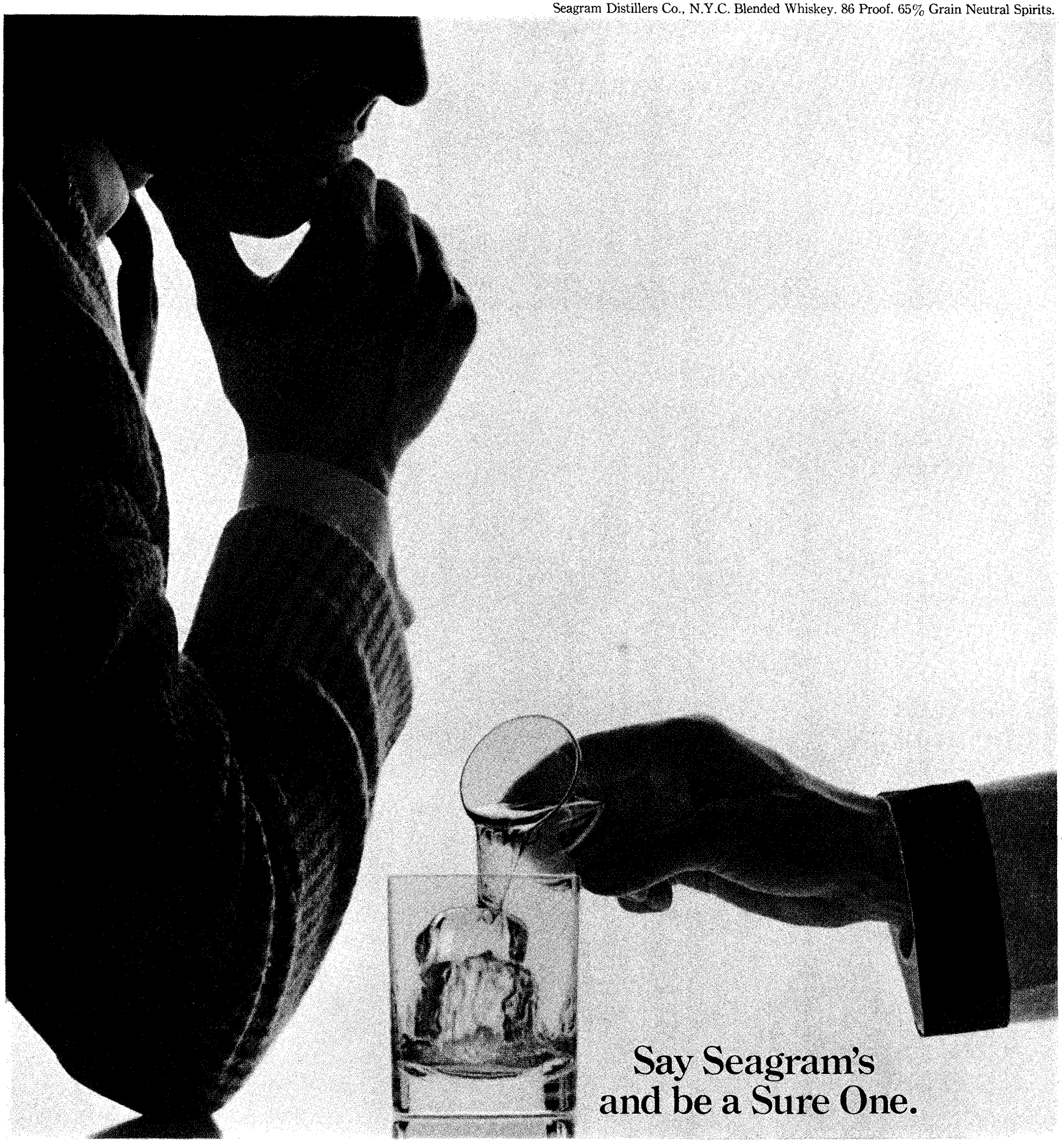

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Seagram's 7 Crown—The Sure One.

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ery crime. Her own peccadilloes were more secret, more subtle, and infinitely more charitable.

By Ann Bayer

The timorous, the faint, and the uncorrupted are advised not to read on, for this is a lewd tale, and it can bring no pleasure to anyone. Our heroine we shall call Priscilla, although she would rather be known, more formally, as Mrs. Haversham. Her age lies in that translucent period of a woman's life: forty-nine. Although she is not a widow, she is blessed with that indomitable spirit so often attributed to bereaved women. Her eyes are the palest gray, and her shoulder-length hair softens what would otherwise be a rugged visage. Around her neck is a single strand of pearls (Van Cleef & Arpels). She is hailed among her many friends as a well-spring, a marvel, and a merciful angel.

Priscilla's acts of charity are too numerous to name. Suffice it to say that she has pinned to the chests of young donors more than a thousand red feathers. The gladiolas in the Yorkville Shelter for Girls would not be nodding their glistening heads were it not for Priscilla. She has placed cups of broth in the tremulous hands of the aged and, in the name of Altruism, strung ribbons of crepe paper along the walls of a dozen ballrooms.

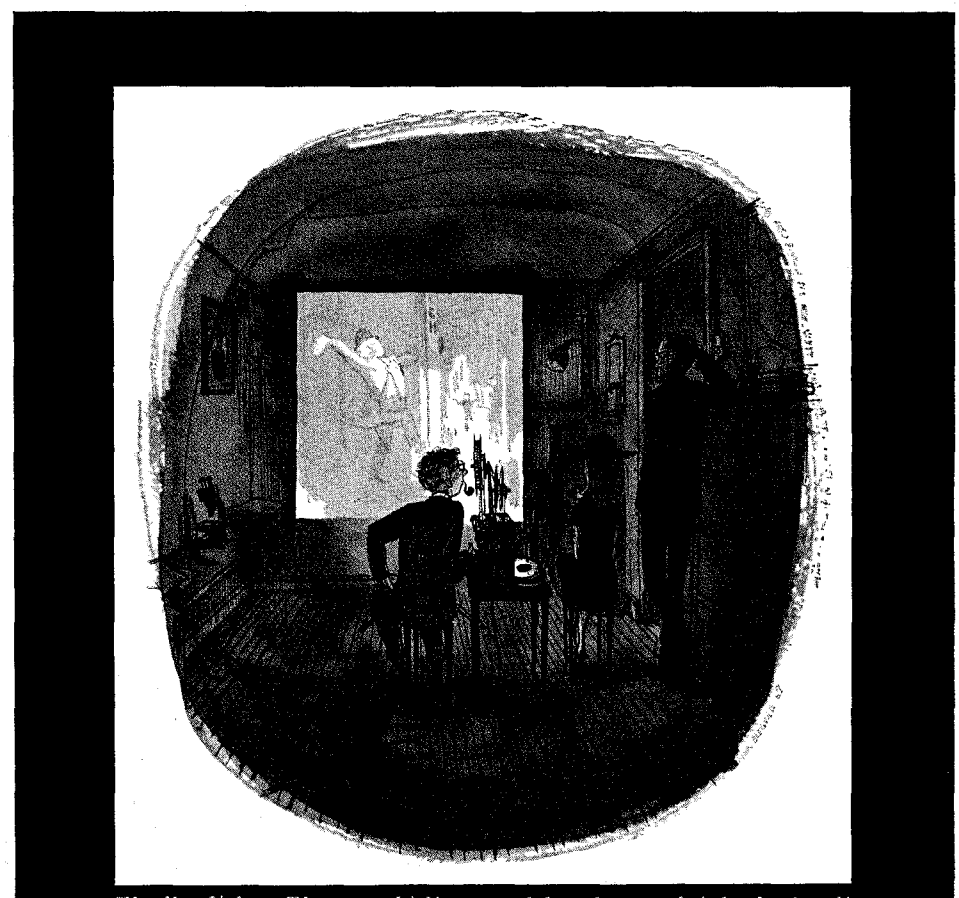
Let us follow her now as she sets out from her lovely East Side penthouse with that particularly vertical posture of a woman who has her destination well in mind. She rounds a corner and we lose sight of her until, a short while later, she reappears in the shabby West Forties between Ninth and Tenth avenues. The street is full of ragged children. A page from a Spanish-language newspaper flutters along the sidewalk and wraps itself around her legs. What can Priscilla Haversham be doing in this neighborhood? Attending to an errand of mercy? Seeking a location for a community day-care center? Or is she, perhaps, here on a quest of her own?

We shudder a little, sensing we may discover blight on the wings of this merciful angel or learn that her pearls are fake. If Priscilla has pilfered the coin banks for cystic fibrosis, let us remain unenlightened. If a male coworker for interborough beautification waits naked in a deserted loft, let us silently withdraw.

Luckily our fears are unnecessary. Two decades ago, after catching her husband in an indiscretion with a pretty secretary, Priscilla had solicited the services of the private-detective firm of Hanscom and Carter. It was not that she had any intention of confronting her husband with proof of his infidelity; she wanted simply to be kept informed. Over the years, as Mr. Haversham widened the circle of his erotic adventures, Priscilla's arrangements with the firm continued, until now they were carried on on a regular basis.

Hanscom and Carter prided themselves on their comprehensive methods of crime detection. Disguised as maintenance men, they gained access to the office where Mr. Haversham worked as a stockbroker. They bugged his telephone and wired his curtain rods with sound amplifiers. A waterproof transmitter was installed in the soil of his African violet. His office intercom was fitted out with a tiny monitoring device. Not content with shadowing him electronically, the detectives, posing as investment bankers, rented an adjacent office and drilled a peephole through his wall. Finally, they intercepted his first-class mail and steamed it open over Mr. Carter's copper teakettle.

Priscilla visited the firm's headquarters on alternate Thursdays. There she was shown photographs of her husband darting



The film flickers. The man whirling round the subway pole is her husband!

The phrenologist comforts her. "I have something marvelous to tell you!"

Illustrated by ERIK BLEGVAD

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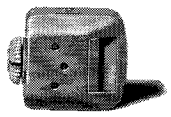
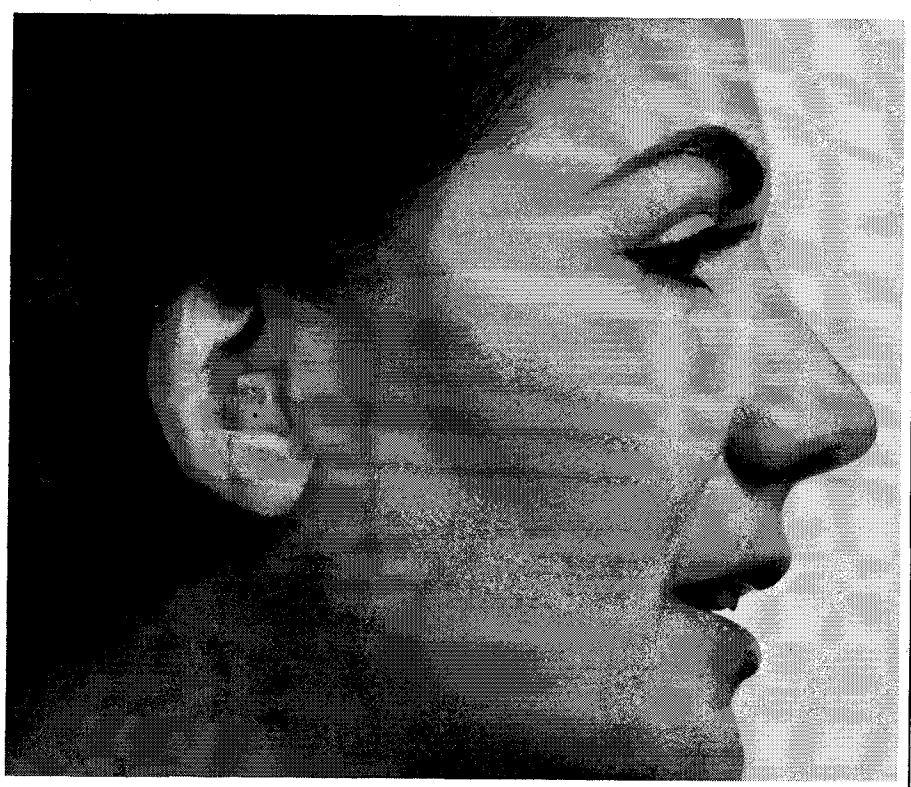


Now you see it...



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down the steps of the American Stock Exchange Building at compromising hours of the afternoon, his raincoat unfurling behind him like a flag. Other photographs showed him huddled in the doorway of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, his arms encircling the waist of an indistinct female figure. Tape recordings faithfully reproduced his cries of illicit passion, so like the expressions he used when there was a sudden rise in the Standard & Poor's "500" stock index.

The fact that Hanscom and Carter also had uncovered enough evidence to incarcerate her husband in the state penitentiary for the rest of his life failed to ruffle Priscilla. She was unmoved by the information that Mr. Haversham had embezzled his investors' funds, that he had illegally adjusted his tax assessments, that he had conspired with a gang of underworld characters to swindle unsuspecting stockholders. His criminal activities seemed to Priscilla to be irrelevant; she thought of them as an oddity of fortune, reacting as she would to the news that a freighter with a cargo of CARE packages had sunk to the bottom of the sea.

It is Thursday now, and Priscilla climbs the dilapidated staircase leading to the suite of rooms occupied by the detective agency. Mr. Carter opens the door and greets her enthusiastically. "Welcome, welcome. I believe we have some high-octane material for you today, Mrs. Haversham. High-octane, indeed." He ushers her through the vestibule and into a room with black shades obscuring the windows. At once coming to the point, he says, "It appears, Mrs. Haversham, that Mr. Haversham has been carrying on an amour with a Miss Lola Fleece, the typist in his outer office. We knew something was out of joint with the stock-market index she'd been reporting daily over his intercom, and we've only just broken the code. It seems that if the Dow-Jones industrial average, according to Miss *Fleece*, closes higher in moderately active trading, she is indisposed for the evening. If, however, key issues on the big board sharply decline in heavy turnover, it means 'Meet me behind the Maritime Exchange Building after work.' And, I might add, both rails and utilities have been *very* actively declining in recent months."

"I understand completely," says Priscilla.

Mr. Carter next goes over to a long table that he treats as if it were a display case, pointing out each object on it in turn. "Here," he says, "is an enlargement of Mr. Haversham's fingerprints dusted off the underside of Miss Fleece's typewriter table. Over here is a snapshot taken between the hours of three and four P.M. at Miss Fleece's IRT subway stop on Cortlandt Street. Note their unrestrained embrace. Now, this is the actual plastic spoon with which Miss Fleece stirs powdered milk into her coffee. It was found in Mr. Haversham's 'out' box." Priscilla fingers her pearls and inspects each article steadily. "If you'll step over here, Mrs. Haversham, I'll show you some film clips I think will be of interest to you."

Priscilla settles herself in a chair near the projector. The film that flickers on the wall is overexposed, but the man grasping the subway pole and whirling round and round is obviously Mr. Haversham. A close-up of the pole has been spliced in to identify the locale; the sign reads CORTLANDT-G'WICH. The next scene reveals Mr. Haversham standing near his typist's desk. He looks around nervously. Believing himself alone, he picks up Miss Fleece's gum eraser and brushes it sensuously along his cheek. After a moment he takes one of the outdated promissory notes Miss Fleece uses for scratch paper and draws an arrow whose shaft is invisible behind a big, lopsided heart. He slips this beneath her blotter. The last film strip is jerky because, as Mr. Carter explains, it was shot with a zoom lens from a slowly moving car. Miss Fleece, in her heavy-soled shoes and shapeless coat, is standing with Mr. Haversham in front of an office-supply store. They are pointing excitedly at various metal accessories, like an engaged couple selecting crystal and flatware.

When the film ends, Priscilla rises heavily and thanks Mr. Carter, who bows her out. Reaching the sidewalk, she turns the wrong way and heads west. It has been her custom, after these biweekly appointments, to return straight home and lie down for a brief nap, and then, upon waking, to rinse her eyes and greet her husband with all the grace and gentleness of a wife who has been successfully kept in the dark. Now, however, she feels despondent. She has borne the knowledge of Mr. Haversham's intemperate flesh for nineteen years. The year after the pretty secretary, Mr. Haversham had become infatuated by the girl from their dog-walking service. Her arms—from curbing three great Danes—were as powerful, Mr. Haversham had exclaimed into a concealed tape recorder, as a stevedore's. If Hanscom and Carter's bugging mechanisms were to be trusted, Priscilla's husband had subsequently pursued a Burmese guide at the UN, a picketer who marched to save the old Metropolitan Opera House, and a woman who sometimes conducted a storytelling hour by the statue of Hans Christian Andersen in Central Park. The woman was not young, but her voice was lilting and melodious, and perhaps, overhearing her recite *The Ugly Duckling*, Mr. Haversham had been taken back to a time when the landscape of love was as simple and agreeable as a hoop.

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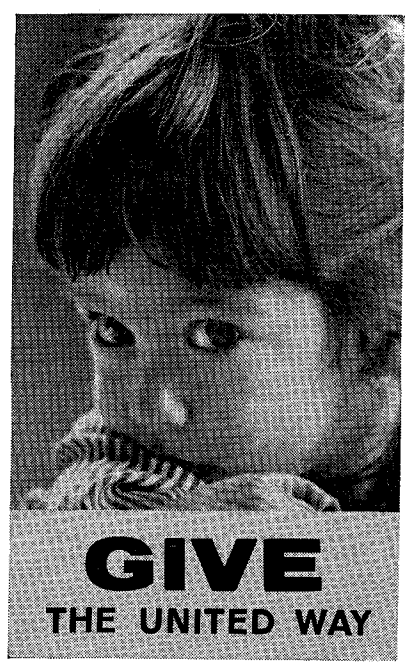

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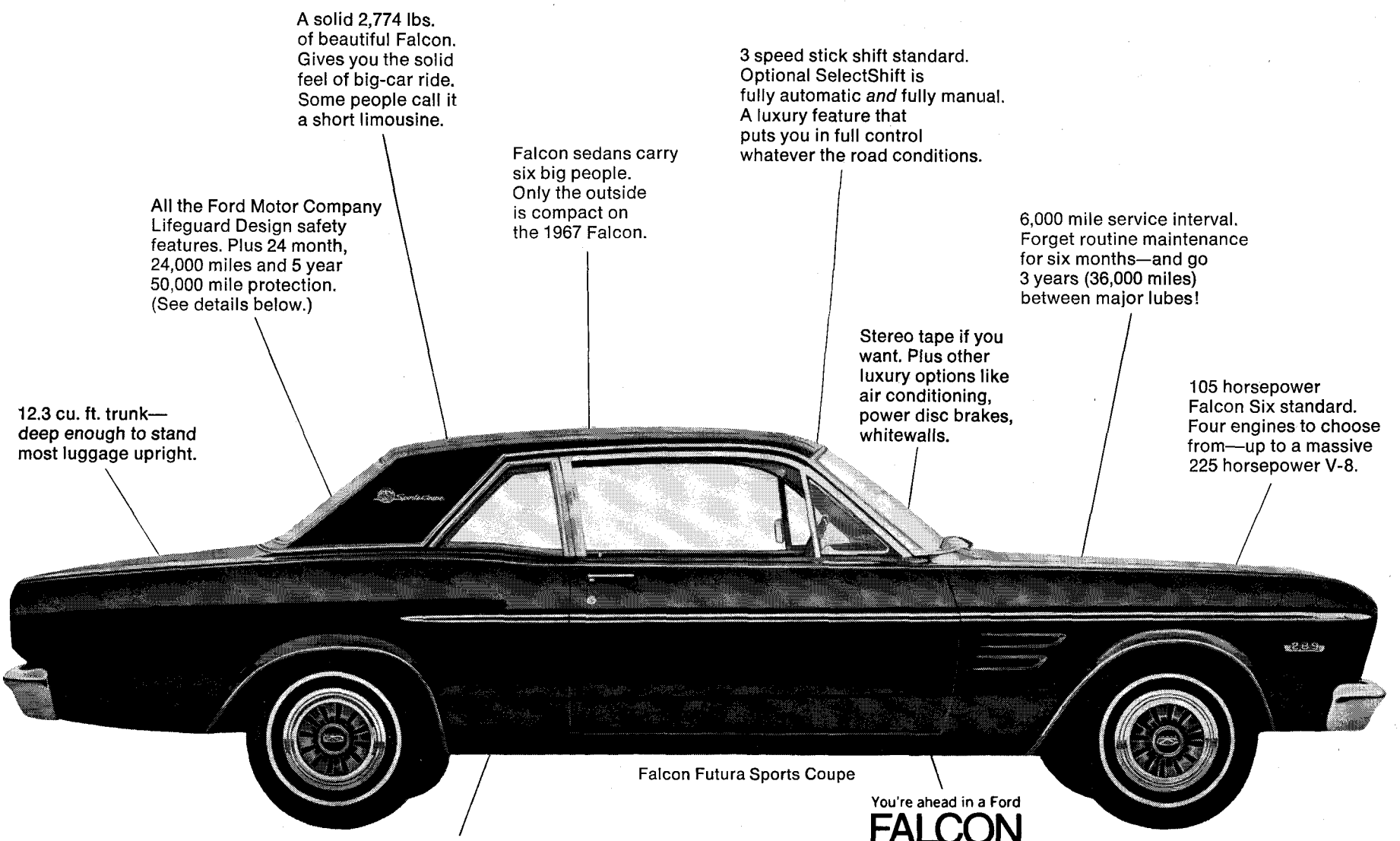
What's the matter with getting more than economy in an economy car?

Look at this.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Power train parts include: Engine block, head and internal parts, water pump, intake manifold, transmission cases and internal parts, torque converter, driveshafts, universal joints, differentials, and driving axles and their wheel bearings. Suspension and steering parts include all parts of the front and rear suspension systems, steering gear and linkage, power steering pump, road wheels and front wheel bearings and seals. Related items such as ignition, electrical, cooling, fuel and brake systems, engine or transmission controls or linkages, steering column and wheel, clutch assembly, shock absorbers or load leveling system are excluded. The owner is required to obtain certain maintenance services* and, every 12 months, a written certification from Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealer that he has presented evidence that such services have been performed.

The warranty does not apply to tires or tubes (adjustments are provided by tire companies), or to normal maintenance services or normal replacement of service parts such as filters, spark plugs, ignition points, wiper blades or brake or clutch linings, or to normal deterioration of soft trim, appearance items, hoses, belts or molded rubber or rubber-like items.

The warranty applies to vehicles normally operated in the U.S.A. and Canada.

*Every 6 months or 6,000 miles: Change oil and oil filter; clean air cleaner, air filter and oil filter cap; check axle lube and transmission oil levels. Every 12 months or 12,000 miles: Replace air filter on closed crankcase ventilation systems; clean emission system and carburetor spacer; replace emission control valve and thermactor air filter. Every 24 months or 24,000 miles: Change engine coolant and check radiator hoses. Every 36 months or 36,000 miles: Replace air filter on open crankcase ventilation systems; adjust automatic transmission bands; lubricate steering linkage and ball joints; clean and repack front wheel bearings.

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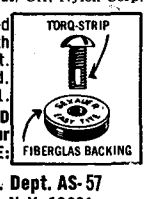

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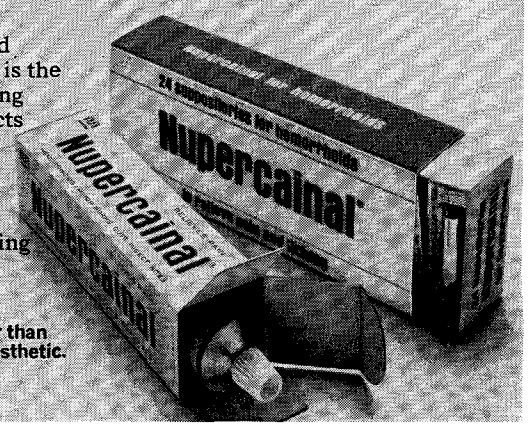

WOMAN WHO GAVE

But Miss Fleece. Why Miss Fleece? True, she was an expert typist, yet she seemed to lack those qualities that Priscilla's husband found exhilarating. Miss Fleece wore skirts with gigantic daisies on them, and her hair was the color of dust. One imagined her carrying on a flirtation, if at all, with the kind of man who trudges up and down Lexington Avenue wearing a sandwich board. She would lie in her narrow bed and dream of raising the sandwich board (SHEAR MAGIC HAIRCUTS—$1.98 ONLY) from his bony shoulders only to find that he had no clothes on underneath. "*Amor nihil potest amori denegare*," he would say romantically in the Latin Miss Fleece had memorized as a schoolgirl. "Love can deny naught to love."

Priscilla's attention is caught by a placard attached to a storefront: NEED A REMEDY FOR HEARTACHE? INQUIRE WITHIN. PHRENOLOGY PRACTICED HERE 9 TO 5:30. Priscilla isn't sure what phrenology is, but somehow the message seems to be directed at her own anguish, and she enters the shop. Inside, an entire wall is hung with T squares, divining rods, and calipers. On another is tacked a chart showing a man's head divided into zones marked Ambition, Music, Mate, Wit, Memory, Art, and Love. The place is empty except for a pockmarked youth who is lounging with his feet on a desk. As Priscilla approaches, he puts down his newspaper and stubs out his cigarette in a skull charted with geometric symbols.

"How do you do. My name is Priscilla Haversham, and I don't usually frequent places like this, but I do need help, God knows, and perhaps you can help me."

"I can try, buttercup," says the lanky phrenologist. He pulls a draftsman's compass from the back pocket of his jeans. "Remove your hat, please. and we'll have a look at your occipital region."

"Oh, take that instrument away," Priscilla cries. "I just want one of those heartache cures you advertise in your window, and then I'll be off. My story is centuries old. Mr. Haversham is a philanderer. I try to busy myself in charitable activity to keep from brooding. I organized the Korean Orphans' Ball you may have read about, and was on the welcoming committee for the V.F.W. when they held one of their annual conventions here. Tomorrow I'm supposed to agitate in front of Gracie Mansion for better housing legislation. But you can't put your arms around a petition for urban renewal."

The phrenologist considers a moment. "It's difficult for me to advise you without first measuring your husband. Perhaps you have a photograph I could see."

Priscilla thinks of the office nearby whose files bulge with photographs of Mr. Haversham in all the postures of love. She removes from her wallet a snapshot of him standing on the beach, arms at his sides, in a pair of faded trunks. It must have been taken during a period of inflation or deflation, for he looks perplexed, the way he does whenever there are severe fluctuations in the market.

The phrenologist examines the photograph through a magnifying glass. "Your husband," he says, looking up, "is remarkable for the asymmetry of his face. Inconstant males are often wider across the cheekbones than moral males, but his left facial angle is particularly pronounced. Of course, I don't rule out defective opticals in the camera lens. You wouldn't, by any offchance, know the lengths of his fingers in centimeters, would you?"

Priscilla shakes her head.

"Usually," the phrenologist continues, "the fingers of adulterers are less developed than their palms. Maybe when you go home you could measure his gloves. Can you estimate the size of his head above the ears?"

"I guess about so big," says Priscilla, holding up her hands, "but I'd have to take my tape measure and assess the headband of his fedora to be really accurate."

"As a rule, offenders are inferior to normal husbands in cranial capacity. It's a pity he's not here," the phrenologist sighs. "I'd dearly love to know the weight and diameter of his jaw."

"Would it help," says Priscilla slowly, "if I told you that Mr. Haversham has repeatedly committed extortion, fraud, and grand larceny?"

"It's all there, buttercup. His deep frontal sinuses and low forehead give him away."

It begins to rain, and the prospect of going home to await a man with a left facial angle and low forehead makes Priscilla break into a fit of crying. Her husband has always spoken to her of debentures, premiums, and capital gains, but it is to Miss Fleece that he whispers the vibrant secrets of love.

"There, there, there," says the phrenologist, his voice frightened. He hangs her hat on the prong of a divining rod and strokes her hair. "Please don't cry. I have something to tell you. Something marvelous to tell you. But first you must promise me to stop crying."

He offers Priscilla his handkerchief, and she nods violently and blows her nose. "Are you ready to hear this marvelous thing? You happen to have *the* most perfectly formed parietal bones I've ever seen. Would I lie? You've got exactly the right skull vault for them. On you they're marvelous."

Now, Priscilla has many times been praised for her good works and her indomitable spirit, but she has never before been lauded for her parietal bones. The compliment penetrates the bedrock of her emotions, and the feeling it stirs is lust. There is room in her life for benevolence and there is room in her life for virtue, but, unfortunately, there is no room in her life for lust. She asks for a cigarette to relax her nerves, and as the young man bends to light it for her, he remarks upon the mole on her wrist. This, he tells her, is associated in married women with abundant wholesomeness and sensuality. Would his buttercup allow him to measure the circumference of her knees? Might he be permitted to fathom the breadth of her shoulder blades? It is while the youth is figuring the area of the inverted isosceles triangle formed by her arm span as base and her navel as vertex that Priscilla decides abruptly to compromise herself on his chaise longue.

Priscilla does not revisit the phrenologist, but instead, rallying her famous indomitable spirit, she throws

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herself more than ever into her charity work. She wrangles with City Hall to obtain street-vendors' permits for the Spanish Welfare League Fiesta. She sells raffle tickets. She sponsors a fashion show. At a convention on maternal health, she ties a television aerial to her head and walks onto the stage of the Commodore Hotel ballroom in the role of an intrauterine device.

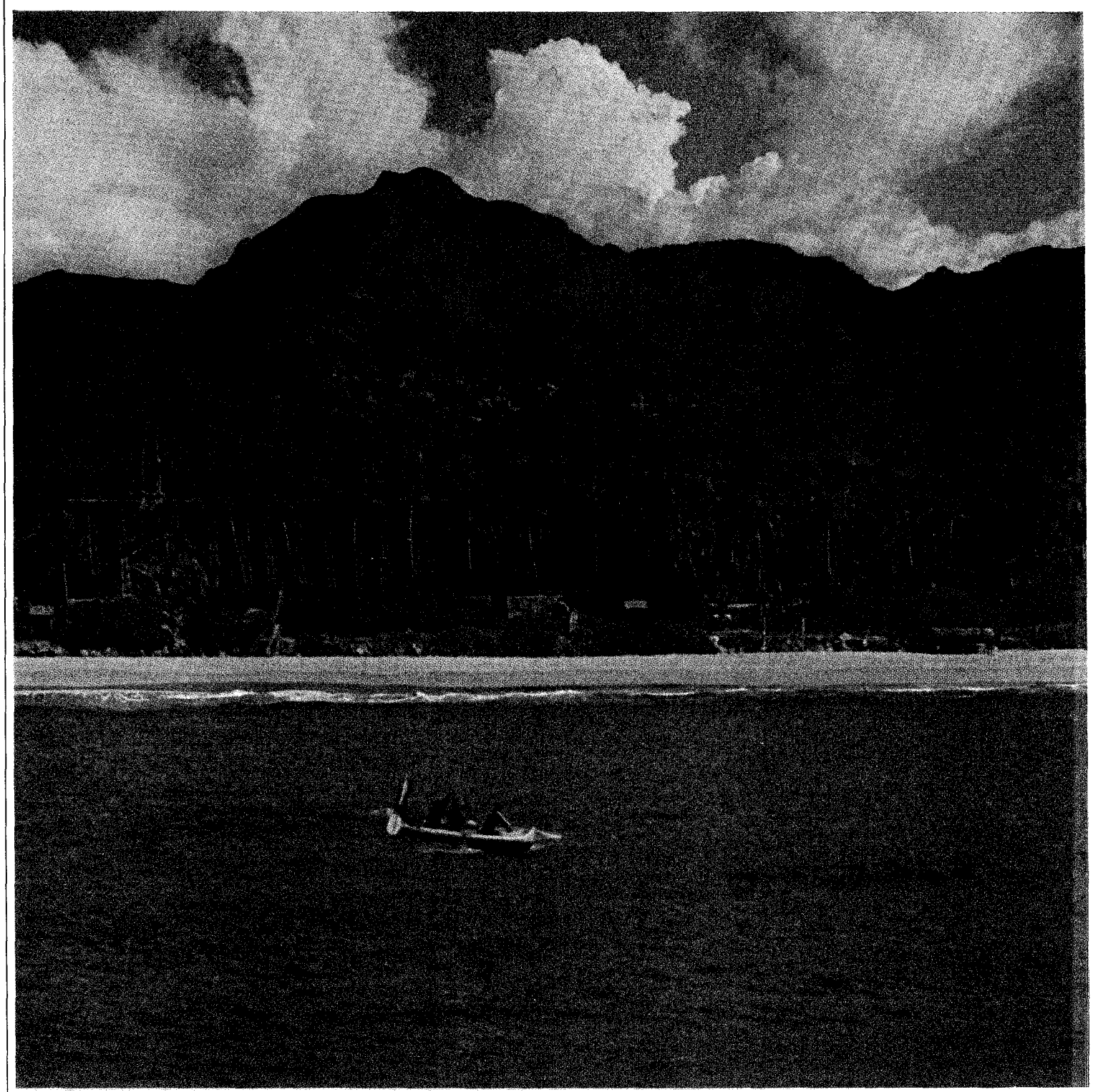
These good works bring Priscilla into contact with many worthwhile people and often force her to leave the city overnight, staying in out-of-the-way motels. In planning a dinner dance to combat dope addiction, Priscilla journeys to the Capital, where she works closely with an official from the Bureau of Narcotics. An obliging athletics instructor drives her to inspect the site of an upstate branch of the Y.M.C.A. Helping her select a theater benefit show, a press agent takes her to tryouts in Philadelphia and Boston.

We may look in on Priscilla next on a Sunday in May. She is a hostess at a "happening," the proceeds from which are to go to the Manhattan Chapter of the National Air Pollution Association. The happening takes place in Washington Square Park. Striped pavilions are set up on the grass, and the ladies have decorated the area with gaily colored balloons and pennants. Everybody on the planning committee has fashioned an exhibit related in some way to air pollution. To symbolize the futility of community action till now, one committee member brings a doll wearing a gas mask and handcuffs and labeled THE PUBLIC. Another sets up some miniature Con Edison smokestacks that belch real smoke. A third has brought a dart board whose concentric circles are imprinted NASAL CONGESTION, STINGING EYES, WORSENED ALLERGIES, SORE THROATS, and RESPIRATORY DISEASE. Passersby are asked to hurl darts at the ailment from which they suffer most. Priscilla herself sits on a campstool inside an Army-surplus tent. The duskiness within is supposed to simulate what it feels like to live in smog-plagued New York. Priscilla hands every person who enters a pamphlet from the U.S. Public Health Service outlining means of pollution control. Each customer also receives a free chest X ray.

Business is slow. Most of the strollers would rather look at the young lady in the bathing suit and diamond tiara whose sash reads MISS CARBON MONOXIDE POISONING. She is blowing silvery bubbles through an actual automobile exhaust pipe, to the delight of all.

In midafternoon a man from the weather bureau drops by Priscilla's tent. He has been most cooperative in supplying facts and figures on smog. Priscilla asks him about the current Central Park temperature reading. "Seventy-two," says the weatherman, and adds, "down six degrees in the last hour." Priscilla is not surprised that the temperature has dropped so quickly. Like the Dow-Jones industrial average, it has plummeted often in the last weeks. The weatherman unfastens her committee badge, PRISCILLA HAVERSHAM—LUNG DEATHS, and they go behind the X-ray screen, disappearing from view.

The last we hear of Priscilla, she had severed her business relationship with Hanscom and Carter in order to devote herself fully to her new form of charity. Out of habit, perhaps, Mr. Carter still keeps a check on her husband's activities and notes that Mr. Haversham has been spending more and more time in the company of his wife. Indeed, Priscilla has never looked lovelier or more desirable. She has an enormous sense of personal satisfaction, which is somewhat surprising when we consider the appalling growth rate among the legions of the have-nots, the intramural bickering at maternal health, and the newly depleted scholarship fund of her alma mater. But if Priscilla is not so effective as formerly in combating poverty and disease, it is not that she is giving any less of herself. She has always embraced her good works—whatever they may be—with fervor. □



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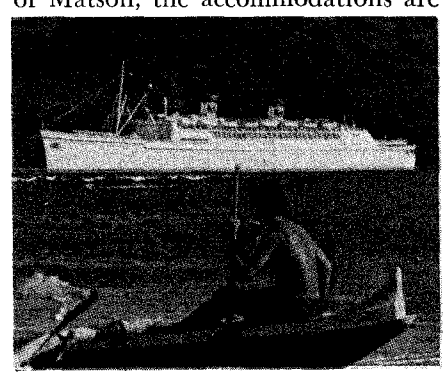

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JACK DRISCOLL'S REVENGE

continued from page 33

"Did you enjoy the food?" from the smiling Wilson.

The customer would usually answer "Yes."

Wilson would count the change out slowly enough to get in his big question: "And how did you like the sauce?"

All sandwiches at the Casablanca were covered with Wilson's stinging barbecue sauce and served with a knife and fork. If a customer wanted a ham sandwich or a grilled cheese and insisted that no sauce be spread over it, Wilson would come smiling out from the kitchen and say, "Just try it. That's all I'm asking you to do. Just try it. Believe me, you'll thank me later."

"Listen, Wilson, save yourself some steps. Just give me a ham sandwich. You hear that? Just a ham sandwich with nothing on it. And don't go drenching it with that damn sauce. I got a bad stomach."

When the customer had left, Wilson would shake his head and mutter, "They just don't know what's good."

It had taken Wilson eleven years to perfect his barbecue sauce, and he lived in fear that it would be copied. To protect it, he kept the secret of its mixing and blending from his cooks and even from his wife, Sophie. He also refused to have curb service or outgoing orders. But he still worried that some local restaurant might steal his recipe. Every other week he would drive out and check the barbecues at Holly Yates's Hamburger Corral and three or four other drive-ins.

Wilson and Holly Yates had been friends since high school, when they had curb-hopped together at the Bearcat Drive-In. Later they had almost opened a restaurant together, but they hadn't been able to agree on what to feature. Now, while Wilson had become famous in the two Carolinas and Georgia for his barbecue and barbecue sauce, Holly's Hamburger Corral had grown into the biggest hamburger-and-fried-chicken drive-in in South Carolina.

The years of worrying and rushing, and the long days he put in at the Casablanca, had taken their toll on Wilson, and though he would work the morning shift with a firm step and an occasional Spanish flourish when replacing the linen on the center tables, the last hours found him limping and trying to keep on the duckboards as much as possible. Every night after closing he would soak his feet in hot salts while Sophie checked the register, counted up the money, and turned off the neon signs and the parking lights.

Sophie, a dark-eyed and heavyset Capricorn, was happy in her marriage to Wilson, a Leo. Twenty-four years before, Wilson had hired her from the kitchen of Holly Yates's first luncheonette, knowing she could bring her customers along. To keep her, Holly had offered her a raise and a part of the business, but Sophie had had plans of her own. At the Casablanca, she had worked her way up from cook to waitress to cash-register girl, and two years after leaving Holly she had become Wilson's wife.

Jack grew to like the tightly planned kitchen at the Casablanca. He liked the spring in the new duckboards, the walk-in icebox, and the perfect temperature controls on the French-fry pots. At first it was hard pouring the barbecue sauce, as Wilson insisted, over the filets, the tenderloin, and the double-cut baby lamb chops, but after a few days he didn't mind.

One night he was alone with Wilson in the kitchen. The dinner rush was over, and Sophie had gone to a Cary Grant movie at the Palace Theater. Wilson said, "I got to call the linen man in the morning. How you fixed on aprons?"

"I'm all set." Jack nodded toward the front. "How's the counter look?"

"Couple coffee drinkers, that's all."

Wilson shoved himself up on the sandwich counter and watched Jack mash out hamburgers and interleaf them with waxed paper.

Out of his long experience with cooks, Wilson had learned how to spot the drifters and the heavy drinkers. He also prided himself on being able to watch a man move on the grill or on the long counter, and predict almost to the day how long he would stay. But Jack was different; he was a mystery. He was unlike any cook Wilson had ever worked before. He was fast and smart, and he knew his way around a kitchen, and both the Peelers liked and trusted him. But there was a smoothness and a flair to his motions that made Wilson feel Jack's days at the Casablanca were numbered. Wilson often thought that a long black limousine with northern license plates would pull up in front of the Casablanca, and Jack would climb in the back seat and be driven off. Or two Federal Bureau of Investigation men would walk in one day, and Jack would untie his apron, dry his hands, and walk out between them.

"Tell me something, Jack. You ain't always been a cook, have you?"

"Well, I've done a couple other things, but I guess cooking is the closest thing to me."

Wilson tamped a cigarette on the order counter and lighted it. "If you take my advice, boy, you'll stay with cooking. You got a nice move and you know how to take hold. I swear if I don't believe you could go a long way in this field." He pulled his apron up so he could cross his legs. "The way I see it is, any man can fry a steak or a couple chops or section up a chicken and drop him in the deep fry. That's what I call a cook, a grill cook; some folks just call them fryers. But when you stop to think about the great chefs, how they come up with new salads and fancy baking and brand new dishes—well, that's something else. I believe you'd go along with me on that, wouldn't you, Jack?"

"Yessir."

"Now you take those French fellows. They keep a soup cooking or a sauce simmering for two and three weeks. That's right, two and three weeks, and each day it gets better, and each day they add themselves a little something extra to it. Some little pinch of this or a dab of that, those little secret ingredients. Well, you figure it out for yourself. You take a soup that's been worked on like that for a few weeks, there ain't no one around that can copy that recipe. Chances are the chef himself don't know what all he put in there."

Wilson drew on his cigarette and let the smoke trickle out. He thought of France. Except for going to Charlotte, North Carolina, to pick up some produce, Wilson had never been out of South Carolina.

"You know, one day when I find me a cashier I can trust and a cook I can get along with"—he shot a quick look at Jack—"I'm going to take me a trip over there to Paris, France. That's my ambition, boy. What I'd like to do is just sort of drift around and pick up what I can about French cooking. I wouldn't go messing with the tourists and that crowd. No, I'd want to get off by myself. Maybe I could even pick up some of the language. I wouldn't go wearing those moron Hawaiian shirts either, like a lot of them do, and just get drunk and go to all those leg shows. I'd just mosey along on the back roads and sniff around the small restaurants." Wilson closed his eyes and let the smoke trickle from his mouth and nose. "Yessir, I'd get me down there in the south of France, that's where they really cook up a storm. Leave Sophie here at home—she could go visit her mother and sister. I'd want to take plenty of time. I'd be trying to discover me some recipes that I could bring back and introduce here in Columbia. That's the kind of thing you don't want to rush. You know, Jack, if I found something, like a special kind of soup or a great main dish, I might even trade my barbecue-sauce recipe for it. I bet those French would be hogs about that sauce."

Wilson's eyes were still closed. Jack was afraid he would burn himself with his cigarette, and he watched it carefully.

Wilson spoke softly. He sounded as if he were speaking downwind and the words were to a great green plain. "France . . . France . . . Paris, France . . ." He kept his eyes closed, and in the same voice asked, "What's another town in France, Jack?"

Jack said, "Calais."

"Calais . . . Calais. There's a nice name too . . . Calais. You know any more?"

"Bordeaux."

"Paris . . . Calais . . . Bordeaux . . . Bordeaux. Those are fine names. That's the kind of sounds we need on our menu. Bordeaux . . . Bordeaux. Got any more?"

"Normandy."

"Normandy, oh, that's nice too. I've heard of that one. Wasn't there a battle there or something?" Wilson rubbed out his cigarette. "You know those French names, they do something to you. No doubt about it, they got a much better sound than ours. Now you take a name like Irmo. What in the hell kind of name is that? And Green Pond and Four Holes. There just ain't no comparing them. Yeah, that crowd over there, they know how to live. And they know how to cook. And just as sure as I'm sitting here on this sandwich counter, I'm going to get my tail over there. And I don't mean in no ten more years. I mean *soon*." Wilson slammed his open palms on the counter. "That's what I'm going to do, Jack. You hear?"

"Yessir, sounds good to me."

"That's just what I'm going to do. Get me a cook I can work with, get me a cashier, get some French records and——"

"Hey!" It was a customer, shouting for the cashier.

Wilson had been sitting on the sandwich counter too long, and the edge had cut off the circulation in his feet. When he slid down from the counter, they were sound asleep. The pain was fierce, and he reached for the back of Jack's chair.

"Cashier! Where's that cashier?" came from the front.

"God, it's like a thousand needles!" Wilson limped quickly toward the swinging doors. "I'm coming. I'm coming."

Behind the Casablanca that night, Earl and Coley were going through the garbage cans, looking for whiskey bottles they could sell to Clyde Peevy. Their old Hudson was parked at the corner, and the chrome of the bumpers and the door handles glistened in the red neon light from the restaurant's roof.

Coley turned his flashlight off and wiped his hands on his overall pants. "Ugh, I hate this! Why can't they separate the damn garbage?"

"Don't make so much noise. Old Peeler'll think we're breaking in." Keeping his light shaded, Earl picked out four bottles and lowered them carefully into a croker sack he had tied to his belt.

Suddenly a bolt snapped, and the kitchen door opened. A voice called, "Mr. Peeler, I'm going out for a smoke."

Earl dropped his sack and ran toward the tall weeds, with Coley right behind him. They hunched down and watched.

A tall figure moved from the kitchen doorway toward the side of the building, away from the smell of the garbage cans. Throwing back his wraparound apron, he pulled a package of cigarettes out of his pocket and sat down on a stack of Pepsi-Cola crates.

Earl punched Coley's arm. "Hey, it's that fellow from the fertilizer car. Let's go see him."

"Well, if it ain't my old friends from the Atlantic Coast Line," Jack said. "Come on, sit down. How about a cigarette?" He lighted their cigarettes with his bone lighter. "What brings you two round here this time of night? Ain't no coal back here."

They sat in the short weeds. "Bottles, Jack," Coley said. "We get them out of the garbage."

"What they worth?"

"Penny for half pints and two cents for pints."

Earl said, "Gas money, that's about all."

"You find any?"

"Couple dozen so far. Not too good. Do better after a weekend."

Jack said, "Hell, that's no fun, plowing through chicken bones and slop. Tell you what, from now on I'll set them aside for you. How's that?"

Coley said, "Sounds fine."

Earl drew on his cigarette. He didn't know how to inhale, and he pushed the smoke into his nose and then let it out slowly. "Me and Coley sure didn't figure you for a grill cook."

Jack smiled in the dark. "What did you figure me for?"

Coley said, "Some kind of shark, maybe a pool hustler. You play much pool, Jack?"

"Naw, I never made the grade there. But I'll turn a card now and then."

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Earl said, "It's poker, then. Right?"

"Yeah, you might say that. I'll sit in on a game once in a while."

Coley watched the smoke from his cigarette turn bright pink under the flashing neon. "How you like working for old Wilson?"

"Not bad. Not bad at all. He puts out good food, I'll say that for him. And he's sure got him a following on his barbecue. This town must be barbecue crazy."

Earl said, "It's all in that sauce. When people want barbecue, they come here. When they want hamburgers, they go out to Holly Yates's."

Jack stood up and stretched. "I got to get back in. I got something on the stove. You boys sit tight, and I'll bring a few bottles out."

He returned carrying two bags. One held thirteen pint and half-pint bottles; the other held four pork barbecues and two R.C. Colas. "How about a little chow?"

Earl unwrapped a barbecue. "God, I'm starved. This is great!"

Coley had his mouth full. "Damn, Jack, thanks! Hey, we got the car tonight. We'll stick around and drive you home."

An hour later they started up the Dogwood Street hill in the old Hudson. The engine was missing and sounded like a stick being dragged along a picket fence. Jack whistled. "Man, them valves sound like they're going to jump out of there. That'll be costing some money."

Earl said, "Sixteen-fifty."

Coley slowed down to cross the railroad tracks and stopped in front of Earl's house. He raced the engine to keep the battery up while Earl stashed the bottles under the porch. "Cops catch us carrying empties, they'll know we're selling to Peevy."

Earl climbed back in the car, and they headed across town toward Jack's rooming house. In the distance, a blue neon thermometer-clock-calendar combination on top of an office building read: 84 DEGREES, 12:40, SATURDAY.

It was almost noon. At Holly Yates's Hamburger Corral, Herman Spires, one of the curb boys, was spitting at a paper cup when Wilson Peeler pulled into the last car stall. Herman tucked in his shirt and crossed the parking lot. "Hello, Mr. Peeler." He handed Wilson a menu.

Wilson read it carefully, checking to see if there were any weekend specials. or if Holly had dropped his prices on anything. "How's the barbecue, Herman?"

"Ain't as good as yours, but it'll pass. Why don't you have a hamburger?"

"No, I got my jaw all set for a barbecue right now. Make sure it's sliced, though. I don't like the way Holly handles his minced. And give me a bottle of beer."

When Herman stuck the order slip on the spike in the kitchen window, Holly called him inside. "Ain't that Wilson Peeler's Chrysler out there?"

"Yessir."

Holly grinned. "You can set your watch by that fool. He comes poking around my barbecue every two weeks right on schedule." He speared two slices of barbecue that were sleeping in barbecue sauce, carried them over to the sink, and turned on the hot water. Steam rose from the scalding water, and in a minute the brown pork looked like strips of pale gray sponge. Holly placed the meat in a bun, flipped in a pickle chip, and put the sandwich on the flatbed toaster. "He'll like this."

He sent Agnes, the cashier, out to his car to get his binoculars, and stood with her behind the Venetian blinds, laughing as he watched Wilson peel back the top part of the bun.

"He's got the top off! Now he's smelling it. Wonder what he smells? He's closed the bun, and he's smiling. Oh-oh, he's tasting it! He's smiling again. I think he swallowed it. Oh, Lord, he's taking another bite!" Holly was laughing so hard he couldn't hold the glasses still. He handed them to Agnes. "What's he doing now?"

"He's eating it right fast."

Holly took the glasses back. "Damn, he ate the whole thing! Wonder if he wants another one. Maybe I've invented something."

Wilson tipped Herman fifty cents and began backing out of the lot. Holly picked up the public-address microphone. "Hey, Wilson!"

Wilson stopped and looked out of the car.

"How'd you like my new barbecue? I'm going to start featuring it next week. You reckon I can get fifty cents for it?"

Wilson smiled and drove off to Doc Daniels's Mulberry Street Drugstore.

Doc was the same age as Wilson, but his hair was snow-white and his face fire-red. When Wilson came in, he stopped wiping down the fountain and opened two beers. "Here's to you. Wilson. This one's on the house."

Wilson picked at the label on his bottle. "Holly just tried to pull a fast one on me." He told Doc about the barbecue sandwich.

Doc shook his head. "Boy, why don't you forget that sauce? You listen to what old Holly tells you. Get you a few curb boys and open that fool place up and make yourself some money. You ain't getting any younger. How's your feet been?"

"Pretty quiet lately. I think that stuff you gave me did the trick."

"And you're putting plenty powder on them, right?"

"Sure." Wilson took a long pull on his beer. "You hear about my new cook?"

"Don't believe I have. Any good?"

"The best. He's good and he's fast, and he don't mind putting in a few extra hours." Wilson sprinkled salt on the back of his hand and licked it. "I hope he stays, Doc. I still ain't forgotten that trip to France I been promising myself."

Doc laughed. "You been jawing about France for twenty years now. If you make it over there it's going to be in the next world."

"You just wait, old buddy. One of these days—I ain't saying tomorrow or the next day, but one of these days—I'm going to be on that Silver Meteor heading out of here for New York City. And after that, it's going to be Paris, France."

Doc opened two more beers. "Well, twenty years is a long time to be planning a trip, Wilson. You got to admit that."

A week later Jack's telephone rang at six-thirty in the morning. It was

continued on page 74

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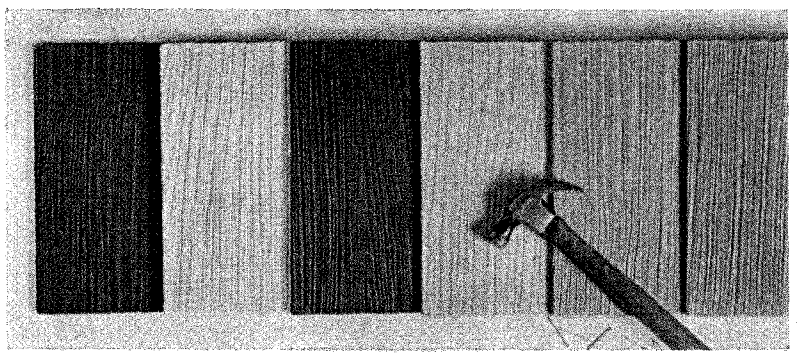

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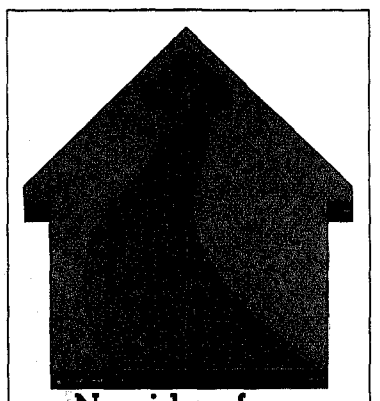

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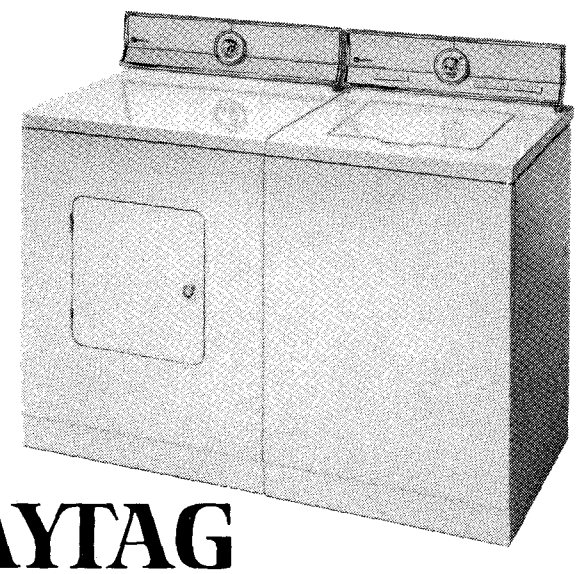

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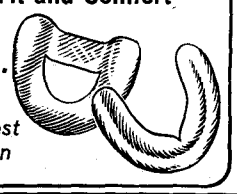

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JACK DRISCOLL'S REVENGE

continued from page 70

Sophie. She was crying. "I'm sorry, Jack, but it's Wilson. His feet are worse. The doctor's here now and had to give him a shot for the pain."

Jack rubbed his eyes. "I thought they were getting better."

"So did he. Oh, Jack, he can hardly move around! His toes look like sausages, and he can't even get his socks on. What are we going to do?"

"You stay with him. I'll open up."

"But you can't handle the front *and* the kitchen."

"Don't worry about it, now. You just stay there. I'll call you later."

Jack dressed quickly. Maybe Wilson would have to stay in bed or need crutches, and he could take over as manager. Right from the beginning he had known that he'd never save up enough money for a poker stake on his salary. He'd thought of quitting and making money some other way, even of moving on and forgetting Mason Richards. But maybe this was the big break he had been waiting for. Wilson would have to give him a raise or a partnership or something.

At the Casablanca, Jack took the orders, cooked them, and served them. During the breakfast rush he put twenty dollars in bills and coins in a cigar box on the counter near the register, and as he served he quickly told the customers about Wilson and asked them to make their own change.

At ten-thirty he had time to call Sophie. "How's Wilson doing?"

"He seems a little better. The shot eased the pain, but his feet are still red as fire. How'd you make out?"

"Pretty good, but I'm going to need some help getting ready for lunch."

"I'll be over in a few minutes."

Sophie hung up the phone and went into the bedroom. Wilson was in a pair of bright orange pajamas with the pants rolled up above his knees. He was sitting straight up in a ladder-back chair with his feet in a pan of green liquid.

Sophie was wearing a black hairnet over clip pin-curlers. She brushed her hair out quickly. "Honey, I'm going in and help out on the lunch crowd. Is there anything you want? Let me put a pillow in behind you."

"I don't want no pillow! And listen, you stay on that counter until I call you. I don't want Jack alone like this any more."

"But, Wilson ——"

"No buts! You do like I say!"

Sophie kissed him on the forehead and left.

Wilson cracked his knuckles and stared down at his pulsing feet. He was frantic at the idea of Jack having to run the Casablanca by himself, and he kept trying to figure out how Jack had managed during the breakfast rush. Frying and watching the eggs, that would be the main problem. The soreness in Wilson's feet had let up, but he knew that if he walked across the room the pain would come charging back. What was going to happen to him? What would happen to the Casablanca? The doctor's warnings thundered in his ears, and he felt depressed and helpless.

At eleven P.M., after working for almost fifteen hours, Jack came out of the Casablanca's kitchen. Sophie was filling up the cigarette racks, and a customer was drinking a bottle of Atlantic Ale and leaning on the jukebox, listening to Merle Travis sing *Smoke, Smoke, Smoke That Cigarette.*

Sophie said, "You must be worn out, Jack."

He poured himself a cup of coffee. "I'm all right. How you doing?"

"Worried. I'm worried sick about Wilson. I just don't know what I'm going to do with him. I been after him for years to have those feet looked at, but he's so muleheaded I couldn't make a dent."

"It's a damn shame he didn't listen to you."

Sophie's face wore a weary frown. "He had to do everything, everything. He wouldn't stay in the kitchen and he wouldn't stay behind the counter. You know, I had a feeling something like this was going to happen." Her voice was lower now. "I just thank my stars you came along. I don't know what we'd have done if it hadn't been for you."

Jack opened a packaged slice of raisin cake. "You keep going from the duckboards to the tile, and it will get you. It's got to." He bit into the cake. "You know, I had me a buddy in the Army who had himself the same trouble. Only he was worse off. Got so he couldn't walk on anything but the ducks, had to keep changing socks all day, five and six times, and I mean white socks, white cotton socks, no colors and no wools. He had him those little pads with holes in them at his heels and under his toes, and some kind of little special thing under the balls of his feet. Special shoes, special socks, special powders, I don't know what all he didn't have that wasn't special, and I mean none of it did him a lick of good. I tell you, when a cook's feet goes, he goes with them."

Jack stared into his coffee cup, wondering why he had told this lie. He himself had had athlete's foot in the Army and had used powders and white socks, but there had never been a buddy with bad feet. He shook his head and tried to think about Wilson. "Maybe we could sit him up here on a stool behind the register. He wouldn't be walking then. He could keep a pan, one of those footbaths, right under the counter."

Sophie said, "No use even thinking about that. If Wilson Peeler couldn't be out there to see the food fixed up, and wasn't able to look in the booths and ask about it, he would go slap out of his mind."

"But he could ask them if they liked it when they got to the register. He could do that. He does that anyway."

"No, it wouldn't be the same." Sophie crumpled the empty cigarette cartons into the trash basket. "Wilson's got to see it. He's got to see people eating. It makes him feel good."

At four-thirty the next afternoon Wilson came limping in. He was wearing a new pair of white tennis shoes with razor slashes at the sides. He said hello to Sophie and nodded for Jack to join him in the kitchen. He looked slower and older to Jack as he pushed himself up on the sandwich counter.

"How'd it go today?"

"Pretty good. We managed all right." Jack nodded at the white shoes. "How those easy walkers feel?"

"I guess they're all right." Wilson touched his toes together. The bright steel eyelets of the new tennis shoes glistened in the fluorescent lighting. "Well, boy, I talked to two doctors today, and they both want me off my feet. Four hours, four hours a day, that's all I can put in. Any more than that, and I'd wind up flat on my back."

Jack said, "Aw, you'll get better. Doctors like to scare you like that. I had these bad tonsils one time ——"

"No, boy, I'll never cut another sixteen-hour day, and I might as well be facing it." Wilson nodded at the storage bin. "Hand me that big pan. I got to break you in on making up my barbecue sauce."

Jack's fingers tingled as he pulled out the pan. No one, not even Sophie, knew the barbecue sauce recipe. He was set. Why wait? Why not ask Wilson for some money as a loan? As Wilson opened a vinegar bottle and arranged the condiments on the sandwich board, Jack tried to frame what he should say. He knew he had to ask right away. In another day Wilson might be too sick to talk.

Wilson's face was composed, resigned, almost serene. "First we take our vinegar and our mayonnaise and our mustard and we . . ."

Jack watched closely, memorizing the ingredients, the amounts, and the blending as if he were counting cards and figuring odds in a poker game. With three or four hundred dollars, he could sit down opposite Mason Richards and be comfortable. Maybe five hundred would be better. He could bluff better with five.

Wilson tasted the sauce and smacked his lips. "Perfect. Think you can do it?"

"Maybe. I'd better see you do it again, though. It gets pretty tricky right there at the end."

Wilson slid the pan into the icebox. "Okay. We'll make up a batch tomorrow, and then we're going to have to sit down and discuss something more permanent for you around here."

"I don't know, sir. I wish you wouldn't be counting on me so. There's something I have to tend to back home."

Wilson winced. "Lord, I hope it's nothing that can't wait. I can't afford to go losing you now."

"Well, it's . . ." Jack pretended to be embarrassed.

"Come on, boy, tell me about it!"

"Well, sir," Jack blurted, "the truth is my old man's in the hospital in Newark, and he let his insurance lapse and he's broke, and I promised I'd go up there and sort of help out."

"If I give you a couple hundred, could you wire it to him?"

"The thing is, it's more like five hundred, what he'd need."

Wilson slapped his wallet on the sandwich board. "Well, hell, here's five hundred right now. Shape I'm in, if you pulled out for Newark I'd be up the old creek."

In the St. Louis Café that night, the five-piece band finished a fast introduction to *Night and Day*, and the saxophone-playing leader began singing in a high, bouncy voice. Jack ordered a beer and looked the room over. The bandstand, the band, and the blue-neon tubing scalloped around the walls were new, but everything else seemed the same.

He finished his beer. "Is Mason in?"

The bartender nodded. "Sure, he's around. Probably in the back."

"They got a game going tonight?"

The bartender smiled. "Does a goat stink?"

Jack laughed and tipped him a dollar.

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"I got a better question. Is it open?"

"Wide open, if you can stand the freight. Go on back."

Five men were playing stud poker in the back room. Mason Richards was dealing. Mason started when he saw Jack, but he smiled quickly. "Well, if it isn't Corporal Driscoll. Or was it Sergeant? Driscoll, Driscoll . . ." Mason's bunched teeth, and the deep masklike shadows above and below his eyes, made him look like a raccoon. He snapped his fingers. "Jack Driscoll, right?"

"Right. It was corporal."

Mason tapped his green visor. "How's that for a memory?" He introduced Jack around the table.

Holly Yates and Mason's lawyer, Bevo McNally, were on either side of Mason. Ed Hornsby, the big bootlegger from Spartanburg, was next to Holly, and next to him was Johnny Castros, the owner of the Dixie Bee Café. Mason slid a chair in between himself and Bevo. "Give him some chips. A little fresh meat might pick this game up."

Jack took six fifty-dollar bills out of his wallet and tossed them to the middle of the table. Bevo was banker. He pushed out two stacks of ten-dollar red chips and two fifty-dollar blues.

Beyond the bright cone of light from the green shade above the table, the room was dark and silent. Mason said, "You from New York, that right?"

"Newark."

"Now I remember." Mason won a two-hundred-dollar pot, and the deal went to Johnny.

Jack said, "What's the ante?"

"Ten dollars, only ten. Pot limit." Johnny dealt quickly, each card falling exactly where he wanted.

Jack caught a pair of threes on his third card and folded. On the next hand he checked kings and sevens to Bevo and lost forty dollars. Bevo had three tens.

Jack dropped out of the next two hands, and then he got the deal. He squeezed the deck tight, blocked it, and rubbed his finger down one edge. The cards were hot. They were "strippers," trimmed so that each high card had its own width. The aces were the slimmest, the kings next, and so on down to the nines. Jack smiled behind his teeth.

For an hour he took no chances, knowing that Bevo could read the cards as well as Mason, and by the time he had dealt four times he felt sure with the deck. By shuffling and working the high cards into his left hand and the low ones into his right, he could stack the deck and control the table.

It was Jack's deal again, and he called the cards. "Down and dirty." Six cards slid into place.

The second card was up. "A five . . . a little three . . . a queen . . . and a jack . . . another three . . . and a jack to the dealer. Queen bets."

Ed Hornsby said, "Only twenty." Ed played in his undershirt. He was heavy and hairy.

Holly called and took a sip of his beer.

Mason said, "Okay with me."

Jack picked up four red chips. He had jacks back to back. "Twenty to me, and I'm going to sweeten it twenty more."

Mason laughed. "This meat's got a little juice in him."

Bevo said, "I'm in."

Johnny sucked on his pipe and folded. Ed stayed in for one more card.

Holly paid for two more cards and then dropped out when Mason bumped the pot fifty dollars.

Jack had jacks and nines, and his last card was a third jack. His two pair showing scared Bevo out, leaving only Mason. Jack checked to him, knowing he had three threes and two sevens. The suck worked, and Mason bet six one-hundred-dollar white chips, hoping to drive him out. Jack was ready. He pushed all his chips forward and began counting.

Mason turned his cards down. "Take it."

Jack dragged the nineteen-hundred-dollar pot.

By two o'clock he was almost three thousand ahead. Ed Hornsby and Holly Yates were the big losers, and Holly was complaining. Jack had been watching his game. Holly telegraphed his good hands by spinning the ruby ring on his little finger, and by the way his eyes softened. Whenever a last card gave him a straight or a flush or three of a kind, he looked like a man in love.

The game circled, with Mason and Bevo winning steadily. Jack let Bevo suck him into a trap once, and he invested three hundred dollars in a heart flush of Mason's. His stack of chips went down to a thousand and then slowly up to fifteen hundred. He was waiting for the deal. When it came around to him, he asked for a new pack. He tossed the two jokers on the floor, and began riffling the new deck in a fast butterfly motion. They were the same

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mail-order strippers, and they felt like old friends as he laced the high and low cards together. He dealt himself aces back to back and fed Mason a pair of nines.

Everyone stayed in for the fourth card. Mason had a nine and two eights showing, and a nine in the hole. Jack's hole ace was buried under two tens and another ace. He bet fifty dollars. Bevo, Johnny, Ed, and Holly dumped their hands. Mason raised five hundred. Jack slowly counted out five white chips and stacked them. He knew the top card in the deck was a nine that would give Mason a full house. The next card was a king, the third was an ace that would make Jack's full house. He would have to deal seconds. With his left hand, he pushed forward the five white chips. In the same motion, he flipped Mason his nine and skinned back the king. Passing his right thumb over the deck, he made a clean strip on the ace of clubs and dropped it down. He had aces and tens showing, and he checked to Mason.

Mason pushed forward ten white chips to drive him out. "It's going to cost you plenty to see it."

Jack counted out ten white chips, then his last ten blues. "And I'm bumping you five hundred."

Mason drummed his fingers on the table. His eyes moved from Jack's cards to his face. He called the five hundred. "Okay, boys, read 'em and weep. Full house, nines high."

Jack touched his ace of clubs to his hole ace and flipped it over. "Not good enough, Mason. Three bullets and a little pair of tens." He dragged in the four-and-a-half-thousand-dollar pot.

Holly said, "Tough luck there, Mason."

Mason pushed his seat back. "Well, you can't win them all. Deal me out this time. I got to go to the head."

When the game ended at four o'clock, Jack had won just over five thousand dollars. He cashed in his chips and crammed the big roll of bills into his pocket. "Not a bad night's work."

Mason smiled. "We'll get you next time, hotshot. Be sure and bring it all back."

Holly yawned. "I'm heading in. Keep loose, boys. Nice meeting you, Jack."

"Take care, Holly." Jack stretched. His shoulders and the back of his neck were stiff from the tension, and his eyes stung. "You still get cabs out here?"

Mason turned the poker light off. "Yeah, there's a stand down past the end of the parking lot. Come up to the bar. I'll buy you a beer."

"I'll take a rain check, thanks."

"Okay, Driscoll. See you around."

Jack crossed under the colored lights of the parking lot, whacking the roll of money in his pocket with his palm. He smiled, thinking how he had fed Mason's own strippers back to him. His best move had been dealing the last ace; that had taken nerve.

He stopped. Someone was following him. He looked back and listened, but no sound came except the wind and the faint creaking of a metal Tube Rose Snuff sign rocking back and forth. He crossed into the darkness at the far side of the parking lot, and footsteps rushed toward him. He whirled, but three men were on him. The biggest one grabbed him in a bear hug. The others pounded him in the face and stomach. He felt the air rush from his lungs and heard the dull sound of his ribs cracking.

The hot pain in his chest relaxed, and he began drifting down. He could see through a small white opening. One man was shaking him and slapping his face, another was talking. "Mason wants you out of town! You hear that? Tonight! You hear that?" Jack wanted to say he'd go if they would turn him loose, but there was no air to speak with. The white opening was closing.

It was an hour before Jack regained consciousness. He had been dumped near the railroad tracks, and he could make out the Atlantic Coast Line depot about a hundred yards away. He twisted his hips, hoping to feel the bulk of his five thousand dollars, but the roll of bills was gone. When he breathed, the pain in his chest made him gasp, and he began worrying that his lungs had been punctured. Remembering that Earl lived near the depot, he made it to his feet and began working his way slowly along Cherry Street, stopping to rest against fences and telephone poles. Then he saw the black Hudson. He leaned on a battered front fender and sighed. He felt better, just touching something familiar.

Jack circled the Hudson, trying the doors, but they were all locked. He was feeling weaker. Flattening himself down, he slid under the car and lay with his face turned to keep his nose from touching the bottom of the oil pan. He tried to breathe lightly to ease the pain. A slow drip touched him, and he realized that it was oil. He shifted to one side and as he drifted off to sleep, he wondered how many quarts of oil the Hudson was using and if it needed a ring job, maybe even a new transmission.

Earl jumped down the porch steps the next morning and pulled his fishing pole out from under the house. Halfway up the brick walk to the street he dropped the pole. When he reached the old Hudson, he squatted down and whistled. "God Almighty!" He reached under the car. "Hey, Jack! It's me—Earl! Come on, wake up!"

Jack opened his eyes. "I'm hurt, boy. Hurt bad. Help me out of here. Get me in the back seat."

"Listen, I'll take you in the house and get the doc."

"No, I don't want no doctor. I'll be okay in the car."

Earl said, "What happened to you? How'd you get so greasy?"

"Never mind about that now." Jack lay down carefully in the back seat. "Drive me someplace where I can rest. I got to do some thinking."

"Okay. Be right back." Earl ran back to the kitchen, loaded a paper bag with oranges, and returned to Jack. "Here, suck one of these."

The Hudson's battery was almost dead, and Earl let the car roll down the hill in second gear with the clutch out until it was moving fast enough to start. They picked up Coley at his house, and headed for the Little Eddy on the Saluda River.

Coley hung over the front seat, facing Jack. "Man, they really worked you over! You got a lump up aside your head as big as a golf ball!"

"Those boys play rough," Jack said. He told them about the five thousand dollars, and how Mason's men had told him to get out of town.

Coley said, "You ain't going to be leaving, are you?"

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Sun Upmanship.

It's a very simple game:
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Girls prefer men who smell like men...not like perfume. And so when we made new Sun Up, we didn't bottle a bunch of flowers. We bottled a manly, musky, spicy scent. A special Gillette scent.

Now play the game to win. You're one up on the other guy when Sun Up's on you.

New Sun Up after shave and cologne. From one dollar.

"Sorry, Bruce, but the doctor just put me in quarantine."

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"Hell no! I'm just staying out of sight till I shape up. Listen, get me to a phone. There's something I got to tell Wilson."

Earl eased into a gas station, and Jack called Wilson. In a grave voice he said that his father was dying and that he was going to have to go to Newark after all. Wilson offered to lend him more money, but Jack couldn't figure any way of getting it. He was in too much pain to walk into the Casablanca, and if he sent one of the kids it would look suspicious.

At the Little Eddy, Earl and Coley pulled the Hudson's back seat out on the ground for Jack to lie on, and headed back to town for supplies. They bought a sleeping bag at a pawnshop for six of the thirteen dollars they had left from picking and packing peaches on the weekend, then drove on to Jack's room to get his shaving kit, four decks of cards, and some clothes. On the way back to the Little Eddy, they stopped at Holly Yates's and bought two hamburgers, a milk shake, and two packs of cigarettes.

Jack was right where they had left him. He was too long for the Hudson's back seat, and he lay with his feet on the ground and his knees up in the air.

Earl unwrapped a hamburger for him. "Listen, Jack, how about if I bring Doc Daniels out? He can fix you up in no time. I know he can."

"What am I going to pay any doctor with? Boy, I ain't got a dime to my name. They cleaned me out." Jack ate the hamburger slowly, swallowing carefully to keep his chest from hurting.

Ten feet away, the river current sighed against the red-clay bank. An orange crate floated downstream, and in the middle of the river a crow sat on a rock, watching them.

"You could pay the Doc later," Coley said. "He wouldn't mind. And he wouldn't charge too much. He's really a pharmacist."

Earl said, "He'd keep his mouth shut, too."

Late that night, working by the Hudson's headlights, Doc Daniels taped Jack's ribs. Coley sat in the car, gunning the engine to save the battery, while Earl fanned the flying ants away with a comic book.

Doc spat out, "Dammit, keep them ants off or I'm going to stop!" He wound the wide tape around Jack's chest. "Scissors, Earl. Come on, boy, move!" He cut through the tape. "Well, that's it. And a pretty damn good job, what with the conditions and all. Coley, turn your lights off. That's what's drawing these ants."

Coley cut the lights, but kept the engine racing.

Jack said, "How soon can I get back to work, Doc?"

"Well, let's say four or five days. But even then, don't go chasing any women or anything like that. I mean, it's okay chasing them, but don't go catching any. And no more fights."

Doc climbed into the car and lighted his cigar. "Let's get out of here, boys. I got to close up."

On the way back to town, he said, "That big fellow from the E. Z. Loan Company came by yesterday looking for you two. How much you in to them for?"

Earl said, "Plenty."

"This Hudson?"

Coley nodded. "Yessir. It's eating us up."

"Well, that E. Z. man didn't look like much of a talker. What you plan on doing?"

Earl said, "We got something cooking."

Four nights later, Earl lay awake. Dogs were howling at the full moon, and in the Cherry Street drain ditch two cats were crying like babies. The hundred-degree heat had made everyone nervous; no one was sleeping. Woodrow Frizzell, the automatic-transmission man at the corner, was drunk and cursing his wife Lurlene. "Keep it up! Keep it up! If you don't like it here you can pack your damn rags and git!" Lurlene shrieked, "Will you hush up? You done shouted at me so much you've probably give me a cancer!" The cats exploded in a fight, and in the distance a police siren sounded.

Earl wrenched around to find a cool spot, trying desperately to go to sleep. He kept seeing the bill from E. Z. Loan and the six-volt battery they needed in the Sears, Roebuck window. He heard and felt the grinding transmission of the Hudson, and saw Jack waiting for them, wolfing down thirty-five-cent hamburgers and forty-cent double milk shakes and looking around for more. What if he decided he'd had enough of Mason Richards and went hightailing it out of town?

Earl spun around, panting, and mopped his streaming face with the edge of the sheet. They had spent over twenty dollars on Jack, and in another two days the bill at E. Z. Loan would be over thirty.

The next evening, out at the Little Eddy, Earl and Coley sat up on the Hudson's fenders, watching Jack deal bottoms and seconds onto the hood. He made a double cut with his left hand and began dealing face-up royal flushes. Earl said, "Man, that's what I want to learn."

The light faded, and the fox fire in the river bushes turned a shiny silver-green.

It got too dark for cards. Coley said, "You want to listen to the radio?"

Jack lay on his sleeping bag with his knees raised and crossed. He lighted a cigarette and folded his hands behind his head. "No, I'd like something different. You boys know something from school, some story or poetry? Yeah, poetry. You know any of that?"

They began laughing.

"What's so funny?"

Earl sniggered. "We had to say some in school last year, and this kid Henry Erby, he started doing it, only he stutters."

Coley said, "Yeah, and old Earl here only got two lines out before he bogged down."

Jack said, "What poem was it?"

Earl dropped off the Hudson's fender into a pile of leaves. "*The Raven* by Edgar Allan Poe. You know it?"

"No, don't believe I do. Let me hear it."

"Hell, I can't do it. Hit it for him, Cole."

"Okay." Coley started at top speed and whipped through the first verse with the words running together. Then he slowed down, breathed deeply, and moaned the second out toward the river.

He had forgotten most of the third verse, but he plunged ahead with the lines he remembered in a slow, rich voice that sounded as if it had an extra egg in it, cupping his hands over his mouth to make it deeper and hollow. "*Sorrow for the lost Lenore . . . Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'*"

Jack whistled one long, clean note. "Boy, that really rubs up against you. He must have been some poet."

Coley slid off his fender onto the Hudson's running board. "There's a picture of him in the principal's office. All you have to do is look at his face and you can tell what he went through. He's considered the greatest poet that ever drew breath."

"He's something, all right."

Earl lay spread-eagled in the leaves. "You know any poems, Jack?"

Jack laughed, but stopped when his ribs began hurting. "I know one line of poetry—one line. How about that for a man pushing thirty? Oh, I know a psalm or two, but you can't count that."

"Let's hear it."

Jack cleared his throat. "*When your landlord would no longer take your notes in lieu of rent I saw you walking.*"

The birds had settled in their nesting places and lightning bugs were flashing. After a minute, Coley said, "Is that all?"

"That's it, that's all I got. Fellow up in New Jersey said it came over from the Chinese or the Japanese, way back there."

Earl snapped a dry twig and chewed on the end. "What does 'lieu' mean?"

"'Instead,' I guess."

"That's what I figured."

An owl whispered by, and across the black water the night fog began rolling in.

Jack said, "You know something, boys? That's me, all right, always walking." He flipped his glowing cigarette toward the river. "Well, by God, I ain't walking this time. No, sir!"

Wilson beamed when Jack walked into the Casablanca, then shouted for Sophie and rushed out from behind the counter to shake Jack's hand. "Boy, if you ain't a sight for sore eyes!"

Sophie came out of the kitchen wearing a tall chef's hat. "Land sakes! Where you been? We been worried crazy about you."

Wilson said, "Holly came by and told us about the game. Hell, we all figured you'd lit out for Newark."

Jack opened his shirt to show them the taping. He told them about the beating and Mason's warning, and about how Earl and Coley had taken care of him.

Wilson said, "Well, I'll be damn! I never did trust that crowd out there. Bevo, too. How about that!"

Sophie poured Jack a cup of coffee. "But we could have taken care of you. Lord, if you ain't the limit! How you feel now?"

"Oh, I'm okay. But I really feel bad about losing that five hundred, and telling you folks I had to go home like that."

"Don't you worry about that money. There's going to be a lot more where that came from." Wilson sat up on the

America, America

"Happy, darling?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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order counter, tightened the knots in his tennis-shoe laces, and pulled up his socks. "I didn't draw a clean breath while you were gone. I had to get me in some temporaries, and oh, man, what a mess that was! One stole three hams the first night he was on. Snuck them out in the garbage. The other kept sipping on paregoric."

Jack sucked in his breath. "Oh, that stuff's bad."

Wilson smiled. "Now let me tell you the news. Old Holly's been after me for years to go into curb service and quit worrying about my sauce, and by God, all of a sudden it started making sense! I guess those couple bad days I had there with my feet kind of sharpened things up."

Jack said, "You run a place like Holly's and you got to know what you're talking about."

"That sidewinder's got more ideas about expanding than Carter's got pills. Says we ought to make a big splash. Like sort of a premiere. Get a big truck with some music and some dancing girls, and just raise hell."

Jack said, "How 'bout some of those monkeys with electrical guitars?"

"That'll do it. That'll bring 'em running."

"Hell, why don't we make a real night of it and rack old Mason's ass? I mean it." Jack shook the potatoes in the French-fry basket. "We could set up in that field behind his place, and I could take a thousand dollars into his game and split it wide open."

Wilson said, "Now you're talking! I'll bankroll you all the way, and we'll go fifty-fifty."

The next morning Jack rented a long flatbed trailer, bought eight bushels of Roman candles, firecrackers, and sky bombs, and closed a three-hundred-dollar contract with Talents Unlimited Enterprises for three guitar men and three dancing girls who called themselves the Georgia-Carolina Rockettes. By the time he returned to the Casablanca, Wilson had jammed the kitchen with barbecued pork, buns, sauce, and paper plates. Stacked up against the walls were ten new twenty-gallon aluminum pots and fifty cases of beer. Jack said, "Man, you don't fool around!"

Wilson was stirring his sauce. "You better believe it."

"Listen, we're going to be needing some help. What say I pick up Earl and Coley?"

"Good idea." Wilson tasted the sauce and kissed the tips of his fingers. "Perfect. Perfect. Couldn't be better."

That night he placed a big sign in the front window announcing that the Casablanca would be closed all day Friday. Everything was set.

At nine o'clock Friday night, Jack walked into the St. Louis Café with two thousand dollars in one pocket and a pair of brass knuckles in the other. He didn't stop at the bar, but went straight to the back room.

Holly saw him first. "Hello, Jack. How you been, boy?"

"Fine, Holly."

Mason's eyes met Jack's. "Well, if it isn't our old buddy Driscoll! When did you get back in town?"

"Couple nights back. You miss me?"

Mason smiled. "I been holding a seat open. Give him some chips, Bevo."

Holly and Cordell Mullins, owner of the Fried-Rite Donut Company, moved apart and made room for Jack opposite Mason. Mason's face was blank, but Bevo, sitting next to him and across from Ed Hornsby, looked nervous. He fingered a stack of hundred-dollar whites and a stack of fifty-dollar blues. "How many, Jack?"

"Let's try a thousand."

Mason dealt. Jack watched his eyes stop for a split second to read each hole card as it skidded into place.

After two more hands Jack had the deal. He shuffled the cards slowly, trying to figure out how they were marked. They all felt the same. They weren't strippers. He fanned the cards out across the table, pulled out a cigarette and fitted it into his holder. As he lighted it, he saw that there were slight differences in the lengths of the wheel spokes on the bicycle design. The aces would have the longest spoke, the deuces the shortest.

Mason said, "Come on, Driscoll. Call the game."

Jack cut the cards and pushed them to Holly for another cut. "Little hand of stud. Ten in the middle."

Jack won the hand, then lost four in a row. He won the next one, a big pot, and it was his deal again. He checked his watch. Nine-forty-five. Friday was a big night for the St. Louis Café, and the lights of the cars parking in the big field outside kept flashing under the roller shade. Jack riffled a fast accordion pass and then a tight butterfly shuffle. He could feel everyone's eyes watching his flying fingers.

Holly said, "Let me see you do that again."

The cards whipped and crackled. Jack slapped them down hard, spun a single card into the air in a short boomerang, and caught it in the deck.

Holly said, "Whew! Where'd you learn that one?"

Jack smiled. "Oh, around, just around." He looked at Mason. "How about a new deck? These don't feel right."

"I don't like the way you're handling those cards, Driscoll. How don't they feel right?"

"Feel sticky, Mason. I guess they're old."

Mason pulled out a new deck. Jack examined the tax stamp and then the edges of the cellophane wrapping.

Mason glared. "And I don't like the way you're looking at them."

Bevo began patting his fingers on the green felt. Perspiration was beading his upper lip.

Jack said, "How about if I made a little side bet with you, Mason?"

"What kind of side bet?"

Jack pushed all his chips to the center of the table, and then his wallet with a thousand dollars in it. "There's nineteen hundred. You want to cover it? Better still, let Bevo here take half. He's in this thing, too."

Ed Hornsby said, "What thing?"

Jack tapped the new deck on the table. "I'm betting these cards, and most of them in that drawer, are spooked."

Mason rose slowly. "I'll break your goddamn jaw! What in the hell you talking about?"

Ed pulled him down. "Let him finish."

Cordell pulled all of Mason's chips to the center of the table. Holly raked in Bevo's. Bevo grabbed. "Hey, I ain't betting that on anything!"

Holly said, "Sure you are, Bevo. You and Mason are in this until it's over."

Mason's eyes were hard as he glared at Jack. "Boy, you ain't leaving this place alive."

Jack said, "Let's see what's in that drawer, Ed."

Ed pulled out seven decks and tossed them on the table.

"I ran out of lemons, so I used a couple of onions!"

Jack opened the first deck. They were cold, and he tossed them aside. The second deck was hot. "Here we go."

Cordell and Ed and Holly crowded close, their eyes moving from the cards to the faces of Mason and Bevo. Mason was flushed; Bevo was sweating. Jack explained how you could read the deck by watching the bicycle spokes.

Mason said, "I didn't put those cards in the game."

Jack opened another hot deck and explained how strippers worked.

Ed said, "Lord, how do you get by the tax stamp?"

Jack said, "Simple. Go around it. Slice open the pack with a razor blade and reseal the cellophane with a regular clothes iron." He shucked the cellophane off another deck and ran his fingernail into the glue crack on the side of the package. It opened easily. "That trick's forty years old."

Holly looked at Mason. "You rotten bastard."

Ed pushed all of the chips to Jack. "That's yours. You earned it. Right, boys?"

Holly said, "Yeah, and we got a lot more coming than that. Something like four years' worth."

He and Cordell and Ed went to the corner of the room and began whispering. Mason sat still, staring at the green cloth before him. Except for the whispering from the corner and the faint drumming of Bevo McNally's fingers on the table, it was quiet in the room. Jack finished counting the chips. He had won his two-thousand-dollar stake back and four thousand and fifty more.

Suddenly two shotgun blasts came from the open field behind the café. Jack checked his watch. It was exactly ten o'clock. Everything was on time. He let the roller shade up.

The fireworks had started. Roman candles were bursting against the black night, and the wild crackling sound of a huge amplifier being tuned pounded on the windows and the sides of the building. Mason jumped up. "What's that?"

Jack stepped aside so Mason could see the Roman candles and skyrockets rising and popping and settling slowly on the open field. "Mason, tonight's a big night for you, and one you ain't going to forget for a long, long time." He wanted to say more, but he didn't want to miss the fireworks. Greens and golds and reds were bursting high in the sky, and near the flatbed trailer out in the middle of the field great fans of sparklers and spinning, whirring firecrackers seemed to set the tall grass and weeds on fire.

The Roman candles gave way to a series of loud parachute sky bombs, and as the bright orange-red neon sign over the trailer sputtered and came on announcing THE BARBECUE KING, the Georgia-Carolina Rockettes and guitar players, with more amplification than they had ever dreamed possible, filled the air with wild yells and crashing chords. The fireworks stopped, and a crowd began gathering around the long flatbed trailer.

In the back room, Ed Hornsby counted the chips and stacked up packs of ten- and twenty-dollar bills. Jack began stuffing them into his pockets. He smiled. "Ain't it funny, Mason? How you'll be gliding along just as smooth and pretty and nice, like you got everything set and paid for and nailed down, and everything's perfect. And then one day when you're least ex-

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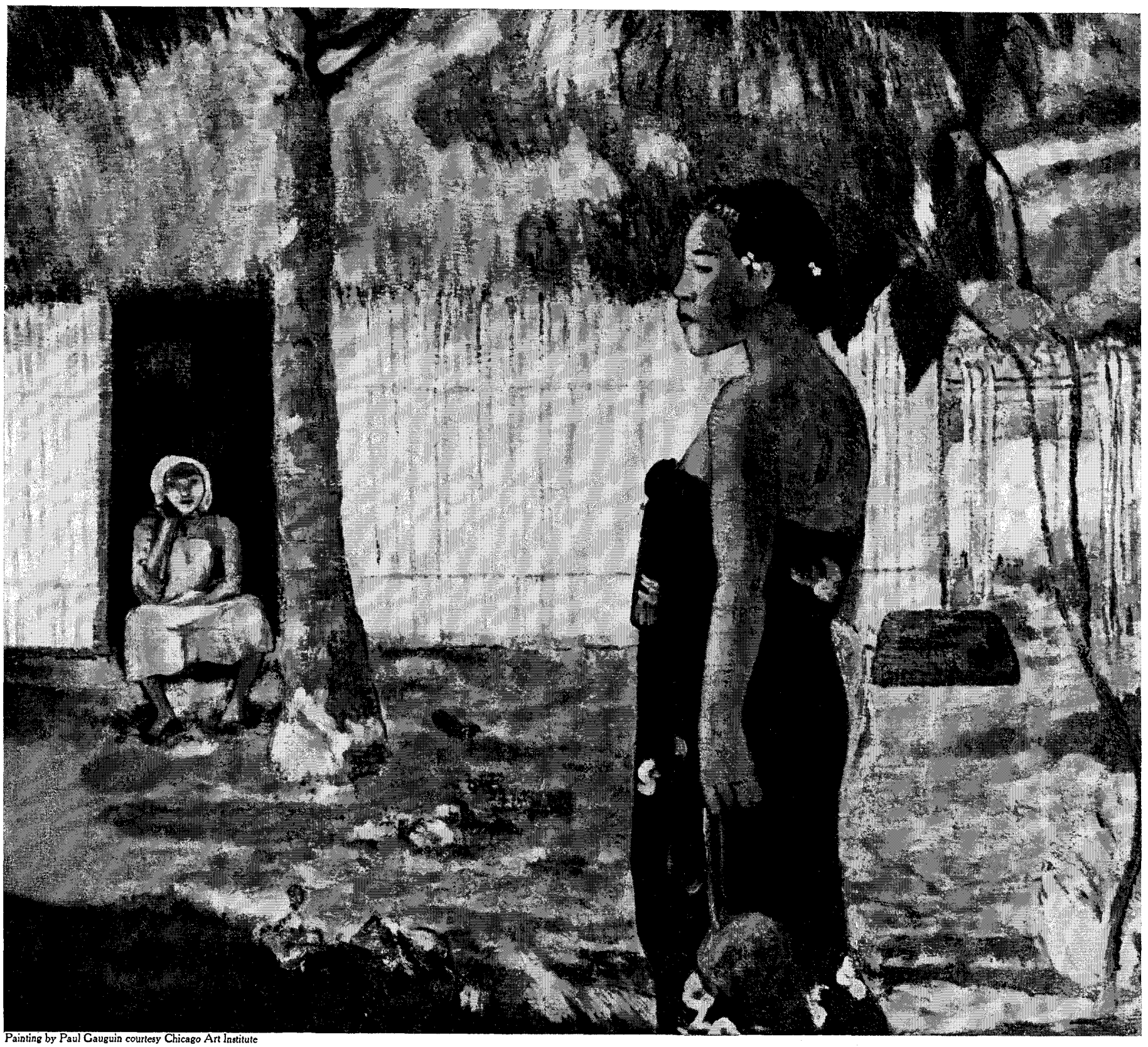

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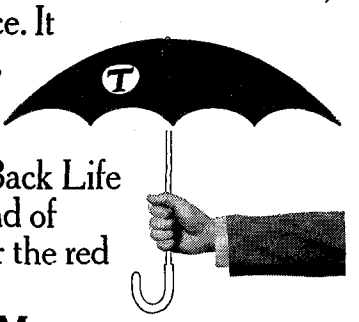

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pecting it, something you done forgot all about will come sneaking up and grab you by the ass!"

He laughed and went out the door. Holly had his hand on Mason's shoulder, and Cordell and Ed were holding Bevo lightly by his elbows.

Forty yards from the flatbed trailer, Jack stopped to watch the incredible, wildly lighted scene before him. The dancers were whipping back and forth between the guitar players and the steadily growing crowd that was pressing up against the trailer, reaching for Wilson Peeler's thirty-five-cent barbecue sandwiches.

Wilson sat under the blazing red neon sign, his white tennis shoes planted one on each side of a twenty-gallon pot of sliced prime pork. Behind him rose a great mound of cut buns and plates.

Sophie, in a new dress and a green-trimmed Casablanca cap, sat next to Wilson, opening and handing out beer and Dr. Peppers. She was using half a beer carton for a cash box, and she kept shouting that beer was only twenty-five cents and Dr. Pepper only a nickel.

Earl sat a few feet away with another twenty-gallon pot and more mounds of buns and paper plates. Coley crouched next to him, selling beer and Pepsi-Colas from a big, ice-filled soft-drink box.

A sea of hands waved dollar bills, and the crowd was shouting for more and more barbecue. Wilson's hands flew like birds—from the cut buns to the sauce-drenched pork to the paper plates, and back to the buns. His face was wreathed in a soft and satisfied smile. Wilson was happy. He had found himself at last. He knew that behind him eight hundred pounds of prime pork were steeping in the world's greatest sauce, that behind the pork were more than twenty-five hundred cut barbecue buns and seven four-foot-high stacks of paper plates, and that if called upon by the Army he could tell them to throw open the gates of Fort Jackson outside of town, and he would personally feed all the hungry dogfaces who had had the misfortune of being born up North and had never known the joy of a perfect barbecue sandwich. Wilson was making twelve to fifteen sandwiches a minute, and as fast as he made them Sophie was there to hand out the beer and the Dr. Peppers. When the first twenty-gallon pot got low and began to shift, Wilson gripped it with his tennis shoes and plunged down until his head vanished.

And the crowd: "Ain't he something?"

"He's the king. He's the king of the barbecue."

Wilson heard it all. He wanted to say, "Say it again!" but he was too busy, and they wouldn't hear him.

"Look at him go! You ever in all your life see a man make sandwiches so fast?"

"No, and I never tasted sauce like that!"

"And don't he put plenty on? Oh, I like the way he puts it on!"

"It's so good it hurts my gums."

"Oh, Lord, I got to have me several more!"

"Hey, Mr. Barbecue King, you aim on coming out here every night?"

Sophie shouted, "You all come out to Wilson Peeler's Casablanca on the corner of Dogwood and Lee. You can't miss it. Right at the foot of the hill. There it is, name's right on the sign!"

Earl made barbecues; Coley served the drinks and collected the money. "Faster, Earl, faster! We're way behind!"

"I can't go any faster!"

Jack rubbed his hands together and started across the field, feeling light and springy on the grass. He swung up on the trailer, grinning at Earl and Coley. "What happened?" Earl shouted above the noise.

Jack slapped his pockets. "Cleaned them out."

He patted Wilson on the back. "Move over." He pulled up a stool and slid another twenty-gallon pot of barbecue forward.

Wilson said, "How'd you do?"

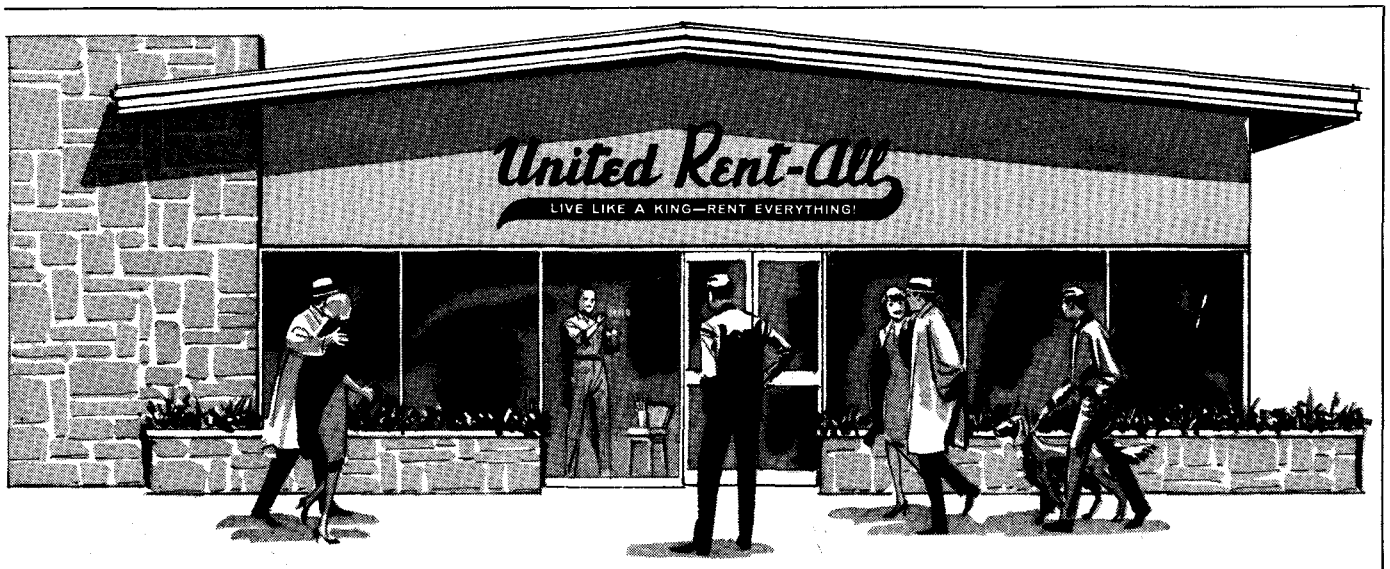
Jack leaned toward his ear. "Won four-o-five-o and broke Mason for good. Holly and the boys got him and Bevo. I'd hate to be in their shoes."

Wilson put out his sauce-covered right hand and shook Jack's hand. "Boy, you are something! I swear you are." He shouted, "Hey, Soph, Jack won four thousand and fifty dollars!"

Sophie shouted back, "That's your France trip, honey, right there!"

Wilson tried to snap his fingers, but they were too wet with sauce. "What a night! Great God, what a night!"

Jack was dipping pork and closing buns. He dipped faster. He shouted to the customers not to forget where the barbecue was coming from, and to be sure and tell their friends. He liked the idea of Wilson in France, and wondered



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A Few Case Histories

Some men who do not want big incomes are content with $12,000 a year in profits. Those with more ambition are taking in as much as $200,000 a year and more—with 40% as profit.

Raymon I. Beauchamp, North Carolina: "I retired from the Air Force in 1960 and decided that owning a United Rent-All Rental Mart was the thing for me. I know what they mean when they call this a 'growth' business. During my first 12 months I grossed $1.42 per dollar of inventory. This year I will exceed that."

R. L. Schrock, Indiana. "Joining United is one of the most exciting experiences I ever had. Started in 1960 and doubled my inventory in three years. That was without any business experience, too, as I had been an automatic screw machine operator, so the URA training school was invaluable."

John C. Kirk, Alabama. "After 33 years in the retail furniture business I needed a change. Investigated a number of Franchises and picked United Rent-All. Result: I've doubled my fun and *doubled my income.*"

John Aldrich, Florida. "A lot of thrills since we started in 1960, including the three months' rental of a 1500 watt generator for one of the subs that helped recover the Nuclear bomb from the Mediterranean and a signed check from the White House for a rental to the late President Kennedy. I thought my first year's rentals were pretty good at $22,000. But when I hit over $100,000 in 1966, I knew we were 'set'. I'm making double what I ever made before and have the satisfaction of being my own boss."

INVESTIGATE—

Send Name for Free Information

Grant Mauk, President
205 United Rent-All Building
2605 North 27th Street, Lincoln, Nebraska 68503

Dear Mr. Mauk: I would like an opportunity to investigate the potential in operating a United Rent-All Rental Mart. Please mail a copy of your free booklet. After reading, if I have any further interest I will write you. Meantime, I am under no obligation.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

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how the French would receive him in his white tennis shoes.

The music was pounding so loud that the long flatbed trailer began to vibrate. In the great aluminum pots, the pork barbecue sloshed against the sides. The stacked boxes of cut buns began shifting. Sophie was humming and tapping a can opener against the beer crate she sat on; Wilson was beating time with his shoe on the side of the pot. Jack looked out and saw the crowd begin to clap and rock to the simple beat. And then, as he dipped and spread the dripping meat on the open buns and closed them and placed them on the paper plates, he realized that he, too—like Wilson, like Sophie, like Earl and Coley, like the long-sideburned musicians, the whirling dancers, and the great, surging, pork-filled crowd that now flowed around the trailer and seemed to fill the very night itself—he, too, was moving to the deep and driving beat.

The next morning at the Casablanca, Jack and Wilson signed partnership papers and went over blueprints for "The New Casablanca." Plans had been drawn up for paving the field in back and making it a one-hundred-and-fifty-car parking lot. Colored lights would be strung, and four public-address speakers would carry the jukebox music out to the waiting cars.

Sophie finished checking the cash register. "Honey, it's quarter after ten. Ain't you due up at Henderson's for a fitting?"

Wilson untied his apron. "Yeah, I don't want to be late for that."

At noon, he strolled back in. He wore a new black-and-white-checked sports jacket, white slacks, white tennis shoes, and cocked above his grinning face was a Swiss alpine hat with a bright red brush sticking straight up in the air.

Sophie hugged him, and stood holding his hands. "Oh, Wilson, you'll look wonderful in France! I'm so happy you're getting to go at last. I just can't believe it!"

Jack finished serving a customer a hot-roast-beef platter and shook Wilson's hand. "You sure look good."

Wilson smiled. "The man at the ticket agency says on Air France they cook and serve authentic French cooking and champagne while you're in the air. I sure as hell don't want to miss seeing that! Wonder how they do it with all that jouncing around and all?"

"Those French are pretty tricky."

"They got to be, to come up with something like that. You really have to give them credit."

Jack said, "I wouldn't mind seeing that myself. But listen, when you get over there, you get yourself some rest. Don't just hang around the kitchens. Get out and look around. There's a lot in France besides just cooking."

Wilson went over to the booths and began shaking hands with his customers. "Leaving next week, Ben. Jack's going to hold the fort. . . . Staying two months, Morris. Maybe more. Maybe more if I take a notion. It's sort of a combination vacation and business trip. . . . Hello, Woodrow. How do I look?"

"Fine, Wilson, you look fine. That's a sharp coat you got on there. What it cost you?"

"Forty-seven fifty up at Henderson's. Good fit, ain't it? I tell you, Woodrow, I feel just like a new man in it. What do you think of the hat?"

"That's sharp, too."

"Here, try it on!"

Woodrow Frizzell cocked his head to one side and peered into the mirror on the wall by the booth. The mirror distorted his face and made the hat long and narrow. He raised up in the booth and moved his head until he got a true image.

"Hell, I like that, Wilson. I really do. Looked pretty sporty there at first, but it sure feels nice! What they asking for a hat like that?"

"Four ninety-eight."

"I'll be dogged. Well, I'm sure as hell going to get me one of them. What you call them?"

"Swiss Yodeler, or Swiss Climber—something like that. You just go in and talk to Dewitt. Tell him you want the hat he sold me. You can't miss it."

Wilson moved on. "Hello, Calvin. . . . Hello, Cedric. . . . How you doing there, Mitchell? . . . How's that sauce, Maurice?"

Wilson was still going from booth to booth, telling everyone about his new partnership with Jack and about his trip to France, when Jack saw Earl and Coley's Hudson pull up to the curb. He smiled and shook his head as Coley dipped down below the level of the dashboard. Jack knew he was laying a brick on the gas pedal to keep the car running.

"Come on, boys, sit up here," he said when they came in. "What'll it be?"

They ordered barbecues and milk shakes, and they were almost through the barbecues when Jack slid two white envelopes across the counter. Earl looked puzzled and made a loud sucking noise through his straw. Coley tore his envelope open first. A folded card with "Thanks, Jack" on it dropped out. Inside the card was a brand-new one-hundred-dollar bill. Earl had the same.

Coley whispered, "Holy Moley! A hundred apiece!"

Jack said, "And that ain't all. Starting Monday, you men got steady jobs on the curb. Full time till school starts; then we're putting you on evenings and weekends."

Coley spun around on his stool and made a long sound with a yodel on the end. "Man, Earl, we can pay off E. Z. Loan, buy a battery, get the trans—— Hell, why mess around? We can swap that old lemon in and get us a *real* car."

"We can get a Ford! A Chevy!" Earl took a spoon and a fork and beat out shave-and-a-haircut—two-bits on the counter. "Hell's bells, we can get a Buick! A Chrysler!"

Wilson came over, lighting up a dollar cigar. He stuck a slug in the jukebox and slapped Earl and Coley on their backs. "Pretty good deal, hey, boys?"

Coley said, "You can say that again!"

Earl smoothed out his hundred-dollar bill. He whistled two notes, one high, one low. "Lord, we sure don't deserve this much!"

Wilson looped an arm around Jack's shoulders. "That ain't the way we figure it. Right, pardner?"

Jack smiled and slipped a filter-tip cigarette into his white-bone holder. "Right."

The jukebox thumped twice, then again, and Hank Williams's wailing, tin-roofed voice and double-backed-up rhythm boomed on, filling the room and rattling the Coke glasses on the back bar. □

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Versatile Coronet VSQ makes 32 different mixed drinks and because it's especially smoothened, improves every one of them! Mix with pleasure, mix with Coronet VSQ—only the taste is costly!

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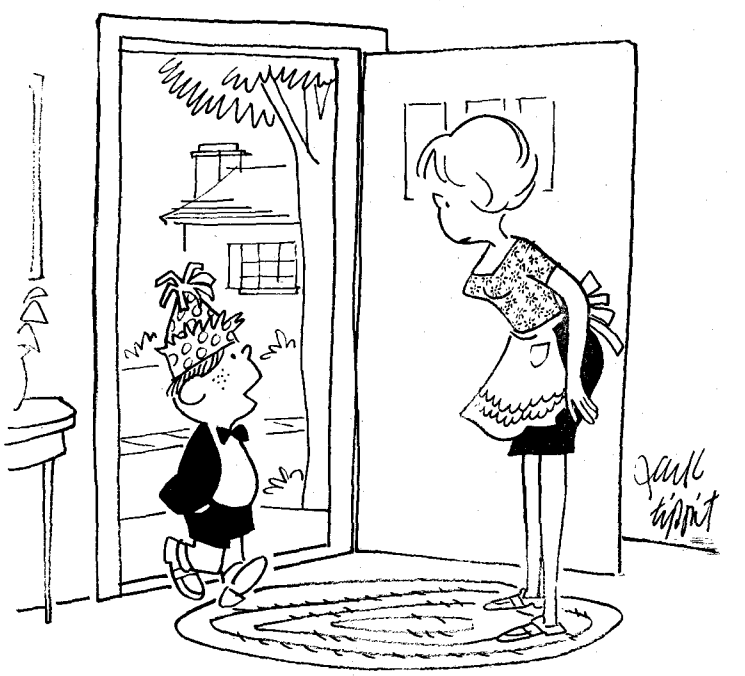
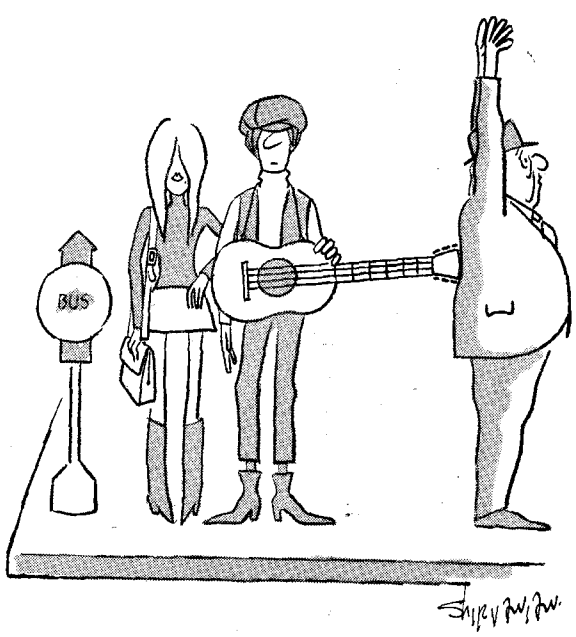
Post scripts

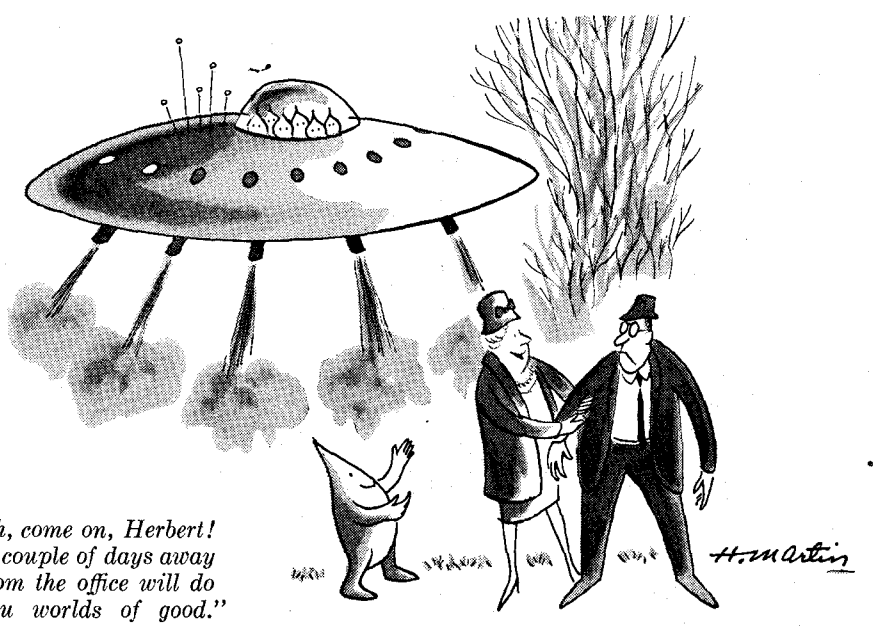
"Pucci's done it again!"

"Dammit! We're just renting!"



"All Nancy's mother did was take our presents, give us hats and send us home."





"Oh, come on, Herbert! A couple of days away from the office will do you worlds of good."

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at would your husband do
if suddenly you looked
10 years younger?™
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Colors only the gray...washes it away
...without changing your natural hair color.
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If you feel too young to look middle-aged, wash gray away with Loving Care. Clairol's gentle hair color lotion doesn't use peroxide or developer. Leaves your hair glossy, full of life. Pours on right from the bottle. Won't rub off. Lasts a month. It's the easy way to wash gray hair young again. Not a tint . . . better than a rinse. Hairdressers agree it's a fountain of youth for graying hair. Try it! You'd be surprised what a little Loving Care can do.

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I was feeling old and fat, my five children were sick, and my husband was away at a convention. And so, one day, I wrote a letter. . .

James Thurber, I love you

By Elizabeth Cleland Acosta

In the Fall of 1958 I was living in Falls Church, Va., in an old house on an old street. The house had been built in 1929 as a summer home, and by 1958 it needed, among other things, a new roof, a new heating system and several coats of paint. Its owners, my husband Frank and I, were older than the house and needed a great many things, too, most of them even more expensive.

It was November, bleak and cold. My five children, ranging from 12 down to 2, were comporting themselves as children do. The 12-year-old girl was learning to smoke; the 10-year-old boy was failing math; the 6-year-old boy was a problem to his teacher; the 4-year-old girl had an ear infection; and the baby had just given up his morning nap. My husband traveled a great deal, and who can blame him? I stayed home a great deal. In fact, a trip to the supermarket was quite an outing, one for which I fixed my hair and put on lipstick.

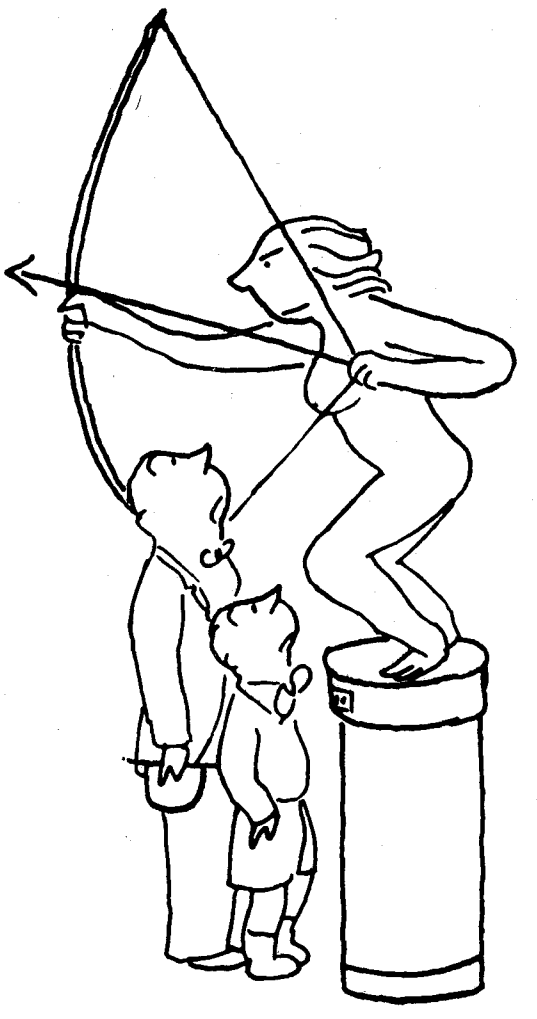
One morning, when the washing machine was in its spin cycle and the children were either in school or watching an old George Raft movie on television, I wrote a letter which altered my life. It was a fan letter to a man I had never met, the first one I had ever written. It went:

Mr. James Thurber
West Cornwall
Connecticut

Dear Mr. Thurber:

Because I feel that I know you so well—knowing, through your work, the houses in which you lived, your brothers, your parents, your maids and dogs—I feel that I may make bold and tell you that I love you.

I am getting old and fat, my last permanent didn't take, my five children have been throwing up for days, singly and in pairs, my husband is at a convention at some posh hotel, and I'M SORRY FOR MYSELF, SEE? It was in this mood that I went to bed last night, like Niobe, all tears. With my last ounce of strength I opened your latest collection, "Alarms and Diversions," and I laughed! Did you hear what I said? I laughed! My children came in to see what caused this strange sound, and they laughed with me. They love you too.



Drawings by James Thurber. © 1966, Helen Thurber, from THURBER & COMPANY, Harper & Row.

Oh, Mr. Thurber, do you know how good you are? Have you ever written a bad or clumsy line? Have you ever failed to see the half-sad humor of any situation? I doubt it.

This is the first fan letter I have ever written. (Do all your correspondents say this?) I know other writers I enjoy, many of them friends of yours. I've always been sorry I didn't write John McNulty, God rest his soul; and certainly E. B. White is very fine. But it is you I truly love. And now I have told you so, and I'm glad.

I feel that I am in your debt, and if there is anything I can do for you, you have but to ask. (I frankly cannot imagine what this might be, but I live quite near Washington and perhaps I could do away with someone for you.)

Ever and only thine,
ELIZABETH C. ACOSTA

After writing the letter, and addressing the envelope, I put it in the mail rack near the front door. I said earlier that writing this letter altered my life. What I should have said was that mailing this letter altered my life. I have no trouble writing letters. But the mailing of letters is more difficult. Postboxes are all on the wrong side of the street. I never have a stamp. There is no place to park at the post office. But three days after my burst of passion, a neighbor stopped in on her way to the post office, of all places. She travels on foot. She insisted on mailing it even though I protested that it was silly in the first place, and he would never get it in the second place. She took the letter. She even had a stamp. (She has no children, which may help explain her awesome efficiency.)

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I quite forgot about it in the days that followed. Elizabeth's ear infection was worse, the drier broke down, and it was raining. There being no hope or help, I was playing Crazy Eights with the children one day when the mail came. There, among the usual overdue notices from the library and the coupons good for two cans of tuna fish, was a long envelope bearing the return address: "James Thurber, West Cornwall, Connecticut." I screamed a little, opened it and read:

Dearest Elizabeth:

I don't think you know about all the houses I've lived in, because one of them was a house on Maple Avenue in Falls Church, Virginia. This was fifty-seven years ago, in the summer of 1901, when my father had a job in Washington. My mother couldn't stand the heat of the city and so we rented this house on Maple Avenue, but I can't remember the number now. It was there that, one Sunday, I was struck in the left eye by an arrow fired by my older brother. He was seven, and I was six, and Robert was four, and I'm sure we all threw up together, too. My father was on a fishing trip, of course, when I got hurt. It is too late now for you to do away with Dr. Malone, who must have died years ago, and who did not have the eye removed soon enough. The operation was finally done by the great Dr. Swan Burnett, whose wife, a dozen years earlier, had written "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

When I was a code clerk in the State Department in 1918 I went back to the house on Maple Avenue, and it seemed pretty much the same. We had a big backyard and an apple orchard, and there were some Seckel pear trees. Our best apples were big yellow ones called Sheep's Nose. A quarter of a mile from our house was a big estate with a winding driveway, called The Evergreens, and a family named McSween lived there. My brother Robert, now 62—William was 65 in October—still has some photos of the Maple Avenue house, I think, and if he has, I'll send them to you. A lot of good things as well as bad happened in that house. Falls Church was a quiet little village then, and I often wonder what it has become.

My wife Helen and I both loved your letter, one of the best and funniest I have ever got, and we have shown it to all our friends. I love your loving me, and I love you, too.

When my daughter, Rosemary, called Rosie, was four, her nurse told her about a little boy who, she said, spelling it out, t-h-r-o-w-s-u-p. "Vomits," said Rosie promptly. Now 27, "with more gray hairs than any other woman I know," she has a four-year-old girl and a two-year-old boy, and I'm sure the tradition of throwing up goes right on.

Thanks again for your lovely letter, and I hope I hear from you again. And my love to your husband and children, as well as you.

Cordially yours,
JAMES THURBER

And there, two inches high, was the famous signature. I read it three or four times and finally called in a neighbor to have her read it to see if what I had read was true. I had lived in northern Virginia for 10 years and had never heard that James Thurber had lived in Falls Church. I was dumbfounded and delighted. To be a part of this wild coincidence was, and remains, quite the nicest thing that ever happened to me. I was more than excited, and slightly drunk with his praise of my letter. I called everyone I knew and told them the whole story and read the letter and screamed some more. As I recall, there was very little by way of dinner that night.

The next week or two were given over to telling the story and trying to find out, for sure, *where* on Maple Avenue the great man had lived. Maple Avenue was only one block long. It contained 12

houses, about half of which dated back to 1900 or before. I talked to the street's oldest resident, Mrs. Harkins, who had moved there as a bride in 1910. She was thrilled at my news, but only because she thought I had heard from Edna Ferber. She had never heard of James Thurber. I spoke to the Misses Simpson, maiden ladies of advanced years who lived down at the corner of Maple and Great Falls. I knew they had lived in Falls Church most of their lives, were librarians, and thus doubtless would know who James Thurber was, and would care. But the Simpson girls, Emily and Lucy May, proved only slightly interested. In the first place, they informed me that they were not allowed to associate with "summer people" and therefore could not possibly have known the Thurbers. In the second place, they went to California during the summer of 1901. Getting to California in 1901 must have been quite a feat, and it is quite possible that they were not here at all that year. After two chilly interviews with them, I began to hope so, for the Thurbers' sake.

The reference to The Evergreens and the McSween family struck a chord with no one. Quite clearly I needed to see the pictures of the house which Mr. Thurber's brother had, and, even more importantly, I had to write Mr. Thurber again.

It took me some time to compose another letter. I managed to work into several conversations the fact that I *owed* James Thurber a letter. This remark invariably elicited an incredulous, "Who?" which in turn allowed me to retell the entire story. My husband, after the 65th telling, went to a convention in Chicago.

I wrote Mr. Thurber again, telling him about the stir the correspondence had made, and asked if we might see any photos of the house. He wrote me at once, and said that his brother, Robert, would not part with the family pictures, but had identified the house as "The Loving Cottage." Robert Thurber also said the photograph was dated 1902, and described the house as having shuttered windows and a porch on three sides. I went back to the oldest inhabitants with these new facts. The Simpson girls were of no greater assistance than before. They spent the summer of 1902 with their grandparents in Bucyrus, Ohio. (The Simpson girls were obviously the Jet-Set of the 1900's.) Mrs. Harkins insisted that "The Loving Cottage" was on Park Avenue. Another old-timer, Ben Elliott, who lived in a house with a porch on two sides, was quite sure his was the house. The Simpson girls said flatly that the original occupants of Ben Elliott's house did not rent to "summer people," to which Ben Elliott said, "Faugh!" Mr. Elliott's mother and the Simpson girls' mother had had a serious falling-out over a well which had been sealed over in 1913, and the breach had never healed. I was really no closer to the truth.

Before I could write Mr. Thurber again, asking for more clues, I received a package from him containing the photographs. The accompanying note explained that he had called Robert in Ohio and insisted he send the pictures. The proof was in my hands. The pictures didn't look like any house on Maple Avenue, and my heart sank. Had there been another Maple Avenue? Was there another Falls Church? I took the pictures to Mrs. Harkins, who studied them under her cataract reader for a long time and finally said, "That's the Ogg House." Ogg? Ogg.

The Ogg House was known to me as the Nicholas House, and it was next door to me.

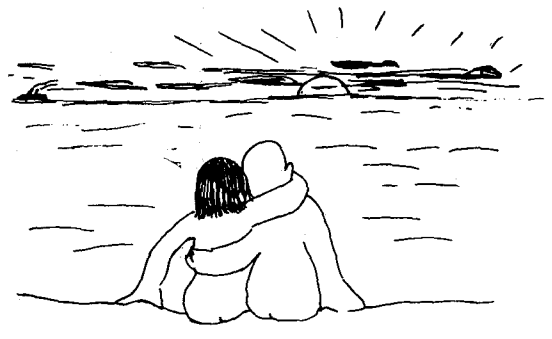
Close study revealed that the edifice of 1901 might, with determination, have been altered into the monstrosity of 1958. The three-sided porch had been enclosed, the roof raised, and windows boarded over. Then the whole had been covered with a sickly asbestos siding. But James Thurber *had* lived there. And it *was* right next door. I continued to celebrate my good fortune, people took to inviting us to dinner to hear it all, and Frank went to another convention, this one in Seattle. I wrote to Mr. Thurber, apprising him of developments. I also located a Bill Loving, in Arlington, whose father had lived on Maple Avenue at the turn of the century. The father was alive and able to clear up the Ogg business. Mr. Ogg had built the house for his bride in 1895, and shortly thereafter had died. The Lovings, who had lived on Park Avenue in the cottage Mrs. Harkins knew, eventually bought the Ogg house.

The mystery was solved, but I thought of ways to continue our correspondence. Some of our letters were published in the Washington *Star* in the spring of 1959. This resulted in letters from elderly ladies who had lived in Falls Church in 1901 and 1902, and who remembered "little Jamie Thurber." Mr. Thurber received copies of the paper from friends all around the world. We were, we had to be, friends for life.

Mr. Thurber and I exchanged letters and phone calls until his death in 1961, and Mrs. Thurber and I still write each other.

All of Maple Avenue was changing. The street had been widened, which required that all the old trees be cut down. It was cut through at each end, so that it was now three blocks long. One new block contained a high-rise apartment house and a skating rink. The other block featured a plumbing-supply house and a garage for moving vans. Let us say that its character was altered.

In time, we were approached by a team of architects with an idea for building town houses on our acre of land. Eventually that was done. Our house was demolished, as was the Ogg-Nicholas-Thurber House and one other. On this property now stands a dead-end street and 20 town houses. I live in the last town house on the right. My address? 218 James Thurber Court. □



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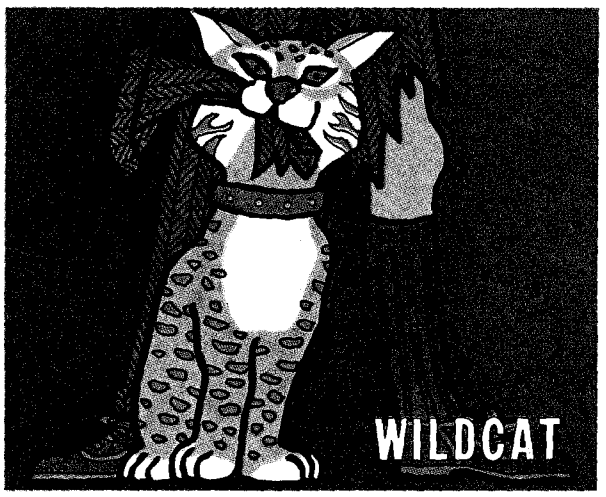
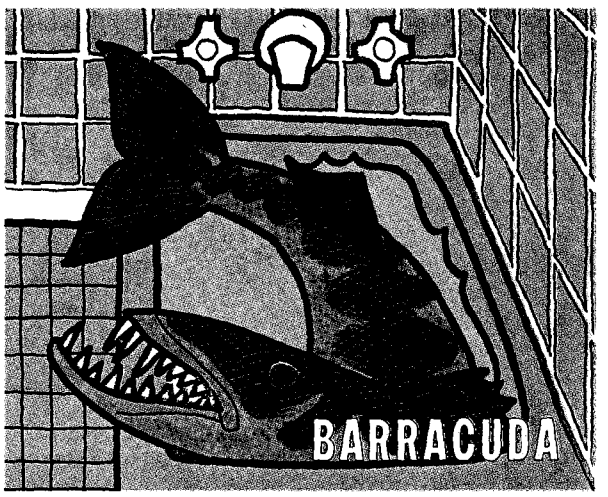
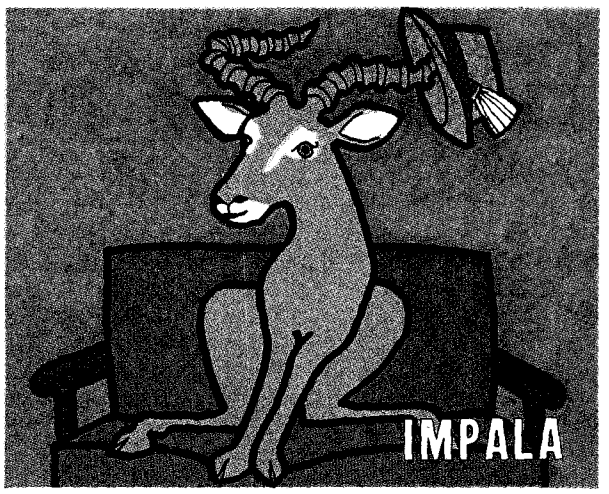
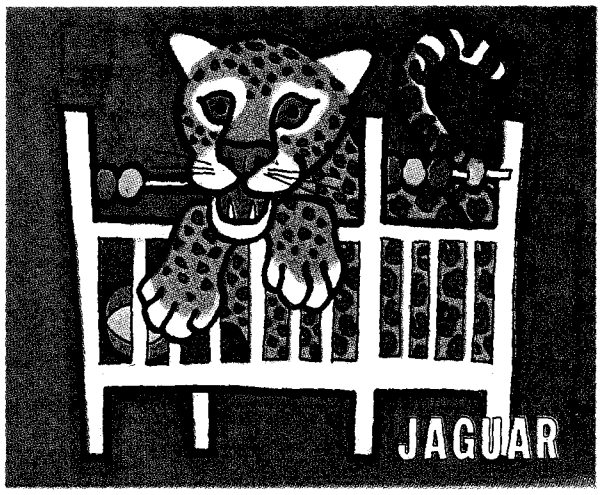
Win a Pet

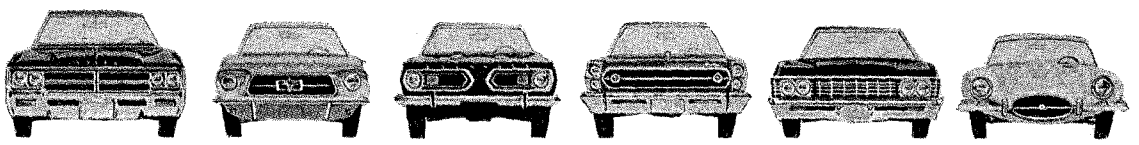








or a car of the same name



wherever they sell Du Pont Golden "7".

6 GRAND PRIZES.
The first sweepstakes winner has his pick of the pets. Any one of the six cars. Second winner picks from the remaining five cars. And so forth . . . down to the sixth winner who gets the car that's left. (Animal lovers may choose a real beast instead of a car.) And all you do to enter is fill in and mail a free entry blank. Get one wherever they sell Golden "7" and other Du Pont Auto Products.

777 OTHER PRIZES.
Besides the six grand prizes, Du Pont will give RCA 25" color TV sets to the next 15 winners. Then, 15 Harley-Davidson motor scooters. 50 Bell & Howell movie cameras and projectors. 100 AMF Renegade bicycles. 597 Thermos picnic chests. 777 winners in all. (Win a Pet sweepstakes closes June 30, 1967. Void where regulated or prohibited by law.)

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Look for these and other high-performance Du Pont No."7" car care products.

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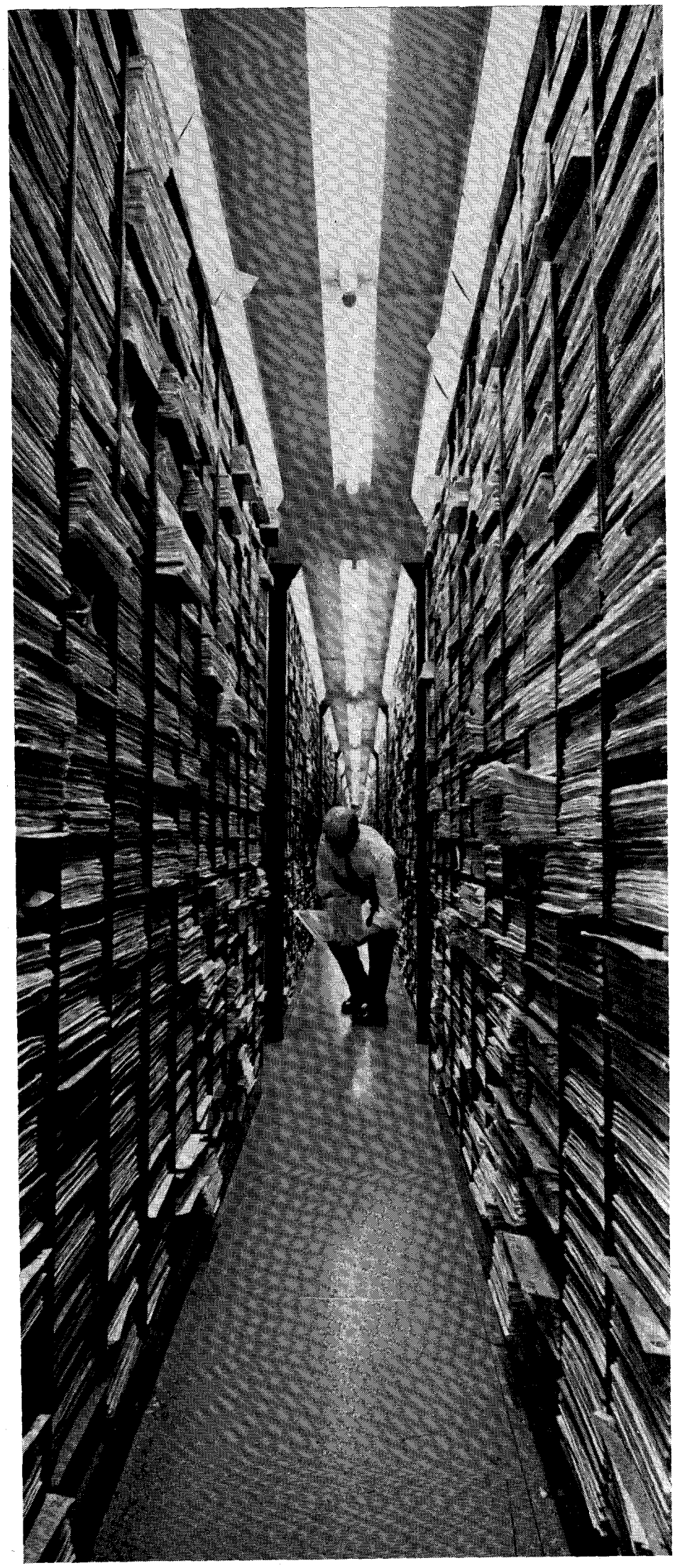
Enough is enough, Tom Edison

The Patent Office is 209,000 inventions behind, and they're looking in the suburbs for more space to put things.

By ANNE CHAMBERLIN



It hardly slowed traffic in Washington the other day when Mr. William Suitor, dressed in white coveralls, helmet, sunglasses and high sneakers, rose 40 feet in the air and flew down the Mall without flapping his wings. A nation which already possesses a tapeworm trap, an artificial porpoise, a parakeet diaper, an edible spoon, a golf ball-dimpler and a photoelectrically actuated bed-alarm system has to be braced for anything—and U.S. Patent No. 3,021,095, "A Controllable Rocket Propulsion Device" (which test pilot Suitor was demonstrating), is just another step forward.

Still, it comes as a shock to many Americans to hear that President Johnson, in the midst of all the other things he has to think about, wants Congress to overhaul the Patent Office. Our Patent Office is *already* the most dazzling invention in the Republic. For 177 years this triumphantly complicated mechanism has gone steadfastly about its work—even though as long ago as 1843 it looked as though, invention-wise, we'd gone about as far as we ought to go.

Mr. Henry L. Ellsworth, who was Commissioner of Patents at the time, gazed about him at what had already been perpetrated and concluded hopefully that, "The advancement of the arts, from year to year, taxes our credulity and seems to presage the arrival of that period when human improvement must end." No such luck. In huge industrial research laboratories and in their own basements, a nation of compulsive tinkerers is still cheerfully turning out new improvements, and improvements on the improvements, and there seems to be no end in sight.

In its beleaguered fortress within the dark stone bosom of the Commerce Department, the Patent Office is 209,000 patent applications behind and is buffeted by 350 new brainstorms every day. It must somehow wrestle each new creative seizure into a category of similar seizures, check to make sure it hasn't already been invented by somebody else and finally, if it believes that all systems are "go," issue a patent.

A patent can be one page long, like the first one, which contained two spelling mistakes and was signed by George Washington; or it can be what patent people call a "jumbo," of which the longest ever, issued in February of 1960, ran to 620 pages and was signed by a machine. It is always bound with bright blue ribbon, stamped with the red Patent Office seal and says that the inventor or his assigns has the U.S. Government's permission to stop others from making, using or selling his invention in this country for 17 years.

With patent in hand, all an inventor needs to start his own Aluminum Company of America is to find a way to mass-produce his invention and get it to a lot of people who think they need it. He should also line up enough lawyers to sue the people who try to copy his invention in spite of his patent, or to defend him when he is sued by the people who claim his patent infringes on theirs. Even Alexander Graham Bell received his patent only after 10 years of fending off inventors who claimed they thought of the telephone first. Then he had to go all the way to the Supreme Court to make it stick.

The first patent went to a man from Philadelphia who, it said, "hath discovered an Improvement" in making potash, which ultimately results in improved soap—something a clean-living citizen could get a grip on. There were only 55 new discoveries in the first three years. The Patent Office was part of the State Department, and Thomas

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Jefferson, then the Secretary of State, read through every application himself.

But soon the pace picked up, Jefferson went on to other things, and the Patent Office began falling behind. For a while there you couldn't tell who was going to invent something next. Young Abraham Lincoln was so upset at seeing a steamship stuck in the mud near Detroit that he invented a device for buoying boats over shoals. It got spelled "bouying" on his patent (No. 6,469, issued in 1849) and he never made any money from it, but the working model he carved is still in the Smithsonian Institution, and he remained a firm patent booster. A quotation from a lecture he gave on the subject is carved in capital letters in cement above the Patent Office's 14th Street doorway: THE PATENT SYSTEM ADDED THE FUEL OF INTEREST TO THE FIRE OF GENIUS.

Mark Twain weighed in with some adjustable garment straps, a game to help players remember historical dates and a self-pasting scrapbook, which sold 25,000 copies. The Patent Office likes to remind people that in *A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court*, Sir Boss says a country without good patent laws is "just a crab and can't travel anyway but sideways and backways."

Thomas A. Edison, with a total of 1,093 patents, was the most inventive inventor of them all. Mary Kies of Connecticut got the first patent issued to a lady, in 1809, for a way of "weaving straw with silk or thread." Patent No. 1,575,263, for a "coverlet and doll," was issued to Mrs. Rudolph Valentino. But the Patent Office hears less from the ladies than you might think—about one patent in every 1,000.

Some countries issue patents as though they were selling stamps and let the inventors sue each other afterward. Here in the land of the flip-top beer can, the inventor can't have a patent until he convinces a Patent Office examiner that his invention is new and is an improvement over everything else in the same line. The only way to establish *that* is to sift through all the other similar inventions—the "prior art," as the patent people call it.

The whole stately process takes about three years. In the case of the Device for Recording and Reproducing Pulsations or Variations in Sounds and Other Phenomena invented by Mr. Charles Edgar Fritts of New York, it took 36 years and nine days, and by the time his patent was ready (in 1916) it had to be issued to his widow.

To help people discover if their idea is new, the Patent Office has collected more than three million U.S. patents and seven million foreign patents in one awesome rabbit warren of papers on the ground floor of the Commerce Building—with the overflow stored in the basement, sub-basement and a warehouse in Virginia. So impenetrable is the Patent Office patent collection that some months ago, when there was a telephoned bomb threat, a good many people scarcely interrupted their work, figuring that if a bomb were cached among the back patents it might never be found anyway—and it never was.

Anyone who wants to is free to wander around in the stacks, where the patents are piled loose on top of each other, separated into "bundles" by pieces of cardboard. The technique is to choose the armful of bundles that seem most likely to yield what you are looking for, carry them back to the Search Room, stick them upright in one of the metal bins on the long work tables and flip through them. An experienced searcher can riffle through about 750 patents an hour. An outsider ends up with his chin on the edge of the bin, his eyes slowly crossing and uncrossing, felled by the first patent in his path.

The Public Search Room is as big as the waiting room in Union Station, and a lot of patent searchers turn up there carrying suitcases. There is a convivial commotion in the center aisle as old colleagues greet each other, leave messages for each other at a blackboard at one end of the room, and are loudly paged to the telephone booths along the side. A four-man Patent Office team—"the Government men," as patent searchers call them—helps keep lost searchers on the track of what they're looking for. "If you look long enough and far enough," the head of the Search Room staff assured me, "you would find everything."

Until 1880 inventors had to supply working models of their inventions, and traditionalists say the Patent Office model collection was more fun than the FBI tour and a visit to the White House rolled into one. Now they're required only if an examiner feels it's the only way he'll ever understand how the thing works.

The whole system would collapse, of course, if the Patent Office should ever lose track of where it put things. To prevent this, it has developed a system whereby the whole American way of life, frozen egg rolls, spray deodorants and all, has been divided up into 309 classes and 63,000 subclasses. All you need, to find what you're looking for, is to figure out what kind of thing the Patent Office classifiers consider it similar to. It is classified, the director of the Classification Office explains, "by what it *really* is and what it *really* does."

Class 2, APPAREL, for example, includes, under BODY GARMENTS, bag-type, separable, skirted, combined and bifurcated. Bustles come under NETHER GARMENTS. Class 4 is BATHS, CLOSETS, SINKS AND SPITTOONS, of which there are 28 varieties. Class 5 is BEDS, all 364 subcategories of them, from MISCELLANEOUS to MOSQUITO NETS AND CANOPIES. Class 126, STOVES AND FURNACES, includes GLUE POTS. Class 167, MEDICINES, POISONS AND COSMETICS, includes such interesting neighbors as suspending agents, animal poisons, warfare gases, embalming compositions, vitamins, hair dyes, depilatories, lotions, dentrifrices and perfumes. Class 128, SURGERY, includes brassieres and girdles (under the subclass BANDAGING). A hat with balloons and live birds attached to it wound up in AERONAUTICS—along with space vehicles.

And even as searchers are looking things up as they are now classified, 70 men and women in the Classification Office are busy shifting things into new classes as old ones become outmoded or overcrowded. To give an idea of what *they're* up against, it recently took five strong men two years to reclassify 26,000 U.S. and 23,000 foreign patents grouped under CHAIRS AND SEATS.

As if it weren't busy enough trying to remember where it put things, the Patent Office runs a mail-order house, selling some 30,000 copies of back patents a day. It also puts out a weekly magazine, the *Official Gazette*, or the "OG," as it is known along the thin red line of patent attorneys, patent agents, inventors and other technicians who actually look forward to Tuesday noon, when it goes on sale at government bookstalls. It used to cost 10 cents a copy, and the first issue, in 1872, announcing a lively crop of 205 new products—such as a Spring Bed-Bottom, a Device for Steadying Wagon-Poles, Safety Whiffletree and an Improved Mouse-Trap—ran to 26 pages.

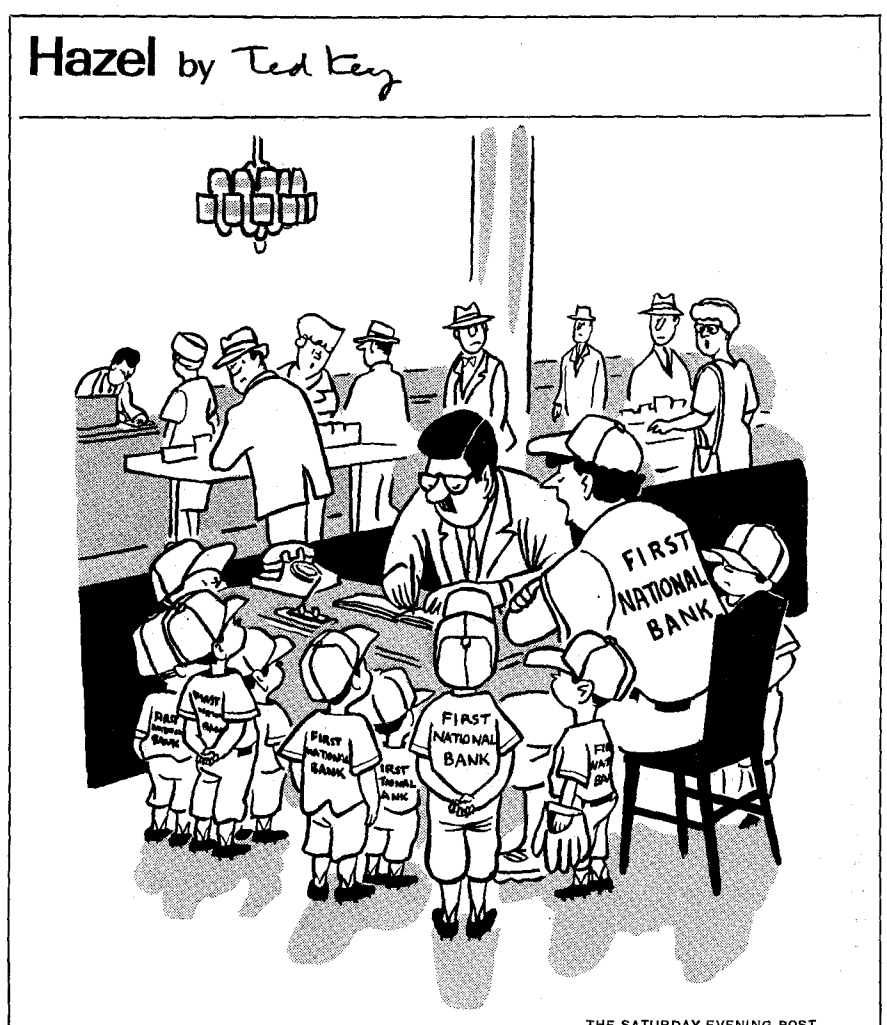
Today the *Gazette* costs $1.25 and covers about 1,600 new patents a week in as many as 2,000 tightly printed pages tufted with feathery engineering sketches. Scanning a representative issue, one finds a portable knock-down shower, some plastic coffins, an amphibious assault bridge, and a heated knife for cutting frozen foods—to say nothing of a radiation shelter, a garbage-destruction plant and a phase-controlled synchronous demodulator.

As the nation's Suggestion Box, the Patent Office naturally gets a lot of mail. One man has been writing the Patent Office a letter every day for the last seven years. Another keeps sending it money. You're not supposed to send money to the Patent Office until it asks for it, but this man sends it in faster than the Patent Office can send it back. Still another eccentric correspondent sends in, from time to time, a plastic bottle of rose attar, which is filed in the bottom drawer of a file cabinet.

One of the few clear spaces in the Patent Office is occupied by Mr. Edward J. Brenner, the Commissioner of Patents and the man in charge of keeping the place from being swept into the Potomac in a great formless torrent of piled-up paperwork. He operates his command post from behind a huge, clean desk, seated between an American flag and a chart that shows how far the patent applications are ahead of the patent examiners. On the bookshelf behind him an inventor's model of a cannon is aimed at his head. Nearby is a model steam engine equipped with special gears for climbing steep and slippery hills, and a model of Edison's incandescent bulb.

Mr. Brenner, a patent attorney and a chemical engineer, keeps his enthusiasm despite the awesome backlog in his IN box. "Invention and innovation move the country ahead," he says cheerfully, "and the Patent Office just has to gear itself to keep up." For whatever it's worth, he can count on almost as much outside advice as there are CHAIRS AND SEATS. A Senate subcommittee on patents has been holding annual hearings on the patent system for 12 years, assembling information from staff reports and 30 research studies. President Johnson joined the fray two years ago with a Presidential Commission on the Patent System, and the Patent Reform Act, which he recently sent to Congress, is the result. The bill aims to make it quicker, easier and cheaper to get a new patent, and to simplify the task of checking old ones by such devices as revamping the patent files to make them digestible to a computer.

Congress already has a plan to pack up the whole operation, classifiers, rosewater bottles and all, and move it to the suburbs—although officials had to go up in a helicopter to try to figure out where. A few renegades even claim that American inventors are so far ahead of themselves that our way of life could go right on with no Patent Office at all. So the least they can do is stop inventing long enough to let the Patent Office catch up. □



"This year, believe me, we're getting you out of the cellar."

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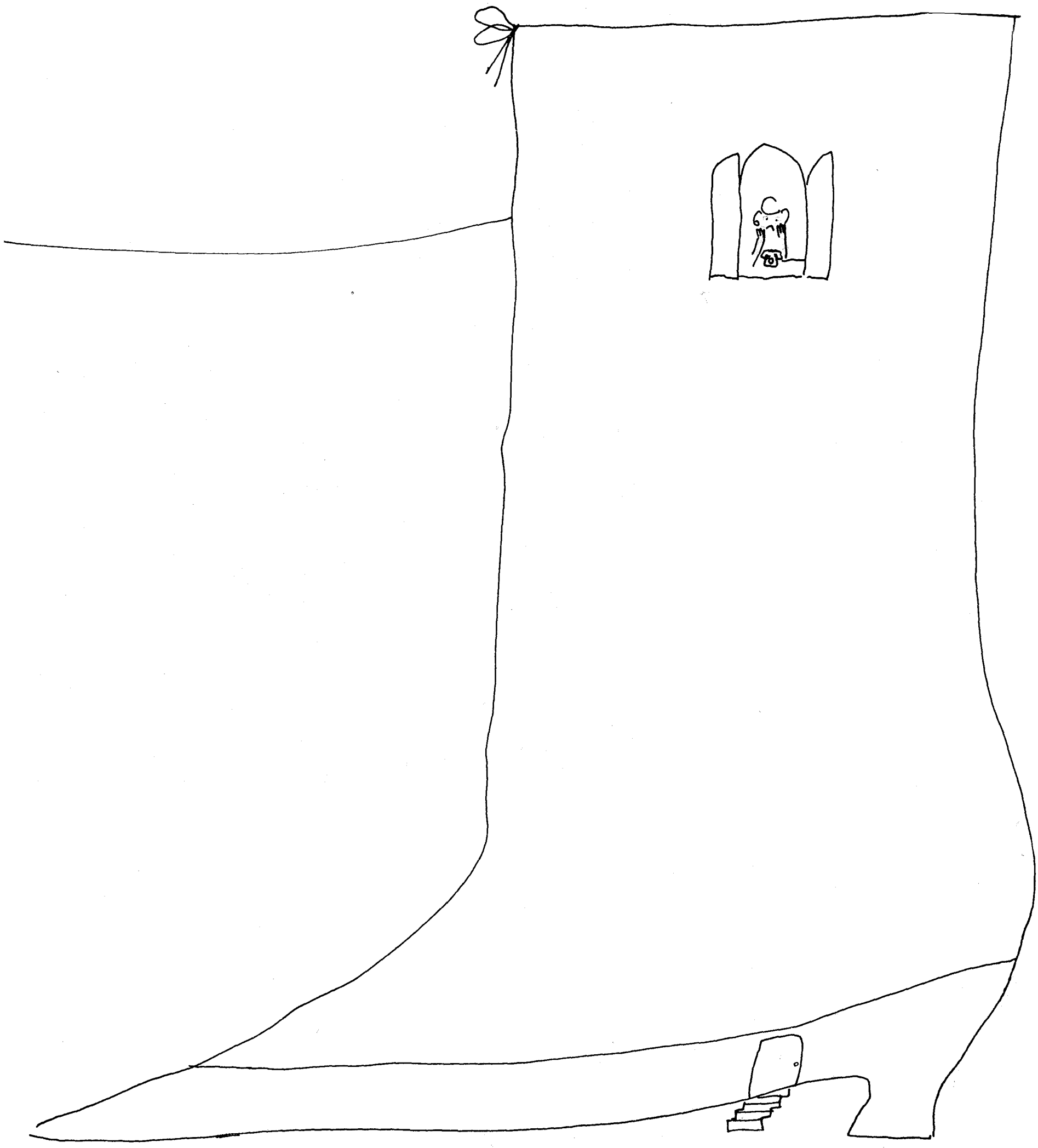

Nobody ever forgets Mother's Day.

This message is for mothers only.

If Mother's Day comes and goes, and you don't get that Long Distance call you're waiting for, this could be the reason:

Mother's Day is the second busiest day of the year for Long Distance calling. As on Christmas, our circuits are just plain overloaded. Even so, twice as many interstate Long Distance calls go through as on any ordinary Sunday.

We put in extra circuits to help carry calls to Mother. Our operators, across the country (many of them also mothers), are at work carrying as much of the giant Mother's Day load as possible.

But sometimes the call you expect doesn't get through to you. And maybe it's dialed again, and still doesn't get through.

And if it's your call, we apologize. Some of *our* mothers know just how you feel.

BELL SYSTEM AT&T and Associated Companies

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HOT ACTOR FOR A COOL TIME

Almost every kid dreams of becoming a Bogart or Gable, but Maurice Micklewhite had the secret of becoming Michael Caine.

By CHARLES McCARRY

Cooper and Bogart and Gable were up there on the screen; 10 times human size in a patch of light with money in their hands and girls in their laps, and down in the darkness with a stomach full of boiled cabbage was a nearsighted kid from the London slums named Maurice Micklewhite. The son of a fish porter and a charwoman, young Micklewhite was purebred cockney, which meant, as he saw it, that he ranked somewhere between the Irish Terrier and the Border Collie on the pedigree scale of his dog-loving native land.

Micklewhite lived in a world of defeat. He saw it coming, and he got out of the way as best he could—and as often as he could on the pinched income of his class—by ducking into a movie. There he found life as he thought it should be. It was plain that actors did what men were born to do.

Half a lifetime later, Maurice Micklewhite is in Helsinki, Finland—wearing a sable hat from Leningrad and a 100-year-old military greatcoat, dark blue with a fur collar and brass buttons. The coat is sprinkled with fine hairs from the fox fur of a sweet-moving French girl with whom he is holding hands and making jokes. She is all in white—white fur coat and hat, white miniskirt, white boots and stockings, white lace minipants. A flunky sweeps the greatcoat with a long whiskbroom, while another touches up the girl's lip rouge. The beautiful girl is Françoise Dorleac, leading lady in a new spy film, *Billion Dollar Brain*, and they are slowly building up a little rapport between takes.

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In BILLION DOLLAR BRAIN Caine again plays Harry Palmer. Movie, shot in Finland, costars Françoise Dorleac.

Maurice Micklewhite's name is now Michael Caine, and his face is blank as a pear. He talks glibly and consistently, spattering a joke here, a pun there, an epigram somewhere else. When he speaks of himself, which is often, he says *Michael Caine* instead of *I*.

Generally, the making of a film outside of Hollywood, Rome or London will attract huge crowds of curious citizens. In Finland this was not the case. "These Finns have never heard of Michael Caine," says Caine. "I don't know where they've been."

Obviously the Finns have been out in the cold too long, because Michael Caine comes as close to being an "event" as is possible in this understated age. He is not yet famous in the way that, say, Clark Gable was famous. But after the briefest of careers, Caine has achieved something that only a few others—Humphrey Bogart, John Garfield, James Dean—achieved before him. He *means* something. He is currently starring in no fewer than five big pictures and was nominated for an Oscar for his role as Alfie, a low-life womanizer whom female audiences seem to regard as the first true poet of the flesh since Valentino's Sheik.

It is, however, a different kind of poetry. Valentino's conquests were kidnapped and ravished. Caine's are picked up and made. The sheik was destroyed by passion. Alfie was merely damaged by something he didn't particularly enjoy. Caine's style, which might be called the art of causing emotional mayhem without looking foolish, has touched a contemporary chord. Thrills are out, tickles are in; love is not mentioned, contact is not made, treachery means nothing, sex is possible only because it's a bore to say no. "I ain't got me peace o' mind," says Alfie, looking back on the shambles of his life. Alfie speaks from Caine's cold face, and he is the most contemporary of men.

When he was growing up in the slums of South London, if Lana Turner committed adultery on screen, she paid for it in the last reel. Cooper blew up the bridge, Bogart beat the odds, Gable turned his back on Scarlett O'Hara. Love was their reason, and self-respect was their reward. These values have now been turned inside out. There are no longer any "good guys" or "bad guys." Virtue is not always rewarded—and the villain doesn't have to die at the end.

Not long ago Caine dined in a staid Helsinki restaurant with Karl Malden, the veteran American character actor who is his costar in *Billion Dollar Brain*, and six or seven others connected with the picture. It was a roundtable, and there was no doubt as to who was King Arthur. Caine wore his usual button-down shirt and horn-rimmed spectacles, but the rest was pure James Bond: faultless suit, raw-silk tie, a thin gold evening watch with no numbers. Caine ordered caviar blintzes. He mentioned Shirley MacLaine, who had gone dancing with him at the Daisy in Beverly Hills one afternoon. They had walked into a "Doris Day for a Day Contest". ("There were German Doris Days, French Doris Days, Icelandic Doris Days. Shirley said, 'Pardon me' to one of them, and the Doris Day screamed, 'You're Shirley MacLaine!' Shirley said, 'I know,' and the Doris Day fainted at her feet.") He quoted the gross of *Hurry Sundown*, in which he stars, and pointed out that it was making more money in Los Angeles than *Hotel*, in which Malden appears.

He turned to the Vietnam war and current politics. ("That Marshal Ky all dressed in black like a Mod Fascist; he reminds me of those cats who go to Arthur and watch themselves dancing in the mirror instead of the bird they're with."

The caviar was taken away and chicken casserole brought in. A blonde girl shielded her mouth and whispered: "I'm not sure I *like* Michael." If Caine heard her he gave no sign. The subject did not change. Michael Caine has waited a long time for success, and he seems to want to tell everybody about it.

It is witty talk, and it harms nobody. It reflects gladness, and if this is a quality that went out with Rudolf Friml, it's not a bad one. "I've seen it before in other young fellows," says Malden. "It just goes to show he's human. He'll get over it." Caine is glad to be rich, glad to be famous, glad to be someone he can talk about. For most of his life he wasn't, and he hasn't forgotten it.

Caine is a cockney, born in 1933 within sound of Bow Bells, in the Old Kent Road, south of the Thames. From birth his course was clear on the chart of Britain's class system. Ahead of him lay tasteless boiled suppers that lead to heartburn and bad teeth, an occasional beer hangover, a chance to live through infantry service in some remnant of the Empire, a catchpenny job, marriage to a girl who wasn't pretty enough or smart enough to escape from the sour streets of South London.

The prime reason for this dismal future was accent. Accent in England is like color in America—you either have the right one or you don't. Cockneys like Caine have the wrong one. If you drop your aitches and say "*that's me*" to round out an important sentence, you can look forward to a long life of toting iced fish through the dawn in Billingsgate Fish Market, the way Caine's father and grandfather did, while your wife scrubs offices all night, the way Caine's mother did. Very early in life, long before cockneys like Caine and Terence Stamp and Len Deighton came across the Thames to make the movies and write the books that made their accent stylish, Caine decided that the fish market was not for him. He was born a millionaire, he says, except that he had no money. "I always had," he says, "what they call in those old English books ideas above my station, tastes above my means, and an intellect above my accent."

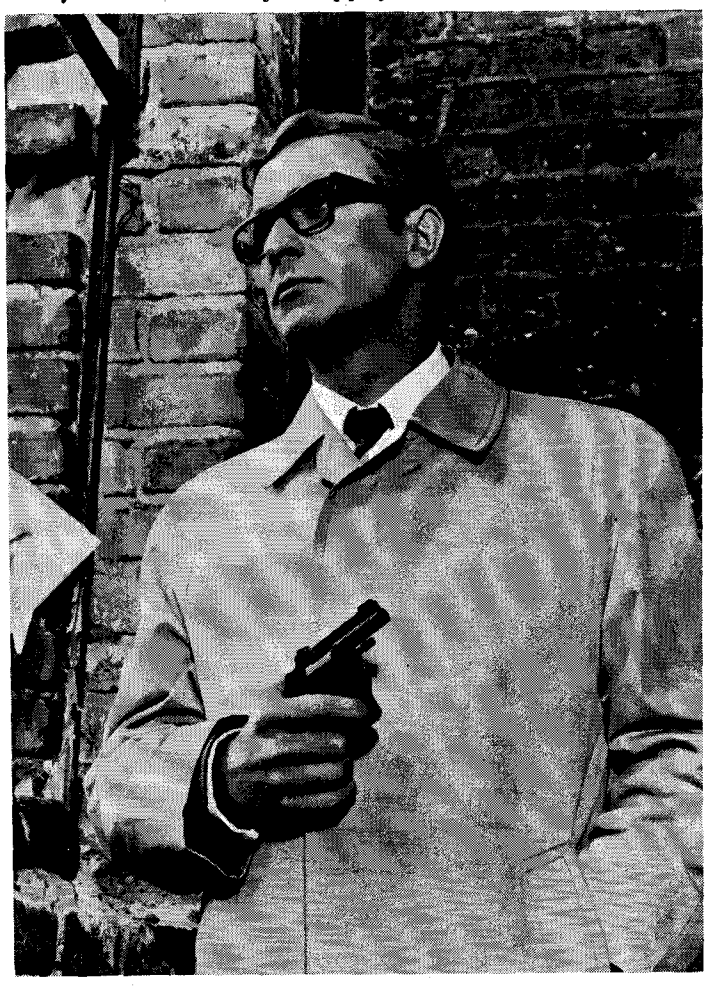
Caine developed his tastes and ideas in a setting that was both likely and unlikely. He grew up in the Elephant and Castle district of Southwark—the borough of Shakespeare, the Globe Theater and the Old Vic. His connection with the culture of Old England was strictly geographical. His parents, a powerful humorous father and a plump busy mother, were able to afford a kitchen-parlor and a bedroom containing a large bed for themselves and a smaller one for Caine and his younger brother. There was no central heating, no electricity, no hot water, no bath.

World War II began when Caine was six. His father, a reserve NCO, was called up and sent to France. The Germans began their air raids on London, and incendiary bombs fell on the Micklewhite home. Caine discovered, on the sentimental occasion of the evacuation of children from the blitzed slums to the countryside, the reason why cockneys cling together. He and his brother were sent to a village in Berkshire, in south central England, and Caine was placed in the care of a policeman's wife. She fed him one meal a day of dry bread and pilchards, a form of sardine in tomato sauce. Large sores, which have left him with permanent scars, broke out on his body. Caine was cut off from his brother, who had vanished into another Berkshire household, and from his mother, who was marooned in London.

It took Caine's mother a full year to find space

First major role for cockney-born Caine was in ZULU in which he had to perfect a flawless upper-class accent.

Though he's played a variety of roles, Caine is most closely identified with the nearsighted spy of IPCRESS FILE.



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Unlike his role in ALFIE *(above with Shirley Anne Field) Caine has no love interest in the new* WOMAN TIMES *7.*

on a train to Berkshire. She was shocked by what she found. She actually beat the frugal policeman's wife with her fists. They couldn't find the woman who had been keeping Michael's little brother, but they did find the child. "We found him," says Caine, "in a blackened toilet where he had been for two-and-a-half days suffering from St. Vitus Dance. He was covered with God knows what and starving." Caine's mother took her sons back to London. She never left them again.

Caine's father had come back from Dunkirk and been shipped off again, this time to North Africa. The boys lived with their mother for a time in a tin air-raid shelter in their backyard while all around them bombs exploded on the gutted neighborhood. Then their mother took them to King's Lynn, a somnolent village in Norfolk, on the east coast of England. They stayed there for five years, until the war was over, living happily in a big farmhouse. "That childhood," says Caine, "was one of running free in the country. I suppose that's where my ideas of freedom came from."

By the time Caine returned to London at the age of 12, ideas of freedom were becoming ideas of escape. He quit school at 16 and plunged into the only freedom he could afford—the secondhand liberty of movies and books. He was a tireless and indiscriminate reader. "He wasn't after knowledge," says an old friend, "he was after secrets. He thought he could become rich and famous through luck—no, not luck. Magic." Caine read few English books: tales of lords and ladies and their sons at Eton were a painful reminder who *he* was. In American movies and American books he found the world as he thought it should be. He worked his way from boys' stories to Norman Mailer before stumbling across a novel that became, for him, a bible and an albatross. It was Ayn Rand's *The Fountainhead,* a pompous best-seller about a lowborn architect-genius who seduces a millionairess and defends his artistic principles by dynamiting one of his buildings after its owner debauches it by adding columns and curlicues to its clean modern façade. "When you're sixteen years old," says Caine, "and you know that this great-looking rich chick is going to take off her clothes, and you're the navvy (an English slang description for laborer)—which is what I was . . ." (Caine pauses and whispers: "*I've never got away from this image of myself.*") The book infected him with the hero's attitudes, and not only those concerning rich chicks. "If I built a building," Caine says, "and someone stuck porticoes on the front, then I had a right to blow it up. And that's what I did for ten years in this business, thanks to that bloody book."

Caine's battle with the theatrical profession began in earnest when he was 20, after he returned from a year of combat with the Royal Fusiliers in Korea. It was a war on two fronts. His old neighborhood rippled with laughter over his solemn ambition to become an actor. "That's one of the reasons I'll never go back," says Caine. "People often say to me, 'What about all your old friends?' The hell with them."

On the second front was the problem of breaking into the theater, and this, too, was mixed with his resentment of the starved class into which he had been born. "I didn't even know there was such a thing as a drama school," says Caine, "that's how minimal my bloody education was. These people didn't even tell me about further education."

After spending his mustering-out pay, Caine took a job in a butter factory. He no sooner smelled the place than he knew he wanted out. His escape was aided by an older man who worked with him. This man—"He was the only one who didn't laugh at me, and him and me were mates"—had a daughter who was a semiprofessional singer, and he

'I've always had ide

brought Caine a copy of *The Stage,* a London theatrical paper. Caine applied for a job as stage manager of the Westminster Repertory in Sussex. He was hired at seven dollars a week, and after nine months of fetching tea and cigarettes for the cast, he moved into small parts. Soon after, he got a job as juvenile lead with a bigger stock company.

These early ventures on the stage were punctuated by two notable events. He came down with malaria, which had been incubating in his blood since Korea. And he married the leading lady, a young actress named Patricia Haines. Caine got over the malaria, though he lost 50 pounds. The marriage took something more out of him. It lasted for three years before it broke up on the shoals of poverty and failure. Caine and his wife had moved to London with the idea of conquering it. Instead, Caine was a navvy again—a dishwasher, bakery assistant, laundry worker. His top earnings were £300 ($840) a year. He continued to haunt talent agencies and theaters, knowing that the tide would turn, as it always did in films about show-business people. Caine's wife, a drama-school graduate, told him that it was hopeless; she had been warned never to work with an untrained actor. Producers told him that his accent was hopeless, and they refused to believe that he could speak like an educated man. Caine refused to change his speech—"It was some stupid class pride, the cockney backlash," he says. "I used to say to producers, 'Give me the part and I'll do it, but I'm not going to do some sort of act in your office.'" They wouldn't give him parts. Caine wouldn't give up. But his wife did, and Caine moved out, leaving his nine-month-old daughter with her mother.

The failure hit him hard, and it has kept him away from a new marriage. "When you have to give it up once and for all, and with a baby child, that's the worst. I couldn't face the failure. I'm not a very good sport—I have to win, that's me." Caine did very little winning. He moved from stock company to stock company, learning from his own mistakes. The derisive laughter of provincial audiences still rings in his ears.

But what Caine had learned in butter factories and in Smithfield Meat Market, where he briefly followed his father's trade as a porter, began to show in his acting. The theater, he concluded, was supposed to reflect life. People in life control their faces, they speak carelessly. They were a lot like Maurice Micklewhite. Caine stayed alive and perfected the range of accents for which he has since become celebrated, in a series of minor parts, stretching over a decade. He acted in the Theatre Workshop in London's East End; in the Royal Court Theatre he understudied Peter O'Toole in *The Long and the Short and the Tall* and went on tour with the play after O'Toole left the cast. He did 35 one-day parts in movies. In the end he got grudging recognition and landed several big parts in British television. But if directors were beginning to like Caine, the Establishment critics were unpersuaded. Prestigious London papers, read by people who speak properly—if not always naturally—seldom bothered to mention his name.

Caine's chance came nevertheless. The producers of *Zulu,* a gory epic about a famous battle between a British detachment and a horde of Zulu tribesmen, wanted him for the role of a cockney enlisted man, but the part was taken by another actor. The only remaining role was that of a weakling lieutenant, but it had to be played in a flawless aristocratic drawl. Caine locked 30 years of resentment in the vault and acted the role with a sensitivity that won him unstinted praise.

"The part was written as a complete ass," says Caine. "It could have been played with protruding teeth, for comedy. But I played it straight down

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›ove my class, taste above my means, intellect above my accent.'

the line as a man who was weak but at least thought he was strong, and never went with the weakness. People were amazed that I took that attitude from around where I come from."

Zulu didn't make Caine a star, but it did turn him into a minor celebrity, and—more important—he became a property. Harry Saltzman, coproducer of the James Bond pictures, who used Caine in a minor role in a 1958 comedy called *How to Murder a Rich Uncle*, spotted him at Wolf Mankowitz's Pickwick Restaurant. "Harry called me over to his table for a drink," says Caine. "He asked me if I had read Deighton's book, *The Ipcress File*. I said yes. He asked me if I'd like to play the lead in the film. I said yes. He asked me if I'd like a five-year contract with him. I said yes. Harry said, 'All right. I'll talk to your agent tomorrow.'" Caine picked up his drink and went back to finish dinner with his girl. Saltzman now pays Caine half a million dollars a picture, and believes that he is "about the hottest actor in the business."

Few people in the business, and least of all Caine, think that Saltzman is wrong. But fewer still can understand why. Karl Malden, however, sees little mystery in the situation. "He wants to be a star," says Malden, "it's written all over him."

Caine does work at it. In Finland he spent a long day two miles from shore on the frozen Baltic, taking and retaking a single scene with Mlle. Dorleac and Oscar Homolka, the 65-year-old Austrian actor who plays a jovial K.G.B. colonel in *Billion Dollar Brain*. Homolka, recovering from a broken arm, couldn't climb down from a helicopter as the script required. They tried using a stand-in, then they replanned the scene and reshot it. Caine removed his fur hat again and again and let the wash of the helicopter's rotor blow snow through his hair. He joshed Homolka and jollied Mlle. Dorleac and reminded the director, Ken Russell, that the Panavision camera had a depth of focus of only nine inches. Russell, a shaggy refugee from English TV, showed no sign of gratitude, and a day later he ordered Caine away from the camera.

Caine took the same beating from a pair of stuntmen half a dozen times until Russell was satisfied. "Good work, Michael," said the director. Caine's face remained blank, and he walked off to talk to a reporter.

In Caine's mind, acting, publicity, personality are all of a piece. "He's turning Caine into a package," said a man on the London set. "If he keeps this up, I don't know what will be left of him."

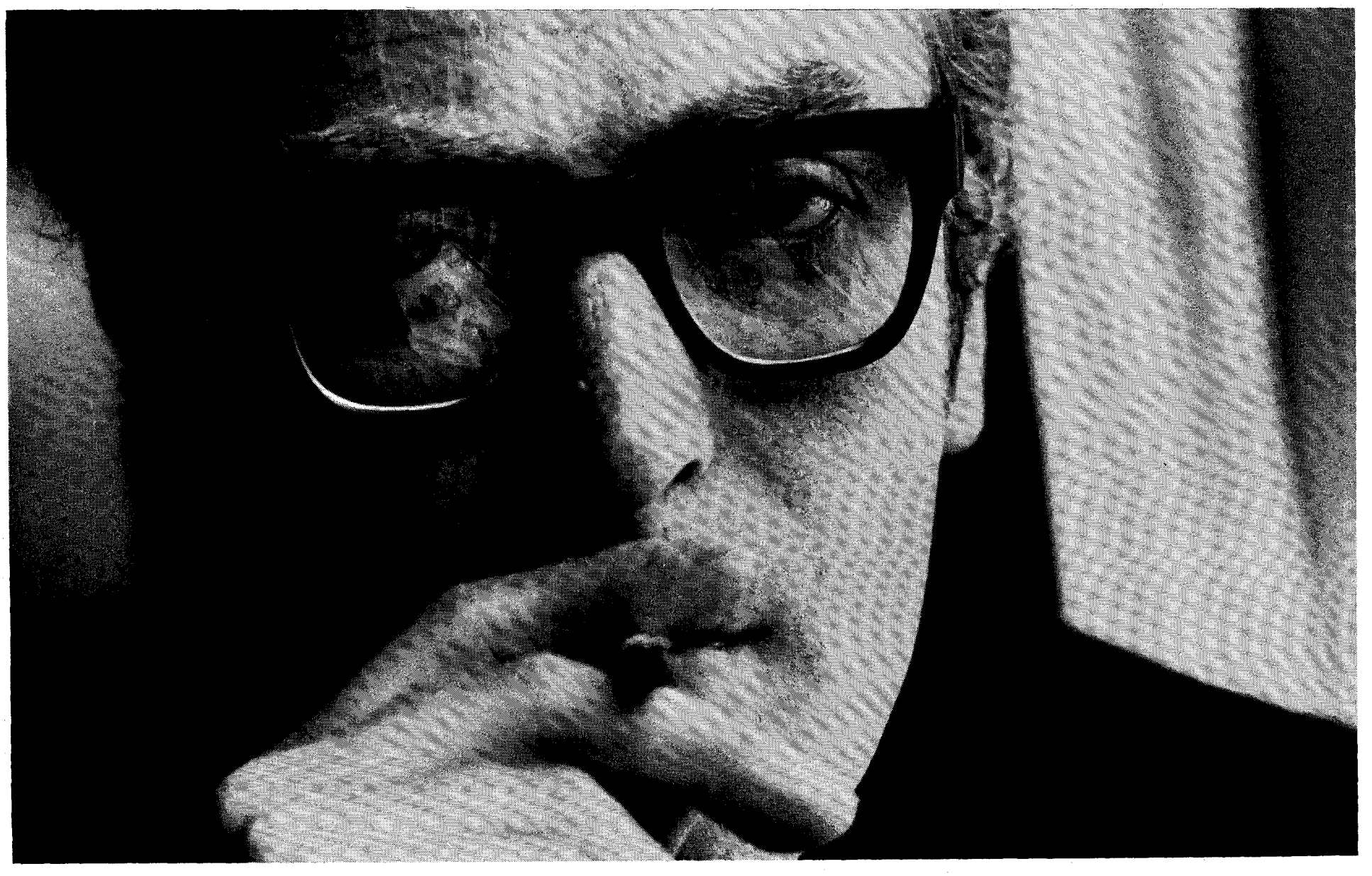
Enough, one imagines, to suit Michael Caine, The package is selling at a rate of about a million dollars a year, and that is the aspect that most people discuss. "Which is better?" asks Mlle. Dorleac, "To be a very good actor or to be a star? I think to be a star is very good. He also is an actor, yes, but before everything else is his personality. He has such a walk, in life and in pictures, as if he wants to own the world."

Most people who discuss Caine stay on the outskirts of his acting. Saltzman talks about his "virility." Oscar Homolka says that "Caine is the first actor to stop acting. He's a natural. It isn't acting as I know it, but it's what the younger generation wants."

Caine believes he gets too little praise in the places where it counts. Memories of rebuff run through his conversation like a fresh scar. He was hurt by lukewarm reviews of his performance opposite Miss MacLaine in *Gambit;* he was angry when an American magazine criticized his cockney accent in *Alfie;* he was outraged when a critic accused him, on the basis of his appearances in *The Ipcress File* and *Alfie*, of making only commercial movies. "A bloody spy in glasses and hand-me-down suits and a guy who brings about an abortion and talks to the camera all the way through are not," he rages, "exactly *Gone With the Wind* and *Going My Way*."

There are, however, compensations, and Caine counted them in Helsinki after his day on the Baltic. In the star's suite at the Palace Hotel, he was sipping lobster soup and eating rare steak and drinking expensive vodka in a glass full of ice. Caine likes his work, he likes the fame, he likes the long dinners that begin with caviar and end with the rest of the guests following him verbally down the thorny path that began with Maurice Micklewhite in the movie show and ended with Michael Caine in the movies.

"People say, 'You won't be happy when you're rich and famous,'" he says. "They're wrong! They're so wrong! I'm deliriously happy with the whole thing." □



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Editorials

No man sleeps safe

If every nuclear weapon were converted to peaceful use, if the world's population were held in balance, and the environment were purged of all pollution, there would remain a profound and sinister threat to our continued occupancy of the planet. We live, in this final third of the 20th century, with the knowledge that a modern industrial nation, advanced in the arts and sciences and philosophy, a Christian nation, used its resources and its considerable technology to murder six million human beings. We do not know why or how this could be. And until we do, no man sleeps safe.

We have facts, and they are an agony. We have stories that tear the heart and haunt the mind—but, finally, they are unbearable. Who can comprehend six million deaths? The horror is too much; the words lose their meaning. It is not enough to blame one nation, to say that the capability for mass murder belongs to one people alone. For the suspicion exists that an instinct for annihilation is in all people, needing only the proper circumstances to set it off. And we must understand what those circumstances are, because they could recur.

It has been 25 years since the Nazis opened their first extermination camp and 22 years since the last one was closed. There are now among us young scholars and writers who bear no guilt, who do not carry the burden of every man who shared his earth with an unspeakable evil and let it run its course. It is for them to learn how and why, to probe deep, to find truths when only facts have been found, to judge as no one has dared to judge.

Jean-François Steiner was six years old when the war ended. His father, a Jew, had died in a Nazi concentration camp. As a young man, Jean-François found himself increasingly preoccupied with the questions Why and How. He found some of his answers at Treblinka.

The facts alone amply warrant attention for the little-known story which begins on page 34. But they do not account for the sensational reception that Steiner's book has had in Europe, or for the controversy that has swirled around it.

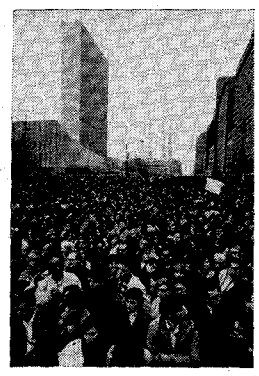
While Steiner has won critical acclaim, he has also been charged with anti-Semitism. In France the book has stirred deep feelings among some influential members of the Jewish community.

Treblinka goes to the heart of the horror of the extermination of European Jewry. Why didn't the Jews resist? How could a man watch his wife and children being led away to a gas chamber and then choose to work for their murderers? And having submitted to this ultimate degradation, how could he find the strength to revolt against inconceivable odds, and deliberately lay down his life simply so that the world might know the horror?

To ask is to assume an almost insupportable burden; to answer is to travel the labyrinths of hell itself. Steiner has asked and answered.

Perhaps the work has begun.

Why demonstrations?



In disputatious times like these, men's thoughts turn to demonstrations. Some take part in them, but most react to them—and it is hard to say which role is the more passionate. People demonstrating for peace yell "Kill the cops," and frail little old ladies stand on the sidelines and curse the demonstrators. The more riotous the group the less likely it is that anybody is working out constitutional principles.

Last month's anti-war demonstrations in New York and San Francisco gave a very clear message of what we can expect this summer. One thing they proved is that it is very difficult for most Americans to look at a bunch of scruffy men and women marching behind Viet Cong flags and see anything but red. And obviously enemies of the state will make the most of demonstrations and riots. But this does not mean that protest itself is an enemy of the state. Protest is essential to the state, and the freedom to protest is a most vital way of protecting freedom itself.

Freedom is not won all at once—it is got bit by bit, dearly, and it is held by an endless succession of fierce, often unpopular fights waged by men who seem at times to be fighting against the good of the nation. The nation must tolerate dissent in the faith that although the majority should and will rule, they should never be cut off from the critical response of the minority.

There is ultimately a harsh and inalterable difference between a democracy and a dictatorship. The Communist will say in good faith, "We give our citizen freedom, and we do not censor what he does or says unless he is an enemy of the state." But if a citizen exercises his freedom at the discretion of the state, he has no freedom. The American properly rejects this limitation and demands the right to speak back to his government. And well he might. Our founding fathers, all rebels, viewed all government with contume suspicion, and they were convinced that the least government was the best. It was freedom they were concerned with, and the necessary safeguards of that freedom.

Whether the demonstrator is right or wrong is not terribly important, but it is vital that he never hold his peace.

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